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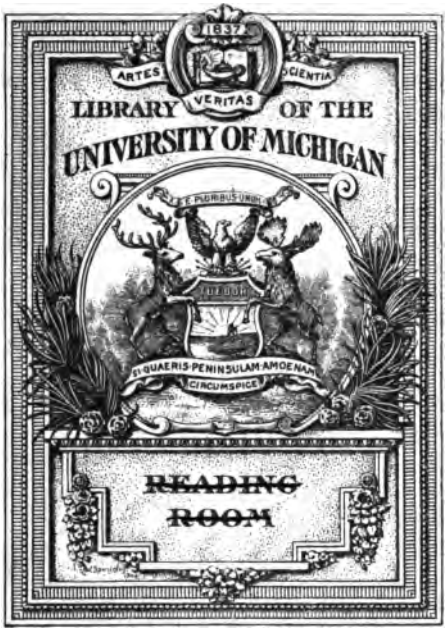
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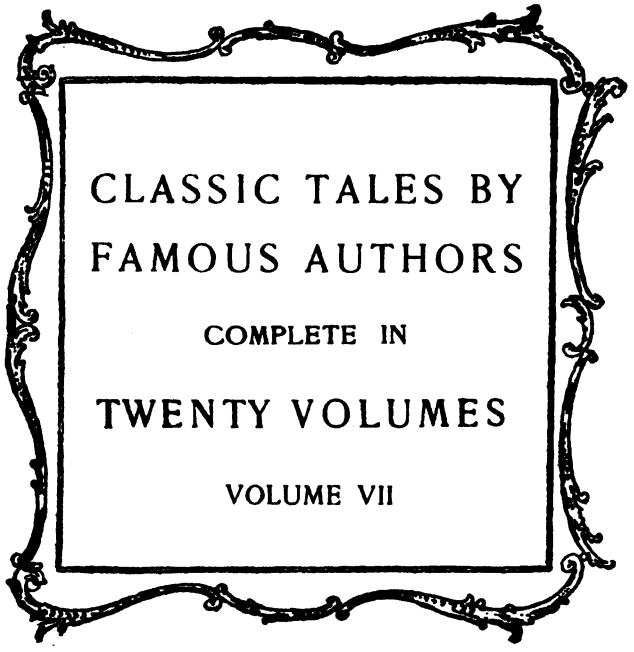
CLASSIC TALES BY
FAMOUS AUTHORS
COMPLETE IN
TWENTY VOLUMES
VOLUME VII

no. 14

A Reading from Homer

Photogravure. From a Painting by Alma-Tadema

Classic Tales
by
Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREFATORY BIOGRAPHICAL AND SYNOPTICAL NOTES

Edited and Arranged by
FREDERICK B. DE BERARD

With a General Introduction by
ROSSITER JOHNSON, LL.D.

Published by
THE BODLEIAN SOCIETY
NEW YORK

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PREFACE

PREFACE

THE plan of this book is to present a concise but complete view of the narrative part of the great poem, omitting all that is discursive and not essential to the movement of the story. With a few exceptions, quick action and dramatic quality have been the standards of choice, and many noble episodes and passages of great beauty have therefore been omitted in order that the continuity of the main narrative might be unbroken.

The theme of "The Iliad" is the feud of Achilles and Agamemnon—the disasters that befell the Greeks by reason of Achilles' revolt against Agamemnon's headship, the battles in the plain before Troy, the fierce assaults by the Greeks, the sorties of the beleaguered Trojans, the rout of the Greeks and their desperate struggle to save their fleet from destruction; the valorous exploits of the chiefs; the sullen ferocity of Achilles, his fury when his comrade Patroclus is slain, and his savage vengeance upon the valiant and noble Hector and the Trojans.

With this main theme is interwoven much that is irrelevant—the genealogy of the chiefs, the personal history of their ancestors, what their great-grandfathers said and did; Nestor's interminable views, reviews and reminiscences, drawn by an unfailing memory from the recollections of a long life; the family squabbles of the gods; the politics and domestic scandals of Olympus; and other discursive topics.

These discursions, irrespective of intrinsic interest or poetic quality, obscure rather than illuminate. The story of Troy is more vivid without them. For that reason they have been excised.

The principal translations have been carefully compared, and from various renderings, selections have been made which seem to most fully breathe the spirit of the original, although the versions given are not in all cases the most literal, poetic fire having been chosen in preference to feeble literalness. Thus each translator is represented by his noblest passages; and the reader sees the fiery epic from many view-points.

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EDITOR.

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS

THE ILIAD OF HOMER: TRANSLATIONS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

This famous epic tale holds a foremost place as one of the greatest of the world's poems. It tells of the ten years' war between the allied Greeks and the Trojans of the mainland of Asia Minor. Paris, Prince of Troy, visiting Greece as a welcome guest, betrays the hospitality of King Agamemnon, and persuades Helen, the queen, to fly with him. The outrage arouses resentment throughout the whole of Greece. The warlike chiefs respond to the summons of Agamemnon, and, embarking with their retainers in a huge fleet of galleys, sail to exact vengeance from the people of Troy. For ten years the war is waged with varying result. Finally, Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks, excites the bitter ire of Achilles, the greatest of the chiefs, by arrogantly seizing a female slave who, in the division of the spoil, had fallen to Achilles. Filled with resentment, Achilles and his Myrmidons refuse to take further part in the war, and remain passive in their tents. "The Iliad" tells of the feud between the chiefs; how the Greeks, bereft of the aid of their greatest champion, were overmatched by the valiant Hector, the bravest of the Trojan leaders, until their destruction was imminent; how Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, sought to aid them and lost his life; and how Achilles, burning with rage at the death of his dearly beloved friend, again took his place in the forefront of the battle, made fearful slaughter amongst the Trojans, and pursued the valiant Hector to his death.

EDITOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN: This noted American poet was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794; died at New York, 1878. He was a prolific poet, as well as an active journalist, during his long career, for many years holding the place of editor of the "Evening Post." One of his earliest and best poems was "Thanatopsis," published in 1816. In 1821 he published a volume of poems, and others at intervals. His translation of "The Iliad" appeared in 1870, and of "The Odyssey" in 1871. Both of these hold an honorable place among the many translations of these two great classics.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE: (For Biographical Note, see Vol. III., "Famous Tales of Heroism.")

CHURCH, ALFRED J.: This author has made excellent paraphrases of a number of the great classics, and has also written many tales and stories based upon them. His stories from Virgil and Homer, as well as his "Stories of the Persian Wars" and of "Life in Rome," are well known and popular. He is professor of Latin in University College, London.

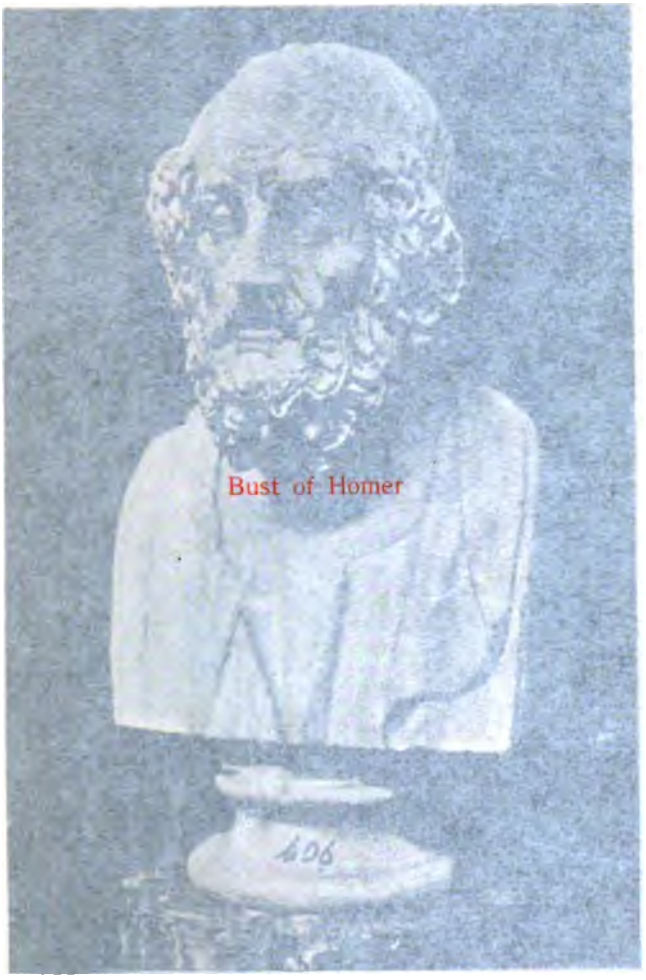
DERBY, EARL OF (EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY): This British statesman was a man of most versatile mind. Born in 1799, he died in 1869. A member of a great and noble family, he early entered into public affairs, and during a long and active career held many high political posts, including that of Premier. His translation of "The Iliad" holds deservedly high rank as one of the best versions in blank verse.

HOMER: The name of Homer is merely a literary expression. Nothing whatever is known of the man. It is doubtful whether any such personage in reality ever existed. He is assumed to have been the author of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey." Modern criticism holds that "The Iliad" is an accretion of traditionary incidents grouped about a possible nucleus of narrative, the work of some unknown great poet of a far distant day. It is certain that a unity of style pervades the entire work. It is also likely that many additions have been made in its verbal transmission from generation to generation, told, as it was, by the strolling minstrels of the time. Herodotus places the date of Homer's birth about 850 B. C. Other writers assign various dates as far back as 1500 B. C. Seven cities are assigned as the place of his birth, but, as already stated, nothing is in reality known of the man.

"The Odyssey," although ostensibly the production of the author of "The Iliad," is of much more doubtful origin, if the intrinsic evidences of diverse style and discordant incident are to be relied upon. Despite the fact that it is in any case a great epic and intensely interesting, it is immeasurably inferior to "The Iliad" in poetic power and beauty.

POPE, ALEXANDER: A famous English poet and essayist, one of the most noted translators of Homer; born in London, 1688; died at Twickenham, 1744. He began his literary career at the age of seventeen, and soon became one of the prominent men-of-letters of the day. He began the translations of Homer in 1713, and continued them until about 1725. In 1720 his translation of "The Iliad" appeared, followed by "The Odyssey" in 1725. His version of "The Iliad," although of great poetical merit in parts, is stilted and formal, because of its artificial meter, then the fashion of the day. It has been well classed as "ingenious." Pope's translation of "The Odyssey" is in every respect far below the level of his earlier translation of the greater work. It is for the most part feeble, devoid of poetical fire, and often slovenly and without literary excellence. EDITOR.

THE ILIAD



Bust of Homer

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ILIAD

CHAPTER I

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

FOR nine years and more the Greeks had beseiged the city of Troy, and being many in number and better ordered, and having very strong and valiant chiefs, they had pressed the men of the city very hard, so that these durst not go outside the walls. And, indeed, they might have taken it without further loss, but that there arose a deadly strife between two of the chiefs; even between Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, who was sovereign lord of all the hosts; and Achilles, who was the bravest and most valiant man therein. Now the strife chanced in this wise.

The Greeks, having been away from home now many years, were in great want of things needful. Wherefore it was their custom to leave a part of their army to watch the city, and to send a part to spoil such towns in the country round about as they knew to be friendly to the men of Troy, or as they thought to contain good store of provision or treasure. "Are not all these," they were wont to say, "towns of the barbarians, and therefore lawful prey to men that are Greeks?" Now among the towns with which they dealt in this fashion was Chrysa, which was sacred to

Apollo, who had a great temple therein and a priest. The temple and the priest the Greeks, fearing the anger of the god, had not harmed; but they had carried off with other prisoners the priest's daughter, Chryseïs by name. These and the rest of the spoil they divided among the kings, of whom there were many in the army, ruling each his own people. Now King Agamemnon, as being sovereign lord, went not commonly with the army at such times, but rather stayed behind, having charge of the siege that it should not be neglected. Yet did he always receive, as indeed was fitting, a share of the spoil. This time the Greeks gave him, with other things, the maiden Chryseïs. But there came to the camp next day the priest Chryses, wishing to ransom his daughter. Much gold he brought with him, and he had on his head the priest's crown, that men might reverence him the more. He went to all the chiefs, making his prayer that they would take the gold and give him back his daughter. And they all spake him fair, and would have done what he wished. Only Agamemnon would not have it so.

"Get thee out, greybeard!" he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be the worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos, when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo.

"Hear me, god of the silver bow. If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me, and avenge me on these Greeks!"

And Apollo heard him. Wroth he was that men had so dishonored his priest, and he came down from

[Agamemnon Insults the Priest of Apollo.]—(DERBY.)

Then through the ranks assenting murmurs ran,
The priest to rev'rence, and the ransom take;
Not so Atrides; he, with haughty mien,
And bitter speech, the trembling sire dismissed:
"Old man, I warn thee, that beside our ships
I find thee not, or ling'ring now, or back
Returning; lest thou prove of small avail
Thy golden staff, and fillet of thy God.
Her I release not, till her youth be fled;
Within my walls, in Argos, far from home,
Her lot is cast, domestic cares to ply,
And share a master's bed. For thee, begone!
Incense me not, lest ill betide thee now."
He said; the old man trembled, and obeyed;
Beside the many-dashing Ocean's shore
Silent he pass'd; and all apart, he pray'd
To great Apollo, fair Latona's son;
"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale;
Whose sovereign sway o'er Tenedos extends;
O Smintheus, hear! if e'er my offered gifts
Found favor in thy sight; if e'er to thee
I burn'd the fat of bulls and choicest goats,
Grant me this boon—upon the Grecian host
Let thine unerring darts avenge my tears."
Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard;
Along Olympus' heights he pass'd; his heart
Burning with wrath; behind his shoulders hung
His bow, and ample quiver; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he mov'd;
Like the night-cloud he pass'd; and from afar
He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt;
And fierce and deadly twang'd the silver bow,

the top of Olympus, where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his presence was as the night coming over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burnt the bodies of the dead.

On the tenth day Achilles, who was the bravest and strongest of all the Greeks, called the people to an assembly. When they were gathered together he stood up among them and spake to Agamemnon.

"Surely it were better to return home than that we should all perish here by the plague. But come, let us ask some prophet, or priest, or dreamer of dreams, why it is that Apollo is so wroth with us."

Then stood up Calchas, best of seers, who knew what had been, and what was, and what was to come, and spake.

"Achilles, thou biddest me tell the people why Apollo is wroth with them. Lo! I tell thee, but thou must first swear to stand by me, for I know that what I shall say will anger King Agamemnon, and it goes ill with common men when kings are angry."

"Speak out, thou wise man!" cried Achilles; "for I swear by Apollo that while I live no one shall lay hands on thee, no, not Agamemnon's self, though he be sovereign lord of the Greeks."

Then the prophet took heart and spake. "It is on behalf of his priest that Apollo is wroth, for he came to ransom his daughter, but Agamemnon would not let the maiden go. Now, then, ye must send her back to Chrysa without ransom, and with her a hundred beasts for sacrifice, so that the plague may be stayed."

Then Agamemnon stood up in a fury, his eyes blazing like fire.

"Never," he cried, "hast thou spoken good concern-

First, on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was pour'd the arrowy storm; and through the camp,
Constant and num'rous blaz'd the fun'ral fires.

[Calchas Asks Achilles' Protection.]—(DERBY.)

"Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, thou bidd'st me say
Why thus incens'd the far-destroying King;
Therefore I speak; but promise thou, and swear,
By word and hand, to bear me harmless through,
For well I know my speech must one offend,
The Argive chief, o'er all the Greeks supreme;
Say, then, wilt thou protect me, if I speak?"

[Protected by Achilles, Calchas Denounces Agamemnon.]—(POPE.)

To whom Pelides:—"From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
E'en by that god I swear who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."
Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:
"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till, the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

ing me, ill prophet that thou art, and now thou tellest me to give up this maiden! I will do it, for I would not that the people should perish. Only take care, ye Greeks, that there be a share of the spoil for me, for it would ill beseem the lord of all the host that he alone should be without his share."

"Nay, my lord Agamemnon," cried Achilles, "thou art too eager for gain. We have no treasures out of which we may make up thy loss, for what we got out of the towns we have either sold or divided; nor would it be fitting that the people should give back what has been given to them. Give up the maiden, then, without conditions, and when we shall have taken this city of Troy, we will repay thee three and four fold."

"Nay, great Achilles," said Agamemnon, "thou shalt not cheat me thus. If the Greeks will give me such a share as I should have, well and good. But if not, I will take one for myself, whether it be from thee, or from Ajax, or from Ulysses; for my share I will have. But of this hereafter. Now let us see that this maiden be sent back. Let them get ready a ship, and put her therein, and with her a hundred victims, and let some chief go with the ship, and see that all things be rightly done."

Then cried Achilles, and his face was black as a thunder-storm, "Surely thou art altogether shameless and greedy, and, in truth, an ill ruler of men. No quarrel have I with the Trojans. They never harried oxen or sheep of mine. But I have been fighting in thy cause, and that of thy brother Menelaüs. Naught carest thou for that. Thou leavest me to fight, and sittest in thy tent at ease. But when the spoil is divided, thine is always the lion's share. Small indeed is my part—'a little thing, but dear.' And this, forsooth, thou wilt take away! Now am I resolved to go home. Small booty wilt thou get then, methinks!"

[Agamemnon Threatens Calchas.]—(DERBY.)

This said, he sat; and Atreus' godlike son,
The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose,
His dark soul fill'd with fury, and his eyes
Flashing like flames of fire; on Calchas first
A with'ring glance he cast, and thus he spoke:
"Prophet of ill! thou never speak'st to me
But words of evil omen; for thy soul
Delights to augur ill, but aught of good
Thou never yet has promis'd, nor perform'd,
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills
Come from the Far-destroyer, for that I
Refus'd the ransom of my lovely prize.
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back;
I wish my people's safety, not their death,
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,
Lest empty-handed I alone appear
Of all the Greeks; for this would ill beseem;
And how I lose my present share, ye see."

[Achilles Reproves Agamemnon's Greed.]—(POPE.)

"Insatiate king" (Achilles thus replies),
"Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield
The due reward of many a well-fought field?" * * *
Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid:
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.

And King Agamemnon answered, "Go, and thy Myrmidons with thee! I have other chieftains as good as thou art, and ready, as thou art not, to pay me due respect. I hate thee, with thy savage, bloodthirsty ways. And as for the matter of the spoil, know that I will take thy share, the girl Briseïs, and fetch her myself, if need be, that all may know that I am sovereign lord here in the hosts of the Greeks."

Then Achilles was mad with anger, and he thought in his heart, "Shall I arise and slay this caitiff, or shall I keep down the wrath in my breast?" And as he thought, he laid his hand on his sword hilt, and had half drawn his sword from the scabbard, when lo! the goddess Athené stood behind him (for Heré, who loved both this chieftain and that, had sent her), and caught him by the long locks of his yellow hair. But Achilles marvelled much to feel the mighty grasp, and turned, and looked, and knew the goddess, but no one else in the assembly might see her. Then his eyes flashed with fire, and he cried, "Art thou come, child of Zeus, to see the insolence of Agamemnon? Of a truth, I think that he will perish for his folly."

But Athené said, "Nay, but I am come to stay thy wrath. Use bitter words, if thou wilt, but put up thy sword in its sheath, and strike him not. Of a truth, I tell thee that for this insolence of to-day he will bring thee hereafter splendid gifts, threefold and fourfold for all that he may take away."

Then Achilles answered, "I shall abide by thy command, for it is ever better for a man to obey the immortal gods." And as he spake he laid his heavy hand upon the hilt, and thrust back the sword into the scabbard, and Athené went her way to Olympus.

Then he turned him to King Agamemnon, and spake again. "Drunkard, with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer! never fighting in the front of the battle,

Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain,
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain."

[Achilles Replies in Anger.]—(POPE.)

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride! * * *
'hat cause have I to war at thy decree?
e distant Trojans never injured me: * * *
ıat else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
t thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day? * * *
But, know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"

[Agamemnon Scorns and Threatens Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

"Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt,
And with thy followers, home; and lord it there
Over thy Myrmidons! I heed thee not!
I care not for thy fury! Hear my threat:
Since Phoebus wrests Chryseïs from my arms,
In mine own ship, and with mine own good crew.
Her I send forth; and, in her stead, I mean,
Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize.
The fair Briseïs; that henceforth thou know
How far I am thy master; and that, taught

nor daring to lie in the ambush! 'Tis a puny race thou rulest, or this had been thy last wrong. And as for me, here is this sceptre: once it was the branch of a tree, but a cunning craftsman bound it with bronze to be the sign of the lordship which Zeus gives to kings; as surely as it shall never again have bark or leaves or shoot, so surely shall the Greeks one day miss Achilles, when they fall in heaps before the dreadful Hector, and thou shalt eat thy heart to think that thou hast wronged the bravest of thy host."

And as he spake he dashed his sceptre on the ground and sat down. And on the other side Agamemnon sat in furious anger. Then Nestor rose, an old man of a hundred years and more, and counseled peace. Let them listen, he said, to his counsel. Great chiefs in the old days, with whom no man now alive would dare to fight, had listened. Let not Agamemnon take away from the bravest of the Greeks the prize of war; let not Achilles, though he was mightier in battle than all other men, contend with Agamemnon, who was sovereign lord of all the hosts of Greece. But he spake in vain. For Agamemnon answered:

"Nestor, thou speakest well, and peace is good. But this fellow would lord it over all, and he must be taught that there is one here, at least, who is better than he."

And Achilles said, "I were a slave and a coward if I owned thee as my lord. Not so; play the master over others, but think not to master me. As for the prize which the Greeks gave me, let them do as they will. They gave it; let them take it away. But if thou darest to touch aught that is mine own, that hour thy life blood shall redden on my spear."

Then the assembly was dismissed. Chryseïs was sent to her home with due offerings to the god, the wise

By thine example, others too may fear
To rival me, and brave me to my face."

[Achilles in Fury, Swears to Fight no More.]—(POPE.)

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face, the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die;
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, formed by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings);
By this I swear;—when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to implore when impotent to save;
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

Ulysses going with her. And all the people purified themselves, and the plague was stayed.

But King Agamemnon would not go back from his purpose. So he called to him the heralds, Talthybius and Eurybates, and said:

"Heralds, go to the tents of Achilles and fetch the maiden Briseïs. But if he will not let her go, say that I will come myself with many others to fetch her; so will it be the worse for him."

Sorely against their will the heralds went. Along the sea shore they walked till they came to where, amidst the Myrmidons, were the tents of Achilles. There they found him sitting, but stood silent in awe and fear. But Achilles spied them, and cried aloud, "Come near, ye heralds, messengers of gods and men. 'Tis no fault of yours that ye are come on such an errand."

Then he turned to Patroclus (now Patroclus was his dearest friend) and said, "Bring the maiden from her tent, and let the heralds lead her away. But let them be witnesses, before gods and men, and before this evil-minded king, against the day when he shall have sore need of me to save his host from destruction. Fool that he is, who thinks not of the past nor of the future, that his people may be safe!"

Then Patroclus brought forth the maiden from her tent and gave her to the heralds. And they led her away, but it was sorely against her will that she went. But Achilles went apart from his comrades and sat upon the sea shore, falling into a great passion of tears, and stretching out his hands with loud prayer to his mother, who indeed was a goddess of the sea, Thetis by name. She heard him where she sat in the depths by her father, the old god of the sea, and rose—you would have thought it a mist rising—from the waves, and came to where he sat weeping, and stroked him with her hand, and called him by his name.

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

[Agamemnon Sends Heralds to Take Briseïs from Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

* * * With reluctant steps they pass'd
Along the margin of the wat'ry waste,
Till to the tents and ships they came, where lay
The warlike Myrmidons. Their chief they found
Sitting beside his tent and dark-ribb'd ship.
Achilles mark'd their coming, not well pleas'd:
With troubled mien, and awe-struck by the King,
They stood, nor dar'd accost him; but himself
Divin'd their errand, and address'd them thus:
"Welcome, ye messengers of Gods and men,
Heralds! approach in safety; not with you,
But with Atrides, is my just offence,
Who for the fair Briseïs sends you here.
Go, then, Patroclus, bring the maiden forth,
And give her to their hands; but witness ye,
Before the blessed Gods and mortal men,
And to the face of that injurious King,
When he shall need my arm, from shameful rout
To save his followers; blinded by his rage,
He neither heeds experience of the past,
Nor scans the future, provident how best
To guard his fleet and army from the foe."
He spoke: obedient to his friend and chief,
Patroclus led the fair Briseïs forth,
And gave her to their hands; they to the ships
Retrac'd their steps, and with them the fair girl
Reluctant went.

"What ails thee, my son?" she said.

Then he told her the story of his wrong, and when he had ended he said:

"Go, I pray thee, to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus. Often have I heard thee boast how, long ago, thou didst help him when the other gods would have bound him, fetching Briareus of the hundred hands, who sat by him in his strength, so that the gods feared to touch him. Go now and call these things to his mind, and pray him that he help the sons of Troy and give them victory in the battle, so that the Greeks, as they flee before them, may have joy of this king of theirs, who has done such wrong to the bravest of his host."

And his mother answered him, "Surely thine is an evil lot, my son! Thy life is short, and it should of right be without tears and full of joy; but now it seems to me to be both short and sad. But I will go as thou sayest to Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, but not now, for he has gone, and the other gods with him, to a twelve days' feast with the pious Ethiopians. But when he comes back I will entreat and persuade him. And do thou sit still, nor go forth to battle."

When the twelve days were past, Thetis went to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, and made her prayer to him. He was loath to grant it, for he knew that it would anger his wife, Heré, who loved the Greeks and hated the sons of Troy. Yet he could not refuse her, but promised that it should be as she wished. And to make his word the surer, he nodded his awful head, and with the nod all Olympus was shaken.

That night Zeus took counsel with himself how he might best work his will. And he called to him a dream, and said, "Dream, go to the tent of Agamemnon, and tell him to set his army in array against Troy, for that the gods are now of one mind, and the day of

[Ulysses, Sent by Agamemnon, Returns Chryseïs to Her Father.]—(DERBY.)

Meantime, Ulysses, with his sacred freight,
Arriv'd at Chrysa's strand; and when his bark
Had reach'd the shelter of the deep sea bay,
Their sails they furl'd, and lower'd to the hold;
Slack'd the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck
And stow'd away the mast; then with their sweeps
Pull'd for the beach, and cast their anchors out,
And made her fast with cables to the shore.
Then on the shingly breakwater themselves
They landed, and the sacred hecatomb
To great Apollo; and Chryseïs last.
Her to the altar straight Ulysses led,
The wise in counsel; in her father's hand
He plac'd the maiden, and address'd him thus:
"Chryses, from Agamemnon, King of men,
To thee I come, thy daughter to restore;
And to thy God, upon the Greeks' behalf,
To offer sacrifice, if haply so
We may appease his wrath, who now incens'd
With grievous suff'ring visits all our host."
Then to her sire he gave her; he with joy
Receiv'd his child; the sacred hecatomb
Around the well-built altar for the God
In order due they plac'd; their hands then washed,
And the salt cake prepar'd, before them all
With hands uplifted Chryses pray'd aloud:
"Hear me, God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale,
Whose sov'reign sway o'er Tenedos extends!
Once hast thou heard my pray'r, aveng'd my cause,
And pour'd thy fury on the Grecian host.
Hear yet again, and grant what now I ask;
Withdraw thy chast'ning hand, and stay the plague."

doom is come for the city, so that he shall take it, and gain eternal glory for himself."

So the dream went to the tent of Agamemnon, and it took the shape of Nestor, the old chief whom the king honored more than all beside.

Then the false Nestor spake: "Sleepest thou, Agamemnon? It is not for kings to sleep all through the night, for they must take thought for many, and have many cares. Listen now to the words of Zeus: 'Set the battle in array against Troy, for the gods are now of one mind, and the day of doom is come for the city, and thou shalt take it, and gain eternal glory for thyself."

And Agamemnon believed the dream, and knew not the purpose of Zeus in bidding him go forth to battle, how that the Trojans should win the day, and great shame should come to himself, but great honor to Achilles when all the Greeks should pray him to deliver them from death. So he rose from his bed and donned his tunic, and over it a great cloak, and fastened the sandals on his feet, and hung from his shoulders his mighty silver-studded sword, and took in his right hand the great sceptre of his house, which was the token of his sovereignty over all the Greeks. Then he went forth, and first took counsel with the chiefs, and afterwards called the people to the assembly. And after the assembly the shrill-voiced heralds called the host to the battle. As is the flare of a great fire when a wood is burning on a hill-top, so was the flash of their arms and their armor as they thronged to the field. And as the countless flocks of wild geese or cranes or swans now wheel and now settle in the great Asian fen by the stream of Cayster, or as the bees swarm in the spring, when the milk-pails are full, so thick the Greeks thronged to the battle in the great plain by the banks of the Scamander. Many nations

Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard. * * *
All day they sought the favor of the God,
The glorious pæans chanting, and the praise
Of Phœbus: he, well pleas'd, the strain receiv'd.
But when the sun was set, and shades of night
O'erspread the sky, upon the sandy beach
Close to their ship they laid them down to rest.
And when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd,
Back to the camp they took their homeward way.
A fav'ring breeze the Far-destroyer sent:
They stepp'd the mast, and spread the snowy sail:
Full in the midst the bellying sail receiv'd
The gallant breeze; and round the vessel's prow
The dark waves loudly roar'd, as on she rush'd
Skimming the seas, and cut her wat'ry way.
Arriv'd where lay the wide-spread host of Greece,
Their dark-ribb'd vessel on the beach they drew
High on the sand, and strongly shor'd her up;
Then through the camp they took their sev'ral ways.

[Achilles' Anger Continues.]—(POPE.)

But raging still, amidst his navy sate
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

[Agamemnon Marshalls the Greeks for Battle.]
—(POPE.)

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend and blaze above,
The fires, expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies,

were there and many chiefs. But the most famous among them were these: Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, and his brother, the yellow-haired Menelaüs, King of Sparta, and husband of the beautiful Helen; Ajax Oïleus, or, as men called him, the lesser Ajax, King of the Locri, swiftest of foot among the Greeks after the great Achilles; Ajax Telamon, from Salamis; Diomed, son of Tydeus, King of Argos, and with him Sthenelus; Nestor, King of Pylos, oldest and wisest among the Greeks; Ulysses, King of Ithaca, than whom there was no one more crafty in council; Idomeneus, grandson of the great judge Minos, King of Crete, and with him Meriones; Tlepolemus, son of Hercules, from Rhodes; Eumelus from Pheræ, son of that Alcestis who died for her husband and was brought back from death by Hercules. All these were there that day, and many more; and the bravest and strongest of all was Ajax, son of Telamon, and the best horses were the horses of Eumelus; but there was none that could compare with Achilles and the horses of Achilles, bravest man and swiftest steeds. Only Achilles sat apart, and would not go to the battle.

And on the other side the sons of Troy and their allies came forth from the gates of the city and set themselves in array. The most famous of their chiefs were these: Hector, son of King Priam, bravest and best of all; Æneas, son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodité; Pandarus, from Mount Ida, with the bow which Apollo gave him; Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came from the broad salt river, the Hellespont; Pylæmenes, King of Paphlagonia; and Sarpedon from Lycia, whom men affirmed to be the son of Zeus himself, and with him Glaucus.

So the battle was set in array, and the two hosts stood over against each other.

So from the polish'd arms and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields. * * *
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore;
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land, * * *
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
The king of kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all:
Like some proud bull that round the pasture leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the gods the exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest played around his head.

[Achilles Remains Implacable.]—(DERBY.)

Achilles 'mid his beakèd ocean-going ships
Lay, while his troops upon the beach
With quoits and jav'lins whil'd away the day
And feats of archery; their steeds the while
The lotus-grass and marsh-grown parsley cropp'd,
Each standing near their car; the well-wrought cars
Lay all unheeded in the warriors' tents;
They, inly pining for their godlike chief,
Roam'd listless up and down, nor join'd the fray.

CHAPTER II

THE BROKEN COVENANT.

THEY were now about to fight, when from the ranks of the Trojans Paris rushed forth. He had a panther's skin over his shoulders, and a bow and a sword, and in either hand a spear, and he called aloud to the Greeks that they should send forth their bravest to fight with him. But when Menelaüs saw him he was glad, for he said that now he should avenge himself on the man who had done him such wrong. So a lion is glad when, being sorely hungered, he finds a stag or a wild goat; he devours it, and will not be driven from it by dogs or hunters. He leapt from his chariot and rushed to meet his enemy; but Paris, having done evil, and being therefore a coward in his heart, was afraid when he saw Menelaüs, and fled back into the ranks of his comrades, just as a man steps back in haste when unawares in a mountain glen he comes upon a snake. But Hector saw him and rebuked him. "Fair art thou to look upon, Paris, but nothing worth. Surely the Greeks will scorn us if they think that thou art our bravest warrior, because thou art of stately presence. But thou art a coward; and yet thou daredst to go across the sea and carry off the fair Helen. Why dost thou not stand and abide the onset of her husband, and see what manner of man he is? Little, I ween, would thy harp and thy long locks and thy fair face avail when thou wert lying in the dust! A craven race are the sons of Troy, or they would have stoned thee ere this."

Then Paris answered, "Thou speakest well, Hector,

[Paris Flies from Menelāus.]—(DERBY.)

When by their sev'ral chiefs the troops were rang'd,
With noise and clamor, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanc'd; as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamors, while o'er the ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmæan race.
On th' other side the Greeks in silence mov'd,
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid.
As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops
Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherds' bane,
But friendlier to the thief than shades of night,
That a stone's throw the range of vision bounds;
So rose the dust-cloud as in serried ranks
With rapid step they mov'd across the plain.
But when th' opposing forces near were met,
A panther's skin across his shoulders flung,
Arm'd with his bow and sword, in front of all
Advanc'd the godlike Paris; in his hand
He pois'd two brass-tipp'd jav'lins, and defied
To mortal combat all the chiefs of Greece.
Him when the warlike Menelāus saw
With haughty strides advancing from the crowd;
As when a lion, hunger-pinch'd, espies
Some mighty beast of chase, or antler'd stag,
Or mountain goat, and with exulting spring
Strikes down his prey, and on the carcase feeds,
Unscar'd by baying hounds and eager youths:
So Menelāus saw with fierce delight
The god-like Paris; for he deem'd at length
To wreak his vengeance on the offender's head;
And from his car, all arm'd, to earth he sprang.
But when the godlike Paris saw him spring
Defiant from the ranks, with quailing heart,

and thy rebuke is just. As for thee, thy heart is like iron, ever set on battle; yet are beauty and love also the gifts of the gods, and not to be despised. But now set Menelaüs and me in the midst, and let us fight, man to man, for the fair Helen and for all her possessions. And if he prevail over me, let him take her and them and depart, and the Greeks with him, but ye shall dwell in peace; but if I prevail they shall depart without her."

Then Hector was glad, and going before the Trojan ranks, holding his spear by the middle, he kept them back. But the Greeks would have thrown spears and stones at him, only Agamemnon cried aloud and said, "Hold, Hector has somewhat to say to us."

Then Hector said, "Hear, Trojans and Greeks, what Paris saith: Let all besides lay their arms upon the ground, and let Menelaüs and me fight for the fair Helen and all her wealth. And let him that is the better keep her and them, but the rest shall dwell in peace."

Then Menelaüs said, "The word pleaseth me well; let us fight together, and let us make agreement with oath and sacrifice. And because the sons of Priam are men of fraud and violence, let Priam himself come."

So they sent a herald to King Priam, but he sat on the wall with the old men. And as they talked the fair Helen came near, and they said, "What wonder that men should suffer much for such a woman, for indeed she is divinely fair. Yet let her depart in the ships, nor bring a curse on us and our children."

But Priam called to her, "Come near, my daughter; tell me about these old friends of thine. For 'tis not thou, 'tis the gods who have brought about all this trouble. But tell me, who is this warrior that I see, so fair and strong? There are others even a head taller than he, but none of such majesty."

Back to his comrades' shelt'ring crowd he sprang,
In fear of death; as when some trav'ller spies,
Coil'd in his path upon the mountain side,
A deadly snake, back he recoils in haste,
His limbs all trembling, and his cheek all pale;
So back recoil'd, in fear of Atreus' son,
The godlike Paris 'mid the Trojan host.

[Paris, Rebuked by Hector, Offers to Meet Menelaüs in Single Combat.]—(CHAPMAN.)

* * * His words did Hector highly please,
Who rushed betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,
By holding up in midst his lance. The Grecians noted not
The signal he for parley used, but at him fiercely shot,
Hurled stones, and still were leveling darts. At last the king of men,
Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: "Argives! for shame, contain;
Youths of Achaia, shoot no more; the fair-helmed Hector shows
As he desired to treat with us." This said, all ceased from blows,
And Hector spake to both the hosts: "Trojans, and hardy Greeks,
Hear now what he that stirred these wars for their cessation seeks.
He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he alone may fight
With Meneläus, for us all, for Helen and her right,
With all the dower she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,
Or is in all the art of arms superior any way,
The queen, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy;

And Helen answered, "Ah, my father! would that I had died before I left husband and child to follow thy son. But as for this warrior, he is Agamemnon, a good king and brave soldier and my brother-in-law in the old days."

"Happy Agamemnon," said Priam, "to rule over so many! Never saw I such an army gathered together, not even when I went to help the Phrygians when they were assembled on the banks of the Sangarus against the Amazons. But who is this that I see, not so tall as Agamemnon, but of broader shoulders? His arms lie upon the ground, and he is walking through the ranks of his men just as some great ram walks through a flock of sheep."

"This," said Helen, "is Ulysses of Ithaca, who is better in craft and counsel than all other men."

"'Tis well spoken, lady," said Antenor. "Well I remember Ulysses when he came hither on an embassy about thee with the brave Menelaüs. My guests they were, and I knew them well. And I remember how, in the assembly of the Trojans, when both were standing, Menelaüs was the taller, but when they sat, Ulysses was the more majestic to behold. And when they rose to speak Menelaüs said few words, but said them wisely and well; and Ulysses—you had thought him a fool, so stiffly he held his sceptre and so downcast were is eyes; but as soon as he began, oh! the mighty voice, and the words thick as the falling snow!"

Then Priam said, "Who is that stalwart hero, so tall and strong, overtopping all by head and shoulders?"

"That," said Helen, "is mighty Ajax, the bulwark of the Greeks. And next to him is Idomeneus. Often has Menelaüs had him as his guest in the old days, when he came from Crete. As for the other chiefs, I see and could name them all. But I miss my own dear brothers, Castor, tamer of horses, and Pollux, the

The rest strike truce, and let love seal firm leagues
'twixt Greece and Troy."

[Meneläus Accepts Paris' Challenge.]—(DERBY.)

Thus Hector spoke; the rest in silence heard;
But Meneläus, bold in fight, replied:
"Hear now my answer; in this quarrel I
May claim the chiefest share; and now I hope
Trojans and Greeks may see the final close
Of all the labors ye so long have borne
T' avenge my wrong, at Paris' hand sustain'd.
And of us two which e'er is doom'd to death,
So let him die! the rest, depart in peace."

[Helen Names the Greek Warriors to King Priam on the Tower.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Aged Priam Helen call'd:
"Come here, my child, and sitting by my side,
From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,
His kindred, and thy friends (not thee I blame,
But to the Gods I owe this woful war),
Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong:
Others in height surpass him; but my eyes
A form so noble never yet beheld,
Nor so august; he moves, a King indeed!"
To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair: * * *
"Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Wide-reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,
And valiant warrior; in my husband's name,
Lost as I am, I call'd him brother once."
She spoke: th' old man admiring gaz'd, and cried,
"Oh bless'd Atrides, child of happy fate,

mighty boxer. Either they came not from Sparta, or, having come, shun the meeting of men for shame of me."

So she spake, and knew not that they were sleeping their last sleep far away in their dear fatherland. And when they had ended talking the heralds came and told King Priam how that the armies called for him. So he went, and Antenor with him. And he on the one side for the Trojans, and King Agamemnon for the Greeks, made a covenant with sacrifice that Paris and Menelaüs should fight together, and that the fair Helen, with all her treasures, should go with him who should prevail. And afterwards Hector and Ulysses marked out a space for the fight, and Hector shook two pebbles in a helmet, looking away as he shook them, that he whose pebble leapt forth the first should be the first to throw his spear. And it so befell that the lot of Paris leapt forth first. Then the two warriors armed themselves and came forth into the space, and stood over against each other, brandishing their spears, with hate in their eyes. Then Paris threw his spear. It struck the shield of Menelaüs, but pierced it not, for the spear point was bent back. Then Menelaüs prayed to Zeus, "Grant, father Zeus, that I may avenge myself on Paris, who has done me this wrong; so shall men in after time fear to do wrong to their host." So speaking, he cast his long-shafted spear. It struck the shield of Paris, and pierced it through, and passed through the corslet, and through the tunic close to the loin; but Paris shrank aside, and the spear wounded him not. Then Menelaüs drew his silver-studded sword and struck a mighty blow on the top of the helmet of Paris, but the sword broke in four pieces in his hand. Then he cried in his wrath, "O Zeus, most mischief-loving of the gods, my spear I cast in vain, and now my sword is broken." Then he

Favor'd of Heav'n! how many noble Greeks
Obey thy rule!" * * *
Ulysses next the old man saw, and ask'd
"Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,
Less by the head than Atreus' royal son,
But broader-shoulder'd, and of ampler chest.
His arms are laid upon the fertile plain,
But he himself is moving through the ranks,
Inspecting, like a full-fleec'd ram, that moves
Majestic through a flock of snow-white ewes."
To whom Jove's offspring, Helen, thus replied:
"The wise Ulysses that, Laertes' son:
Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet vers'd
In ev'ry stratagem, and deep device." * * *
At sight of Ajax next th' old man inquired;
"Who is yon other warrior, brave and strong,
Tow'ring o'er all with head and shoulders broad?"
To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
"Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece;
And by his side Idomeneus of Crete
Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs.
The warlike Meneläus welcom'd him
Oft in our palace, when from Crete he came."

[Hector and Ulysses Cast Lots.]—(CHAPMAN.)

Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepped forth, and met* the ground,
With wise Ulysses, where the blows of combat must resound
Which done, into a helm they put two lots, to let them know
Which of the combatants should first his brass-piled javelin throw;

* Meted. measured.

rushed forward and seized Paris by the helmet, and dragged him toward the host of the Greeks. And truly he had taken him, but Aphrodité loosed the strap that was beneath the chin, and the helmet came off in his hand. And Menelaüs whirled it among the Greeks and charged with another spear in his hand. But Aphrodité snatched Paris away, covering him with a mist, and put him down in his chamber in Troy. Then Menelaüs looked for him everywhere, but no one could tell him where he might be. No son of Troy would have hidden him out of kindness, for all hated him as death.

Then King Agamemnon said, "Now, ye sons of Troy, it is for you to give back the fair Helen and her wealth, and to pay me besides so much as may be fitting for all my cost and trouble."

But it was not the will of the gods that the sons of Troy should do this thing, but rather that their city should perish. So Athené took upon herself the shape of Laodocus, son of Antenor, and went to Pandarus, son of Lycaon, where he stood among his men. Then the false Laodocus said, "Pandarus, darest thou aim an arrow at Menelaüs? Truly the Trojans would love thee well, and Paris best of all, if they could see Menelaüs slain by an arrow from thy bow. Aim then, but first pray to Apollo, and vow that thou wilt offer a hundred beasts when thou returnest to thy city, Zeleia." Now Pandarus had a bow made of the horns of a wild goat which he had slain; sixteen palms long they were, and a cunning workman had made them smooth, and put a tip of gold whereon to fasten the bowstring. And Pandarus strung his bow, his comrades hiding him with their shields. Then he took an arrow from his quiver, and laid it on the bow string. and drew the string to his breast, till the arrow head touched the bow, and let fly. Right well aimed was the

When all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven,
Prayed Jove the conquest might not be by force or fortune given,
But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,
Might feel his justice, and no more these tedious wars prolong,
But, sinking to the house of death, leave them (as long before)
Linked fast in leagues of amity that might dissolve no more.
Then Hector shook the helm that held the equal dooms of chance,
Looked back, and drew; and Paris first had lot to hurl his lance.

[The Combat Between Paris and Meneläus.]

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw:
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,
Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
"Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust;
Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name."

dart, but it was not the will of heaven that it should slay Menelaüs. It struck him, indeed, and passed through the belt, and through the corslet, and through the girdle and pierced the skin. Then the red blood rushed out and stained the white skin, even as some Lycian or Carian woman stains the white ivory with red to adorn the war-horse of a king.

Sore dismayed was King Agamemnon to see the blood; sore dismayed also was the brave Menelaüs, till he spied the barb of the arrow, and knew that the wound was not deep. But Agamemnon cried:

"It was in an evil hour for thee, my brother, that I made a covenant with these false sons of Troy. Right well, indeed, I know that oath and sacrifice are not in vain, but will have vengeance at the last. Troy shall fall; but woe is me if thou shouldst die, Menelaüs. For the Greeks will straight go back to their father-land, and the fair Helen will be left a boast to the sons of Troy, and I shall have great shame when one of them shall say, as he leaps on the tomb of the brave Menelaüs, 'Surely the great Agamemnon has avenged himself well; for he brought an army hither, but now is gone back to his home, but left Menelaüs here.' May the earth swallow me up before that day!"

"Nay," said Menelaüs, "fear not, for the arrow has but grazed the skin."

Then King Agamemnon bade fetch the physician. So the herald fetched Machaon, the physician. And Machaon came, and drew forth the arrow, and when he had wiped away the blood he put healing drugs upon the wound, which Chiron, the wise healer, had given to his father.

He said, and, poised in air, the javelin sent;
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe.

—(POPE.)

Atrides then his silver-studded sword
Rearing on high, a mighty blow let fall
On Paris' helm; but shiv'ring in his hand
In countless fragments flew the faithless blade.
Then thus to Jove, with eyes uplift to Heav'n,
Atrides made his moan: "O Father Jove!
Of all the Gods, the most unfriendly thou!
On Paris' head I hop'd for all his crimes
To wreak my vengeance due; but in my grasp
My faithless sword is shatter'd, and my spear
Hath bootless left my hand, nor reached my foe."
Then onward rushing, by the horsehair plume
He seiz'd his foeman's helm, and wrenching round
Dragg'd by main force amid the well-greav'd Greeks.
The broider'd strap, that, pass'd beneath his beard,
The helmet held, the warrior's throat compress'd;
Then had Atrides dragg'd him from the field,
And endless fame acquir'd; but Venus, child
Of Jove, her fav'rite's peril quickly saw,
And broke the throttling strap of tough bull's hide.
In the broad hand the empty helm remained.
The trophy, by their champion whirl'd amid
The well-greav'd Greeks, his eager comrades seiz'd;
While he, infuriate, rush'd with murd'rous aim
On Priam's son; but him, the Queen of Love
(As Gods can only) from the field convey'd,
Wrapt in a misty cloud;

—(DERBY.)

CHAPTER III

THE BATTLE IN THE PLAIN

BUT while this was doing, King Agamemnon went throughout the host, and if he saw any one stirring himself to get ready for the battle he praised him and gave him good encouragement; but whomsoever he saw halting and lingering and slothful, him he blamed and rebuked whether he were common man or chief. The last that he came to was Diomed, son of Tydeus, with Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, standing by his side. And Agamemnon spake, "How is this, son of Tydeus? Shrinkest thou from the battle? This was not thy father's wont. I never saw him indeed, but I have heard that he was braver than all other men. Once he came to Mycenæ with great Polynices to gather allies against Thebes. And the men of Mycenæ would have sent them, only Zeus showed evil signs from heaven and forbade them. Then the Greeks sent Tydeus on an embassy to Thebes, where he found many of the sons of Cadmus feasting in the palace of Eteocles; but Tydeus was not afraid, though he was but one among many. He challenged them to contend with him in sport, and in everything he prevailed. But the sons of Cadmus bare it ill, and they laid an ambush for Tydeus as he went back, fifty men with two leaders—Mæon and Lycophon. But Tydeus slew them all, leaving only Mæon alive, that he might carry back the tidings to Thebes. Such was thy father; but his son is worse in battle, but better, it may be, in speech."

[Agamemnon Rallies and Reproaches the Greeks.] —(DERBY.)

While round the valiant Meneläus they
Were busied thus, advanc'd the Trojan hosts:
They for the fight again their armor donned.
In Agamemnon then no trace was seen
Of laggard sloth, no shrinking from the fight,
But full of ardor to the field he rush'd,
With cheering words addressing whom he found
With zeal preparing for the battle-field:
"Relax not, valiant friends, your warlike toil;
For Jove to falsehood ne'er will give his aid;
And they who first, regardless of their oaths,
Have broken truce, shall with their flesh themselves
The vultures feed, while we, their city raz'd,
Their wives and helpless children bear away."
But whom remiss and shrinking from the war
He found, with keen rebuke he thus assail'd;
"Ye wretched Greeks, your country's foul reproach,
Have ye no sense of shame? Why stand ye thus
Like timid fawns, that in the chase run down,
Stand all bewildered, spiritless and tame?
So stand ye now, nor dare to face the fight.
What! will ye wait the Trojans' near approach,
Where on the beach, beside the hoary deep,
Our goodly ships are drawn, and see if Jove
Will o'er you his protecting hand extend?"

[Agamemnon Reproaches Diomed.]—(POPE.)

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedged in firm array;
The warlike Sthenelus attends his side,
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cried:

Nothing said Diomed, for he reverenced the king; but Sthenelus cried out, "Why speakest thou false, King Agamemnon, knowing the truth? We are not worse but better than our fathers. Did not we take Thebes, though we had fewer men than they, who indeed took it not?" But Diomed frowned and said, "Be silent, friend. I blame not King Agamemnon, that he rouses the Greeks to battle. Great glory will it be to him if they take the city, and great loss if they be worsted. But it is for us to be valiant."

So he passed through all the host. And the Greeks went forward to the battle, as the waves that curl themselves and then dash upon the shore, throwing high the foam. In order they went after their chiefs; you had thought them dumb, so silent were they. But the Trojans were like a flock of ewes which wait to be milked, and bleat hearing the voice of their lambs, so confused a cry went out from their army, for there were men of many tongues gathered together. And on either side the gods urged them on, but chiefly Athené the Greeks and Ares the sons of Troy. Then, as two streams in flood meet in some chasm, so the armies dashed together, shield on shield and spear on spear.

Antilochus, son of Nestor, was the first to slay a man of Troy, Echepolus by name, smiting him through the helmet into the forehead. Like a tower he fell, and Elphenor the Eubœan sought to drag him away that he might strip him of his arms. But Agenor smote him with his spear as he stooped, so baring his side to a wound. Dreadful was the fight round his body. Like wolves the Trojans and the Greeks rushed upon each other. And Ajax Telamon slew Simoisius (so they called him, because he was born on the banks of Simois). He fell as a poplar falls, and Antiphon, son of King Priam, aimed at Ajax, but, missing him, slew Leucus, the valiant comrade of Ulysses. And Ulysses,

"O son of Tydeus! he whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name,
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd; * * *
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire;
Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire!"
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
* * * And ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car: his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.

[The Battle Begins.]—(DERBY.)

As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea
With whit'ning crests; anon with thund'ring roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece
Pour'd ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs
Their orders gave; the rest in silence mov'd:
Scarce might ye deem that mighty mass endued
With power of speech, so silently they moved
In awe of their great captains: far around
Flashed the bright armor they were girt withal. * * *
When to the midst they came, together rush'd
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield
Clatter'd in conflict; loud the clamor rose.

in great danger, stalked through the foremost fighters, brandishing his spear, and the sons of Troy gave way, and when he hurled it he slew Democoön, a son of Priam. Then Hector and the foremost ranks of Troy were borne backward, till Apollo cried from the heights of Pergamos, "On, Trojans! The flesh of these Greeks is not stone or iron, that ye cannot pierce it. Know, too, that the mighty Achilles does not fight to-day." But on the other side Athené urged on the Greeks to battle. Then Peiros the Thracian slew Diores, first striking him to the ground with a huge stone, and then piercing him with his spear; and him in turn Thoas of Ætolia slew, but could not spoil of his arms, so strongly did the men of Thrace defend the body. Then Athené roused Diomed to battle, making a fire shine from his helmet, bright as Orion shines in thē vintage time. First there met him two warriors, sons of Dares, priest of Hephæstus, Phegeus and Idæus, the one fighting on foot and the other from his chariot. First Phegeus threw his spear and missed his aim; but Diomed missed not, smiting him through the breast. And Idæus, when he saw his brother fall, fled, Hephæstus saving him, lest the old man should be altogether bereaved. And each of the chiefs slew a foe; but there was none like Diomed, who raged through the battle so furiously that you could not tell with which host he was, whether with the Greeks or with the sons of Troy. Then Pandarus aimed an arrow at him, and smote him in the right shoulder as he was rushing forward and cried aloud, "On, great-hearted sons of Troy, the bravest of the Greeks is wounded! Soon, methinks, will his strength fail him, unless Apollo hath deceived me."

But Diomed cared not for the arrow. Only he leapt down from the chariot, and spake to Sthenelus, his charioteer, "Come down and draw this arrow from my

Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood.
As when, descending from the mountain's brow,
Two wintry torrents, from their copious source
Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet
Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
Their weight of flood; on the far mountain's side
The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose
The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts.

[The Valor of Diomed.]—(DERBY.)

Such strength and courage then to Diomed,
The son of Tydeus, Pallas gave as rais'd,
'Mid all the Greeks, the glory of his name.
Forth from his helm and shield a fiery light
There flash'd, like autumn's star, that brightest shines
When newly risen from his ocean bath.
So from the warrior's head and shoulders flash'd
That fiery light, as to the midst he urg'd
His furious course, where densest masses fought. * * *
Thus labor'd they amid the stubborn fight;
But of Tydides none might say to whom
His arm belong'd, or whether with the hosts
Of Troy or Greece he mingled in the fight:
Hither and thither o'er the plain he rush'd,
Like to a wintry stream, that brimming o'er
Breaks down all barriers in its rapid course;
Nor well-built bridge can stem the flood, nor fence
That guards the fertile fields, as down it pours
Its sudden torrent, swoll'n with rain from Heav'n,
And many a goodly work of man destroys:
So back were borne before Tydides' might
The serried ranks of Troy, nor dar'd await,
Despite their numbers, his impetuous charge.

shoulder.'" Then Sthenelus drew it, and the blood spirted out from the wound. And Diomed prayed to Athené, "O goddess, if ever thou hast helped me, be with me now, and grant me to slay this boaster whose arrow has wounded me!" So speaking, he rushed into the ranks of the Trojans, slaying a man at every stroke. Æneas saw him, and thought how he might stay him in his course. So he passed through the host till he found Pandarus. "Pandarus," he said, "where are thy bow and arrows? See how this man deals death through the ranks. Send a shaft at him, first making thy prayer to Zeus."

Then Pandarus answered—

"This man, methinks, is Diomed. The shield and the helmet and the horses are his. And yet I know not whether he is not a god. Some god, at least, stands by him and guards him. But now I sent an arrow at him and smote him on the shoulder, right through the corslet, and thought that I had slain him; but lo! I have harmed him not at all. And now I know not what to do, for here I have no chariot. Eleven, indeed, there are at home, in the house of my father Lycaon, and the old man was earnest with me that I should bring one of them; but I would not, fearing for my horses. lest they should not have provender enough. So I came, trusting in my bow, and lo! it has failed me these two times. Two of the chiefs I have hit, Menelaüs and Diomed, and from each have seen the red blood flow, yet have I not harmed them. Surely, if ever I return safe to my home. I will break this useless bow."

"Nay," said Æneas, "talk not thus. Climb into my chariot, and see what horses we have in Troy. They will carry us safe to the city, even should Diomed prevail against us. But take the rein and the whip, and I will fight; or, if thou wilt, fight thou, and I will drive."

"Nay," said Pandarus, "let the horses have the driver

[Pandarus Wounds Diomed.]—(CHAPMAN.)

When Pandarus, Lycaon's son, beheld his ruining hand,
With such resistless insolence, make lanes through every band,
He bent his gold tipped bow of horn, and shot him rushing in,
At his right shoulder, where his arms were hollow; forth did spin
The blood, and down his curets ran; then Pandarus cried out;
"Rank-riding Trojans, now rush in. Now, now, I make no doubt
Our bravest foe is marked for death; he cannot long sustain
My violent shaft, if Jove's fair Son did worthily constrain
My foot from Lycia." Thus he braved, and yet his violent shaft
Struck short with all his violence.

[Pallas Heals and Strengthens Diomed.]—(POPE.)

The hero rushed impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardor now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.

whom they know. It might lose us both, should we turn to flee, and they linger or start aside, missing their master's voice."

So Pandarus mounted the chariot and they drove together against Diomed. And Sthenelus saw them coming, and said to his comrades—"I see two mighty warriors, Lycaon and Æneas. It would be well that we should go back to our chariot."

But Diomed frowned and said, "Talk not of going back. Thou wilt talk in vain to me. As for my chariot, I care not for it. As I am will I go against these men. Both shall not return safe, even if one should escape. But do thou stay my chariot where it is, tying the reins to the rail; and if I slay these men, mount the chariot of Æneas and drive into the host of the Greeks. There are no horses under the sun such as these, for they are of the breed which Zeus himself gave to King Tros."

Meanwhile Pandarus and Æneas were coming near, and Pandarus cast his spear. Right through the shield of Diomed it passed, and reached the corslet, and Pandarus cried—

"Thou art hit in the loin. This, methinks, will lay thee low."

"Nay," said Diomed, "thou hast missed and not hit at all."

And as he spake he threw his spear. Through nose and teeth and tongue it passed, and stood out below the chin. Headlong from the chariot he fell, and his armor clashed about him. Straightway Æneas leapt off with spear and shield to guard the body of his friend, and stood as a lion stands over a carcase. But Diomed lifted a great stone, such as two men of our day could scarcely carry, and cast it. It struck Æneas on the hip, crushing the bone. The hero stooped on his knee, clutching the ground with his hand, and darkness covered his eyes. That hour he had perished, but his

Not with less fury stern Tydides flew,
And two brave leaders at an instant slew;
Astynoüs breathless fell, and by his side,
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died; * * *
Those slain he left, and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fate foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father tried his arts in vain; * * *
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage,—
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age: * * *
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears; * * *
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn.

[Diomed, Attacked by Æneas and Pandarus, Slays the Latter.]—(DERBY.)

* * * The spear by Pallas guided struck
Beside the nostril, underneath the eye;
Crash'd thro' the teeth, and cutting thro' the tongue
Beneath the angle of the jaw came forth:
Down from the car he fell; and loudly rang
His glitt'ring arms: aside the startled steeds
Sprang devious: from his limbs the spirit fled.
Down leap'd Æneas, spear and shield in hand,
Against the Greeks to guard the valiant dead;
And like a lion, fearless in his strength,

mother Aphrodité caught him in her white arms and threw her veil about him. But even so Diomed was loath to let his foe escape, and knowing that the goddess was not of those who mingle in the battle, he rushed on her and wounded her on the wrist, and the blood gushed out—such blood (they call it ichor) as flows in the veins of the immortal gods, who eat not the meat and drink not the drink of men. With a loud shriek she dropped her son, but Apollo caught him up and covered him with a dark mist, lest perchance one of the Greeks should spy him and slay him. And still Diomed pursued. Thrice he rushed on, and thrice Apollo pushed back his shining shield; but the fourth time the god cried to him:

"Be wise, son of Tydeus, and give way, nor think to match the gods."

And Diomed gave way, fearing the wrath of the far-shooting bow. But Apollo carried Æneas out of the battle, and laid him down in his own temple in the citadel of Troy, and there Artemis and Latona healed him of his wound. And all the while the Trojans and the Greeks were fighting, as they thought, about his body, for Apollo had made a likeness of the hero and thrown it down in their midst. Then Sarpedon the Lycian spake to Hector with bitter words:

"Where are thy boasts, Hector? Thou saidst that thou couldst guard thy city, without thy people or thy allies, thou alone, with thy brothers and thy brothers-in-law. But I cannot see even one of them. They go and hide themselves, as dogs before a lion. It is we, your allies, who maintain the battle. I have come from far to help thy people—from Lycia where I left wife and child and wealth—nor do I shrink from the fight, but thou shouldst do thy part."

And the words stung Hector to the heart. He leapt from his chariot and went through the host, urging

Around the corpse he stalk'd, this way and that,
His spear and buckler round before him held,
To all who dar'd approach him threat'ning death,
With fearful shouts; a rocky fragment then
Tydides lifted up, a mighty mass,
Which scarce two men could raise, as men are now:
But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.
With this he smote Æneas near the groin,
Where the thigh-bone, inserted in the hip,
Turns in the socket-joint; the rugged mass
The socket crush'd, and both the tendons broke,
And tore away the flesh: down on his knees,
Yet resting on his hand, the hero fell;
And o'er his eyes the shades of darkness spread.
Then had Æneas, King of men, been slain,
Had not his mother, Venus, child of Jove,
Who to Anchises, where he fed his flocks,
The hero bore, his peril quickly seen:
Around her son she threw her snowy arms,
And with a veil, thick-folded, wrapt him round,
From hostile spears to guard him, lest some Greek
Should pierce his breast, and rob him of his life.
She from the battle thus her son removed;

[Diomed Wounds Venus.]—(POPE.)

Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd;
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god; * * *
With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.

them to the battle. And on the other side the Greeks strengthened themselves. But Ares brought back Æneas whole from his wound, and gave him courage and might. Right glad were his comrades to see him, nor did they ask him any question; scant leisure was there for questions that day. Then were done many valiant deeds, nor did any bear himself more bravely than Æneas. Two chieftains of the Greeks he slew, Crethon and Orsilochus, who came from the banks of Alpheüs. Sore vexed was Menelaüs to see them fall, and he rushed to avenge them, Ares urging him on, for he hoped that Æneas would slay him. But Antilochus, Nestor's son, saw him go, and hasted to his side that he might help him. So they went and slew Pylæmenes, King of the Paphlagonians, and Medon, his charioteer. Then Hector rushed to the front, and Ares was by his side. Diomed saw him, and the god also, for his eyes were opened that day, and he fell back a space and cried:

"O my friends! here Hector comes; nor he alone, but Ares is with him in the shape of a mortal man. Let us give place, still keeping our faces to the foe, for men must not fight with gods."

Then drew near to each other Sarpedon the Lycian and Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, the one a son and the other a grandson of Zeus. And first Tlepolemus spake:

"What art thou doing here, Sarpedon? Surely 'tis a false report that thou art a son of Zeus. The sons of Zeus in the old days were better men than thou art, such as my father Hercules, who came to this city when Laomedon would not give him the horses which he had promised, and brake down the walls and wasted the streets. No help, methinks, wilt thou be to the sons of Troy, slain here by my hands."

But Sarpedon answered, "He indeed spoiled Troy,

[Diomed, Striving to Slay Æneas, Assails Apollo.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Brave Diomed
Again assail'd Æneas; well he knew
Apollo's guardian hand around him thrown;
Yet by the God undaunted, on he press'd
To slay Æneas, and his arms obtain.
Thrice was his onset made, with murd'rous aim;
And thrice Apollo struck his glitt'ring shield;
But when, with godlike force, he sought to make
His fourth attempt, the Far-destroyer spoke
In terms of awful menace: "Be advis'd,
Tydides, and retire; nor as a God
Esteem thyself; since not alike the race
Of God's immortal and of earth-born men."
He said; and Diomed a little space
Before the Far-destroyer's wrath retir'd:
Apollo then Æneas bore away
Far from the tumult.

[The Trojans are Aided by the Gods.]—(POPE.)

Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks: the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies,
Mars, stern destroyer, and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shined,
Now storm'd before him, and now raged behind.
Tydides paused amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.

for Laomedon did him grievous wrong. But thou shalt not fare so, but rather meet with thy death."

Then they both hurled their spears, aiming truly, both of them. For Sarpedon smote Tlepolemus in the neck, piercing it through so that he fell dead, and Tlepolemus smote Sarpedon in the left thigh, driving the spear close to the bone, but slaying him not, his father Zeus warding off the doom of death. And his comrades carried him out of the battle, sorely burdened with the spear, which no one had thought to take out of the wound. And as he was borne along, Hector passed by, and Sarpedon rejoiced to see him, and cried:

"Son of Priam, suffer me not to become a prey to the Greeks; let me at least die in your city, for Lycia I may see no more, nor wife, nor child."

But Hector heeded him not, so eager was he for the battle. So his comrades carried him to the great beech-tree and laid him down, and one of them drew the spear out of his thigh. When it was drawn out he fainted, but the cool north wind blew and revived him, and he breathed again.

But all the while Hector, with Ares at his side, dealt death and destruction through the ranks of the Greeks. Heré and Athené saw him where they sat on the top of Olympus, and were wroth. So they went to Father Zeus, and prayed that it might be lawful to them to stop him in his fury. And Zeus said, "Be it as you will." So they yoked the horses to the chariot of Heré and passed down to earth, the horses flying at every stride over so much space as a man sees who sits upon a cliff and looks across the sea to where it meets the sky. They alighted on the spot where the two rivers Simoïs and Scamander join their streams. There they loosed the horses from the yoke, and then sped like doves to where the bravest of the Greeks stood round King Diomed. There Heré took the shape of Stentor

[The Valor of Ajax.]—(POPE.)

* * * The mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went; * * *
Shook with his fall his brazen armor rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd:
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts denied
To spoil his glittering arms, and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forced he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

[Hector Rallies the Trojans.]—(POPE.)

But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight. * * *
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes,
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes. * * *
The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and e'en retreating fight.

[Juno and Pallas Encourage the Greeks.]—(DERBY.)

* * * The Goddesses,
Swift as the wild wood-pigeon's rapid flight,
Sped to the battle-field to aid the Greeks.

with the lungs of bronze, whose voice was as the voice of fifty men, and cried, "Shame, men of Greece! When Achilles went to the battle, the men of Troy came not beyond the gates, but now they fight far from the city, even by the ships." But Athené went to Diomed where he stood wiping away the blood from the wound where Pandarus had struck him with the arrow. And she spake, "Surely the son of Tydeus is little like to his sire. Small of stature was he, but a keen fighter. But thou—whether it be weariness or fear that keeps thee back I know not—canst scarcely be a true son of Tydeus."

But Diomed answered, "Nay, great goddess, for I know thee who thou art, daughter of Zeus, it is not weariness or fear that keeps me back. 'Tis thy own command that I heed. Thou didst bid me fight with none other of the immortal gods but only with Aphrodité, should she come to the battle. Therefore I give place, for I see Ares lording it through the ranks of war."

"Heed not Ares; drive thy chariot at him, and smite him with the spear. This very morning he promised that he would help the Greeks, and now he hath changed his purpose."

And as she spake she pushed Sthenelus, who drove the chariot, so that he leapt out upon the ground, and she mounted herself and caught the reins and lashed the horses. So the two went together, and they found Ares where he had just slain Periphas the Ætolian. But Athené had donned the helmet of Hades, which whosoever puts on straightway becomes invisible, for she would not that Ares should see her who she was. The god saw Diomed come near, and left Periphas, and cast his spear over the yoke of the chariot, eager to slay the hero. But Athené caught the spear in her hand, and turned it aside, so that it flew vainly through

But when they reach'd the thickest of the fray,
Where throng'd around the might of Diomed
The bravest and the best, as lions fierce,
Or forest-boars, the mightiest of their kind,
There stood the white-arm'd Queen, and call'd aloud,
In form of Stentor, of the brazen voice,
Whose shout was as the shout of fifty men:
"Shame on ye, Greeks, base cowards! brave alone
In outward semblance; while Achilles yet
Went forth to battle, from the Dardan gates
The Trojans never ventur'd to advance,
So dreaded they his pond'rous spear; but now
Far from the walls, beside your ships, they fight."
She said: her words their drooping courage rous'd.
Meanwhile the blue-ey'd Pallas went in haste
In search of Tydeus' son; * * *

—(POPE.)

The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil reposing on the ground;
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart,
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart).
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend;
Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away.

[Pallas Incites Diomed to Attack Mars.]—(DERBY.)

"Thou son of Tydeus, dearest to my soul,
Fear now no more with Mars himself to fight,
Nor other God; such aid will I bestow.
Come then; at him the first direct thy car;
Encounter with him hand to hand; nor fear
To strike this madman, this incarnate curse,
This shameless renegade;" * * *

the air. Then Diomed in turn thrust forward his spear, and Athené leant upon it, so that it pierced the loin of Ares, where his girdle was clasped. And Ares shouted with the pain, loud as a host of men, thousands nine or ten, shouts when it joins in battle. And the Greeks and Trojans trembled as they heard. And Diomed saw the god go up to Olympus as a thunder-cloud goes up when the wind of the south blows hot.

But when Ares had departed the Greeks prevailed again, slaying many of the sons of Troy and of their allies. But at last Helenus, the wise seer, spake to Hector and Æneas:

"Cause the army to draw back to the walls, and go through the ranks and give them such strength and courage as ye may. And do thou, Hector, when thou hast so done, pass into the city, and bid thy mother go with the daughters of Troy, and take the costliest robe that she hath, and lay it on the knees of Athené in her temple, vowing therewith to sacrifice twelve heifers, if perchance she may have pity upon us, and keep this Diomed from our walls. Surely there is no Greek so strong as he; we did not fear even Achilles' self so much as we fear this man to-day, so dreadful is he and fierce. Go, and we will make such stand meanwhile as we can."

Then Hector passed through the ranks, bidding them be of good heart, and so departed to the city.

But when he was gone, Glaucus the Lycian and Diomed met in the space between the two hosts. And Diomed said:

"Who art thou that meetest me thus? for never have I seen thee before. If thou art a man, know that luckless are the fathers whose sons meet my spear. But if thou art a god, I will not fight with thee. It fares ill with them that fight with gods."

Then Glaucus answered, "Diomed, why askest thou of my race? The races of men are as the leaves of the

When near they came, first Mars his pond'rous spear
Advanc'd beyond the yoke and horses' reins,
With murd'rous aim; but Pallas from the car
Turn'd it aside, and foil'd the vain attempt.
Then Diomed thrust forward in his turn
His pond'rous spear; low on the flank of Mars,
Guided by Pallas, with successful aim,
Just where the belt was girt, the weapon struck:
It pierc'd the flesh, and straight was back withdrawn:
Then Mars cried out aloud, with such a shout
As if nine thousand or ten thousand men
Should simultaneous raise their battle-cry:
Trojans and Greeks alike in terror heard,
Trembling; so fearful was the cry of Mars.
As black with clouds appears the darken'd air,
When after heat the blust'ring winds arise,
So Mars to valiant Diomed appear'd,
As in thick clouds he took his heav'nward flight.

[Menelāus Slays Adrastus.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Then Menelāus, good in battle, took
Adrastus captive; for his horses, scar'd
And rushing wildly o'er the plain, amid
The tangled tamarisk scrub his chariot broke,
Snapping the pole; they with the flying crowd
Held city-ward their course; he from the car
Hurl'd headlong, prostrate lay beside the wheel,
Prone on his face in dust; and at his side,
Poising his mighty spear, Atrides stood.
Adrastus clasp'd his knees, and suppliant cried,
"Spare me, great son of Atreus! for my life
Accept a price; my wealthy father's house
A goodly store contains of brass, and gold,
And well-wrought iron; and of these he fain
Would pay a reasonable ransom, could he hear

forest, which the wind blows to the earth, and lo! in the spring they shoot forth again. Yet if thou wouldst know it, hearken to my words. There is a city Ephyra in the land of Argos, where Sisyphus dwelt, who was the craftiest of men; and Sisyphus begat Glaucus, and Glaucus Bellerophon. Now Bellerophon was the fairest and most valiant of men. And Queen Antea accused him falsely to her husband, King Prœtus. Whereupon the king sent him to his father-in-law, who was King of Lycia, and gave him a tablet, whereon were written letters of death, so that the king having read them should cause him to be slain. So Bellerophon came to Lycia. And for nine days the king feasted him, but on the tenth he asked for the tablet. And when he had read it, he sought how he might slay him. For first he sent him to subdue the Chimæra. Now the Chimæra was a marvellous thing, having the forepart of a lion, and the body of a goat, and the tail of a snake. And afterwards he sent him against the Solymi, who are the fiercest warriors of all that dwell on the earth. And his third labor was that he slew the Amazons. And as he was returning the king set an ambush for him, yet harmed him not, for Bellerophon slew all the men that lay in wait for him. Then the king knew him to be a good man and of the race of the gods. Wherefore he kept him, and gave him his daughter to wife, and with her the half of his kingdom; and the Lycians gave him a fair domain of orchard and plough-land. Now Bellerophon had three children—Laodamia, who bare Sarpedon to Zeus; and Isander, whom Ares slew in battle against the Solymi; and Hippolochus, my father, who sent me hither, bidding me ever bear myself bravely, nor shame the race of my fathers."

This Diomed was right glad to hear, and cried, "Nay, but thou art a friend by inheritance. For in former times Œneus, my grandfather, feasted Bellerophon for

That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd."
His words of pity mov'd the victor's breast;
Then had he bade his followers to the ships
The captive bear; but running up in haste,
Fierce Agamemnon cried in stern rebuke;
"Soft-hearted Menelãus, why of life
So tender? Hath thy house receiv'd indeed
Nothing but benefits at Trojan hands?
Of that abhorrèd race, let not a man
Escape the deadly vengeance of our arms;
No, not the infant in its mother's womb;
No, nor the fugitive; but be they all,
They and their city, utterly destroy'd,
Uncar'd for, and from mem'ry blotted out."
Thus as he spoke, his counsel, fraught with death,
His brother's purpose chang'd; he with his hand
Adrastus thrust aside, whom with his lance
Fierce Agamemnon through the loins transfix'd;
And, as he roll'd in death, upon his breast
Planting his foot, the ashen spear withdrew.

[Hector Again Drives Back the Greeks.]—(POPE.)

* * * Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe.
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;
Some god, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

twenty days, and gave him a belt broidered with purple, and Bellerophon gave him a great cup with two mouths, which indeed I left behind me when I came hither. And now let us two make agreement that we fight not with each other, for there are Trojans enough whom I may slay, and there are Greeks enough for thee. And let us also exchange our armor, that these men may know us to be friends by inheritance."

So they leapt down from their chariots and exchanged their armor. And Zeus took away all wise counsel from the heart of Glaucus, so that he gave golden armor for armor of bronze, the worth of a hundred oxen for the worth of nine.

ILIAD.

[Diomed and Glaucus Exchange Armor.]—(DERBY.)

He said; and Diomed rejoicing heard:
His spear he planted in the fruitful ground,
And thus with friendly words the chief address'd:
"By ancient ties of friendship are we bound;
Then shun we, e'en amid the thickest fight,
Each other's lance; enough there are for me
Of Trojans and their brave allies to kill,
As Heav'n may aid me, and my speed of foot;
And Greeks enough there are for thee to slay,
If so indeed thou canst; but let us now
Our armor interchange, that these may know
What friendly bonds of old our houses join."
Thus as they spoke, they quitted each his car;
Clasp'd hand in hand, and plighted mutual faith.
Then Glaucus of his judgment Jove depriv'd,
His armor interchanging, gold for brass,
A hundred oxen's worth for that of nine.

CHAPTER IV

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

HECTOR came into the city by the Scæan gates, and as he went wives and mothers crowded about him, asking how it had fared with their husbands and sons. But he said nought save to bid them pray; and indeed there was sore news for many, if he had told that which he knew. Then he came to the palace of King Priam, and there he saw Hecuba, his mother, and with her Laodicé, fairest of her daughters. She caught him by the hand and said:

"Why hast thou come from the battle, my son? Do the Greeks press thee hard, and art thou minded to pray to Father Zeus from the citadel? Let me bring thee honey-sweet wine, that thou mayest pour out before him, aye, and that thou mayest drink thyself, and gladden thy heart."

But Hector said, "Give me not wine, my mother, lest thou weaken my knees and make me forget my courage. Nor must I pour out an offering with Zeus thus, with unwashed hands. But do thou gather the mothers of Troy together, and go to the temple of Athené, and take a robe, the one that is the most precious and beautiful in thy stores, and lay it on the knees of the goddess, and pray her to keep this dreadful Diomed from the walls of Troy; and forget not to vow therewith twelve heifers as a sacrifice. As for me I will go and seek Paris, if perchance he will come with me to the war. Would that the earth might open and swal-

[Hector Bids His Mother Pray to Pallas.]—(POPE.)

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.

[Pallas Refuses Hecuba's Prayer.]—(CHAPMAN.)

This said, grave Hecuba went home, and sent her maids about
To bid the matrons. She herself descended, and searched out,
Within a place that breathed perfumes, the richest robe she had;
Which laid with many rich ones more, most curiously made
By women of Sidonia, which Paris brought from thence,
Sailing the broad sea, when he made that voyage of offence
In which he brought home Helena. That robe transferred so far
(That was the undermost) she took; it glittered like a star;
And with it went she to the fane,
* * * And her they followed all
Up to the temple's highest tower, where on their knees they fall,
Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with ladies' piteous cries,

low him up, for of a truth he is a curse to King Priam and to Troy."

So Queen Hecuba and the mothers of Troy did as Hector had bidden them. But when they laid the robe on the knees of the goddess, she would not hear them.

And Hector went to the house of Paris, where it stood on the citadel, near to his own dwelling and the dwelling of Priam. He found him busy with his arms, and the fair Helen sat near him and gave their tasks to her maidens.

But Hector spake: "Be not wroth, my brother. The people perish about the wall, and the war burns hot round the city, and all for thy sake. Rouse thee, lest it be consumed."

And Paris answered, "Brother, thou hast spoken well. It was not in wrath that I sat here. I was vexed at my sore defeat. But now my wife has urged me to join the battle, and truly it is well, for victory comes now to one and now to another. Wait, thou, then till I don my arms, or if thou wouldst depart, I will overtake thee."

So Hector departed and went to his own home, seeking his wife Andromaché, but found her not, for she was on a tower of the wall with her child and her child's nurse, weeping sore for fear. And Hector spake to the maids:

"Tell me, whither went the white-armed Andromaché; to see some sister-in-law, or to the temple of Athené with the mothers of Troy?"

"Nay," said an aged woman, keeper of the house. "She went to one of the towers of the wall, for she had heard that the Greeks were pressing our people hard. She hasted like as she were mad, and the nurse carried the child."

So Hector ran through the city to the Scæan gates, and there Andromaché spied him, and hasted to meet

* * * Praying thus: "Goddess of most renown
In all the heaven of Goddesses, great Guardian of our town,
Reverend Minerva, break the lance of Diomed, cease his grace,
Give him to fall in shameful flight, headlong, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion, that instantly we may
Twelve unyoked oxen-of-a-year in this thy temple slay
To thy sole honor; take their bloods, and banish our offence;
Accept Troy's zeal, her wives, and save our infants' innocence."
She prayed, but Pallas would not grant.

[Hector Seeks Andromache.]

* * * With rapid step he reach'd
His own well-furnished house, but found not there
His white-arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache.
She with her infant child and maid the while
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,
On Ilion's topmost tower:
* * * Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was travers'd, and the Scæan gates were reach'd,
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache;
* * * She it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star; * * *
Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd:

him—Andromaché, daughter of King Eëtion, of Thebé-under-Placus. And with her was the nurse, bearing the young child on her bosom—Hector's only child, beautiful, headed as a star. His father called him Scamandrius, after the river, but the sons of Troy called him Astyanax, the "City-King," because it was his father who saved the city. Silently he smiled when he saw the child, but Andromaché clasped his hand and wept, and said:

"O Hector, thy courage will bring thee to death. Thou hast no pity on thy wife and child, but sparest not thyself, and all the Greeks will rush on thee and slay thee. It were better for me, losing thee, to die; for I have no comfort but thee. My father is dead, for Achilles slew him in Thebé—slew him but spoiled him not, so much he reverenced him. With his arms he burnt him, and the mountain-nymphs planted poplars about his grave. Seven brethren I had, and lo! they all fell in one day by the hand of the great Achilles. And my mother, she is dead, for when she had been ransomed, Artemis smote her with an arrow in her father's house. But thou art father to me, and mother and brother and husband also. Have pity, then, and stay here upon the wall, lest thou leave me a widow and thy child an orphan. And set the people here in array by this fig-tree, where the city is easiest to be taken; for there come the bravest of the Greeks, Ajax the Greater, and Ajax the Less, and Idomeneus, and the two sons of Atreus, and the son of Tydeus."

But Hector said, "Nay, let these things be my care. I would not that any son or daughter of Troy should see me skulking from the war. And my own heart loathes the thought, and bids me fight in the front. Well I know, indeed, that Priam, and the people of Priam, and holy Troy, will perish. Yet it is not for Troy, or for the people, or even for my father or my

"Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
Assail and slay: for me, 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief." * * *—(DERBY.)
"No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire! * * *
"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled! * * *
"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care! * * *
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? * * *
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)

mother that I care so much, as for thee in the day when some Greek shall carry thee away captive, and thou shalt ply the loom or carry the pitcher in the land of Greece. And some one shall say when he sees thee, 'This was Hector's wife, who was the bravest of the sons of Troy.' May the earth cover me before that day!"

Then Hector stretched out his arms to his child. But the child drew back into the bosom of his nurse with a loud cry, fearing the shining bronze and the horse-hair plume which nodded awfully from his helmet top. Then father and mother laughed aloud. And Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it on the ground, and caught his child in his hands, and kissed him and dandled him, praying aloud to Father Zeus and all the gods.

"Grant, Father Zeus and all ye gods, that this child may be as I am, great among the sons of Troy; and may they say some day, when they see him carrying home the bloody spoils from the war, "A better man than his father, this,' and his mother shall be glad at heart."

Then he gave the child to his mother, and she clasped him to her breast and smiled a tearful smile. And her husband had pity on her, and stroked her with his hand, and spake:

"Be not troubled overmuch. No man shall slay me against the ordering of fate; but as for fate, that, I trow, no man may escape, be he coward or brave. But go, ply thy tasks, the shuttle and the loom, and give their tasks to thy maidens, and let men take thought for the battle."

Then Hector took up his helmet from the ground, and Andromaché went her way to her home, oft turning back her eyes. And when she was come, she and all her maidens wailed for the living Hector as though

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end."
—(POPE.)

"But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hypereia's or Messëis' fount,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd.
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
On plains of Troy, was Ilion's bravest chief.'
Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away!"
—(DERBY.)

[Hector's Farewell to His Wife and Child.]

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,

he were dead, for she thought that she should never see him any more returning safe from the battle.

And as Hector went his way, Paris came running, clad in shining arms, like to some proud steed which has been fed high in his stall, and now scours the plain with head aloft and mane streaming over his shoulders. And he spake to Hector:

"I have kept thee, I fear, when thou wast in haste, nor came at thy bidding."

But Hector answered, "No man can blame thy courage, only thou wilfully heldest back from the battle. Therefore do the sons of Troy speak shame of thee. But now let us go to the war."

So they went together out of the gates, and fell upon the hosts of the Greeks and slew many chiefs of fame, and Gl . the Lycian went with them.

Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
"O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son;
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bares the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame:'
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

—(POPE.)

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,
Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
Address'd her—"Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."
Great Hector said, and rais'd his plumèd helm;
And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife return'd.
Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well-built house,
Her maidens press'd around her; and in all
Arose at once the sympathetic grief.
For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
Deeming he never would again return,
Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd.

—(DERBY.)

CHAPTER V

THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND AJAX

NOW when Athené saw that the Greeks were perishing by the hand of Hector and his companions, it grieved her sore. So she came down from the heights of Olympus, if haply she might help them. And Apollo met her and said—

"Art thou come, Athené, to help the Greeks whom thou lovest? Well, let us stay the battle for this day; hereafter they shall fight till the doom of Troy be accomplished."

But Athené answered, "How shall we stay it?"

And Apollo said, "We will set on Hector to challenge the bravest of the Greeks to fight with him, man to man."

So they two put the matter into the mind of Helenus the seer. Then Helenus went near to Hector—

"Listen to me, for I am thy brother. Cause the rest of the sons of Troy and of the Greeks to sit down, and do thou challenge the bravest of the Greeks to fight with thee, man to man. And be sure thou shalt not fall in the battle, for the will of the immortal gods is so."

Then Hector greatly rejoiced, and passed to the front of the army, holding his spear by the middle, and kept back the sons of Troy; and King Agamemnon did likewise with his own people. Then Hector spake:

"Hear me, sons of Troy, and ye men of Greece. The covenant that we made one with another hath been broken, for Zeus would have it so, purposing evil to

[Hector's Challenge to Single Combat.]—(DERBY.)

Forth in the midst he stepp'd, and with his spear
Grasp'd in the middle, stay'd the Trojan ranks.
With one accord they sat; on th' other side
Atrides bade the well-greav'd Greeks sit down;
* * * Dense around
Bristled the ranks, with shield, and helm, and spear.
As when the west wind freshly blows, and brings
A dark'ning ripple o'er the ocean waves,
E'en so appear'd upon the plain the ranks
Of Greeks and Trojans; standing in the midst,
Thus to both armies noble Hector spoke:
"Hear, all ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul. * * *
Here have ye all the chiefest men of Greece;
Of all, let him who dares with me to fight,
Stand forth, and godlike Hector's might confront.
And this I say, and call to witness Jove,
If with the sharp-edg'd spear he vanquish me,
He shall strip off, and to the hollow ships
In triumph bear my armor; but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
May deck with honors due my funeral pyre.
But, by Apollo's grace should I prevail,
I will his arms strip off and bear to Troy,
And in Apollo's temple hang on high;
But to the ships his corpse I will restore,
That so the long-hair'd Greeks with solemn rites
May bury him, and to his mem'ry raise
By the broad Hellespont a lofty tomb;
And men in days to come shall say, who urge
Their full-oar'd bark across the dark-blue sea,
'Lo, there a warrior's tomb of days gone by,
A mighty chief whom glorious Hector slew;'

both, till either you shall take our high-walled city or we shall conquer you by your ships. But let one of you who call yourselves champions of the Greeks come forth and fight with me, man to man. And let it be so that if he vanquish me he shall spoil me of my arms but give my body to my people, that they may burn it with fire; and if I vanquish him, I will spoil him of his arms but give his body to the Greeks, that they may bury him and raise a great mound above him by the broad salt river of Hellespont. And so men of after days shall see it, sailing by, and say, 'This is the tomb of the bravest of the Greeks, whom Hector slew.' So shall my name live forever."

But all the Greeks kept silence, fearing to meet him in battle, but shamed to hold back. Then at last Menelaüs leapt forward and spake:

"Surely now ye are women and not men. Foul shame it were should there be no man to stand up against this Hector. Lo! I will fight with him my own self, for the issues of battle are with the immortal gods."

So he spake in his rage rashly, courting death, for Hector was much stronger than he. Then King Agamemnon answered:

"Nay, but this is folly, my brother. Seek not in thy anger to fight with one that is stronger than thou; for as for this Hector, even Achilles was loth to meet him. Sit thou down among thy comrades, and the Greeks will find some champion who shall fight with him."

And Menelaüs hearkened to his brother's words, and sat down. Then Nestor rose in the midst and spake:

"Woe is me to-day for Greece! How would the old Peleus grieve to hear such a tale! Well I remember how he rejoiced when I told him of the house and lineage of all the chieftains of the Greeks, and now he would hear that they cower before Hector, and are

Thus shall they say, and thus my fame shall live."
Thus Hector spoke; they all in silence heard,
Sham'd to refuse, but fearful to accept.

[Anger of Menelaüs.]—(POPE.)

Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
"Women of Greece! O scandal of your race,
Whose coward forms your manly form disgrace,
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go, then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay,
Myself will dare the danger of the day;
'T is man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory."

[Agamemnon Prevents Menelaüs From Fighting Hector.]—(CHAPMAN.)

He armed, and gladly would have fought; but Menelaüs then
By Hector's far more strength thy soul had fled th' abodes of men,
Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restrained;
And even the king of men himself, that in such compass reigned,
Who took him by the bold right hand, and sternly plucked him back:
"Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou seek'st thy wilful wrack!
Contain, though it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage

sore afraid when he calls them to the battle. Surely he would pray this day that he might die! Oh that I were such as I was in the old days, when the men of Pylos fought with the Arcadians by the stream of Iardanus! Now the leader of the Arcadians was Ereuthalion, and he wore the arms of Areïthous, whom men called 'Areïthous of the club,' because he fought not with bow or spear, but with a club of iron. Him Lycurgus slew, not by might but by craft, taking him in a narrow place where his club or iron availed him not, and smiting him with his spear. He slew him, and took his arms. And when Lycurgus grew old he gave the arms to Ereuthalion to wear. So Ereuthalion wore them, and challenged the men of Pylos to fight with him. But they feared him. Only I, who was the youngest of all, stood forth, and Athené gave me glory that day, for I slew him, though he was the strongest and tallest among the sons of men. Would that I were such to-day! Right soon would I meet this mighty Hector."

Then rose up nine chiefs of fame. First of all, King Agamemnon, lord of many nations, and next to him Diomed, son of Tydeus, and Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, and then Idomeneus the Meriones, who was his companion in arms, and Eurypylus, and Thoas, son of Andræmon, and the wise Ulysses.

Then Nestor said, "Let us cast lots who shall do battle with the mighty Hector."

So they threw the lots into the helmet of King Agamemnon, a lot for each. And the people prayed, "Grant, ye gods, that the lot of Ajax the Greater may leap forth, or the lot of Diomed, or the lot of King Agamemnon." Then Nestor shook the lots in the helmet, and the one which they most wished leapt forth. For the herald took it through the ranks and showed it to the chiefs, but none knew it for his own

Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all
fear t' enrage;
Yea whom Æacides himself, in men-renowning war,
Makes doubt t' encounter, whose huge strength sur-
passeth thine by far.
Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greek will
rise
(Though he be dreadless, and no war will his de-
sires suffice,
That makes this challenge to our strength our valors
to avow;
To whom, if he can 'scape with life, he will be glad to
bow."
This drew his brother from his will, who yielded,
knowing it true,
And his glad soldiers took his arms.

[Nestor Upbraids the Chiefs.]—(POPE.)

Thus to the kings he spoke: "What grief, what shame,
Attend on Greece and all the Grecian name!
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn!
What tears shall down thy silvery beard be roll'd,
O Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleased inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece and beg to die!" * * *
His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Upstarted fierce.

till he came to where Ajax the Greater stood among his comrades. But Ajax had marked it with his mark, and put forth his hand for it, and claimed it, right glad at heart. On the ground by his feet he threw it, and said:

"Mine is the lot, my friends, and right glad I am, for I think that I shall prevail over the mighty Hector. But come, let me don my arms; and pray ye to Zeus, but silently, lest the Trojans hear, or aloud, if ye will, for no fear have we. Not by force or craft shall any one vanquish me, for not such are the men whom Salamis breeds."

So he armed himself and moved forwards, dreadful as Ares, smiling with grim face. With mighty strides he came, brandishing his long-shafted spear. And all the Greeks were glad to behold him, but the knees of the Trojans were loosened with fear, and great Hector's heart beat fast; but he trembled not, nor gave place, seeing that he had himself called him to battle. So Ajax came near, holding before the great shield, like a wall, which Tychius, best of craftsmen, had made for him. Seven folds of bull's hide it had, and an eighth of bronze. Threateningly he spake:

"Now shalt thou know, Hector, what manner of men there are yet among our chiefs, though Achilles the lion-hearted is far away, sitting idly in his tent, in great wrath with King Agamemnon. Do thou, then, begin the battle."

"Speak not to me, Zeus-descended Ajax," said Hector, "as though I were a woman or a child knowing nothing of war. Well I know all the arts of battle, to ply my shield this way and that, to guide my car through the tumult of steeds, and to stand fighting hand to hand. But I would not smite so stout a foe by stealth, but openly, if it so befall."

And as he spake he hurled his long-shafted spear,

[The Chiefs Cast Lots.]—(CHAPMAN.)

Each marked his lot, and cast it in to Agamemnon's casque.
The soldiers prayed, held up their hands, and this of Jove did ask,
With eyes advanced to heaven: "O Jove, so lead the herald's hand,
That Ajax, or great Tydeus' son may our wished champion stand,
Or else the king himself that rules the rich Mycenian land."

[Ajax is Chosen to Fight Hector.]—(POPE.)

Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspired,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
"Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy."

[Ajax Arms for Combat.]—(DERBY.)

Ajax meanwhile in dazzling brass was clad;
And when his armor all was duly donn'd,
Forward he mov'd, as when gigantic Mars
Leads nations forth to war, whom Saturn's son
In life-destroying conflict hath involv'd;
So mov'd the giant Ajax, prop of Greece,
With sternly smiling mien; with haughty stride
He trod the plain, and pois'd his pond'rous spear.

and smote the great shield on the rim of the eighth fold, that was of bronze. Through six folds it passed, but in the seventh it was stayed. Then Ajax hurled his spear, striking Hector's shield. Through shield it passed and corslet, and cut the tunic close against the loin; but Hector shrank away and escaped the doom of death. Then, each with a fresh spear, they rushed together like lions or wild boars of the wood. First Hector smote the middle of the shield of Ajax, but pierced it not, for the spear-point was bent back; then Ajax, with a great bound, drove his spear at Hector's shield and pierced it, forcing him back, and grazing his neck so that the black blood welled out. Yet did not Hector cease from the combat. A great stone and rough he caught up from the ground, and hurled it at the boss of the seven-fold shield. Loud rang the bronze, but the shield brake not. Then Ajax took a stone heavier by far, and threw it with all his might. It brake the shield of Hector, and bore him backwards, so that he fell at length with his shield above him. But Apollo raised him up. Then did both draw their swords; but ere they could join in close battle came the heralds, and held their sceptres between them, and Idæus, the herald of Troy, spake:

"Fight no more, my sons; Zeus loves you both; and ye are both mighty warriors. That we all know right well. But now the night bids you cease, and it is well to heed its bidding."

Then said Ajax, "Nay, Idæus, but it is for Hector to speak, for he called the bravest of the Greeks to battle. And as he wills it, so will I."

And Hector said, "O Ajax, the gods have given thee stature and strength and skill, nor is there any better warrior among the Greeks. Let us cease then from the battle; we may yet meet again, till the gods give the victory to me or thee. And now let us give gifts

The Greeks, rejoicing, on their champion gaz'd,
The Trojans' limbs beneath them shook with fear;
Ev'n Hector's heart beat quicker in his breast;
Yet quail he must not now, nor back retreat
Amid his comrades—he, the challenger!
Ajax approached; before him, as a tow'r
His mighty shield he bore, sev'n-fold, brass-bound,
The work of Tychius, best artificer
That wrought in leather; he in Hyla dwelt.
Of sev'n-fold hides the pond'rous shield was wrought
Of lusty bulls; the eighth was glitt'ring brass.
This by the son of Telamon was borne
Before his breast.

[Hector Attacks Ajax.]—(POPE.)

He said, and, rising high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the seven-fold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corselet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew,
Fierce as the mountain-lions, bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends;

[Ajax Fells Hector With a Stone.]—(CHAPMAN.)

But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,

the one to the other, so that Trojans and Greeks may say—Hector and Ajax met in fierce fight and parted in friendship."

So Hector gave to Ajax a silver-studded sword with the scabbard and the sword-belt, and Ajax gave to Hector a buckler splendid with purple. So they parted. Right glad were the sons of Troy when they saw Hector returning safe. Glad also were the Greeks, as they led Ajax rejoicing in his victory to King Agamemnon. Whereupon the king called the chiefs to banquet together, and bade slay an ox of five years old, and Ajax he honored most of all, giving him the chine. And when the feast was ended Nestor said:

"It were well that we should cease awhile from war and burn the dead, for many, in truth, are fallen. And we will build a great wall and dig a trench about it, and we will make gates, wide that a chariot may pass through, so that our ships may be safe, if the sons of Troy should press us hard."

But the next morning came a herald from Troy to the chiefs as they sat in council by the ship of King Agamemnon, and said:

"This is the word of Priam and the men of Troy: Paris will give back all the treasures of the fair Helen, and many more besides; but the fair Helen herself he will not give. But if this please you not, grant us a truce, that we may bury our dead."

Then Diomed spake, "Nay, we will not take the fair Helen's self, for a man may know, even though he be a fool, that the doom of Troy is come."

And King Agamemnon said, "Herald, thou hast heard the word of the Greeks, but as for the truce, be it as you will."

So the next day they burnt their dead, and the Greeks made a wall with gates and dug a trench about it. And when it was finished, even at sunset, they made

And stayed bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,
And hurt his neck; out gushed the blood. Yet Hector ceased not so,
But in his strong hand took a flint, as he did backwards go,
Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field; the sevenfold targe it smit,
Full on the boss, and round about the brass did ring with it.
But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and, wreathing round,
With all his body laid to it, he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
His rundled target; his loved knees to languish did begin;
And he leaned, stretched out on his shield; but Phœbus raised him straight.
Then had they laid on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,
Unless the heralds, messengers of gods and godlike men,
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperial scepters; when the one, Idæus, grave and wise,
Said to them: "Now no more, my sons; the Sovereign of the skies
Doth love you both; both soldiers are, all witness with good right;
But now night lays her mace on earth; 'tis good t' obey the night."

[redacted] Lemnos [redacted] some with [redacted] shields of [redacted] ancestry. The [redacted] dread- [redacted] for Zeus was [redacted]

[The Duel Ceases; Hector Addresses Ajax.]—(POPE.)

"Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life! * * *
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.'"
With that, a sword with stars of silver graced,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchased,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

[The Greeks Fortify Their Camp.]—(DERBY.)

But ere 'twas morn, while daylight strove with night
About the pyre a chosen band of Greeks
Had kept their vigil, and around it rais'd
Upon the plain one common mound for all;
And built in front a wall, with lofty tow'rs
To screen both ships and men; and in the tow'rs
Made ample portals with well-fitting gates,
That through the midst a carriage-way might pass;
Then dug a trench around it, deep and wide,
And in the trench a palisade they fix'd.

CHAPTER VI

THE TROJANS AGAIN PREVAIL. THE GREEKS BESEECH ACHILLES

NOW when the morning came Zeus called a council of all the Gods, and he spake unto them in this wise:

"Hear me, ye Gods and Goddesses. Let none of you disobey these, my commands. Aid ye not either the sons of Troy or the warriors of Greece, lest harm befall you. For surely, if any one of you does this thing, him I will hurl into the lowest abyss that lies beneath the earth."

Then spake the blue-eyed Pallas, "Oh, Father Zeus, grant, I pray thee, that we may give saving counsel unto the men of the hosts."

Answering said Zeus, the son of Saturn, "Fear not, my daughter. Assuredly thou shalt have thy wish."

And, at noon, Father Zeus rode in his chariot, midway between heaven and earth until he came to the crest of Gargarus, where stood his altar. There he alighted and sat on the topmost ridge and looked down upon the camps of the hostile armies. Then he hung aloft his golden scales and placed in each the fatal death-lot. And lo, down sank the lot of Greece to the ground, while the Trojan scale mounted unto the very sky.

Then he bade the thunder peal from the heights of Mount Ida, and standing, he hurled the flashing lightning into the Grecian ranks, and they fled, being sore afraid.

[Beginning of the Second Day's Battle.]—(DERBY.)

Meantime, the Greeks throughout their tents in haste
Despatch'd their meal, and arm'd them for the fight;
On th' other side the Trojans donn'd their arms,
In numbers fewer, but with stern resolve,
By hard necessity constrain'd, to strive,
For wives and children, in the stubborn fight,
The gates all open'd wide, forth pour'd the crowd
Of horse and foot; and loud the clamor rose,
When in the midst they met, together rush'd
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield
Clatter'd in conflict; loud the clamor rose;
Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood.
While yet 'twas morn, and wax'd the youthful day.
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side; but when the sun had reach'd
The middle Heav'n, th' Eternal Father hung
His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
The fatal death-lot; for the sons of Troy
The one, the other for the brass-clad Greeks;
Then held them by the midst; down sank the lot
Of Greece, down to the ground, while high aloft
Mounted the Trojan scale, and rose to Heav'n.
Then loud he bade the volleying thunder peal
From Ida's heights; and 'mid the Grecian ranks
He hurl'd his flashing lightning; at the sight
Amaz'd they stood, and pale with terror shook.

[Diomed and Nestor Driven Back by Jove's Lightning.]—(DERBY.)

Then fearful ruin had been wrought, and deeds
Untold achiev'd, and like a flock of lambs,
The adverse hosts been coop'd beneath the walls,

Then old Nestor came near to be taken by the Trojans, for Paris had slain one of the horses of his chariot with an arrow. Only Diomed came near and helped him, making him mount his own chariot, and slaying with his spear the charioteer of Hector. And more he would have done, but Zeus sent down great lightning from heaven, striking the ground in front of the chariot.

Then Nestor said, "Let us flee, King Diomed, for Zeus denies us victory, and a man may not fight with Zeus."

And he constrained him so that he turned his horses and fled. But Hector cried after him, "Art thou the man to whom the Greeks give high place in the feast, and plenteous cups of wine? Not so will they honor thee hereafter. Run, girl! run, coward! Shalt thou climb our walls and carry away our daughters in thy ships?"

Then Diomed was very wroth, doubting whether to flee or to turn; but when he turned Zeus thundered from on high, making him afraid. And Hector bade the hosts of Troy be of good courage, for that Zeus was with them, and called to his horses:

"Come now, Bayard and Whitefoot, and Flame of Fire, and Brilliant; forget not how the fair Andromaché has cared for you; aye, even before me, who am her husband. Carry me fast, that I may win old Nestor's shield, which men say is all of gold, and strip from the shoulders of Diomed the breastplate which Hephæstus wrought."

And Hector that hour would have stormed the wall and burnt the ships, but King Agamemnon prayed aloud to Zeus, and Zeus heard him and sent a sign, an eagle which dropped a kid out of his claws.

Then the Greeks took heart again. Onward like a whirlwind rushed fiery Diomed. Straight at the ditch

Portrait of Alexander Pope

Had not the Sire of Gods and men beheld,
And with an awful peal of thunder hurl'd
His vivid lightning down; the fiery bolt
Before Tydides' chariot plough'd the ground.
Fierce flash'd the sulph'rous flame, and whirling round
Beneath the car th' affrighted horses quailed.
From Nestor's hand escap'd the glitt'ring reins,
And, trembling, thus to Diomed he spoke:
"Turn we to flight, Tydides; see'st thou not,
That Jove from us his aiding hand withholds?
This day to Hector Saturn's son decrees
The meed of vict'ry; on some future day,
If so he will, the triumph may be ours;
For man, how brave soe'er, cannot o'errule
The will of Jove, so much the mightier he."

[Hector Drives the Greeks to Their Ships.]—(POPE.)

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destined fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields,
With close-ranged chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.

[Teucer's Arrows Slay Many Trojans.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Teucer, with bended bow,
Behind the shield of Ajax Telamon
Took shelter; Ajax o'er him held his shield;
Thence look'd he round, and aim'd amid the crowd;
And as he saw each Trojan, wounded, fall,
Struck by his shafts, to Ajax close he press'd,
As to its mother's shelt'ring arms a child,
Conceal'd and safe beneath the ample targe.

he drove, goading his frantic horses to the leap. One mighty bound and the maddened steeds and huge war-car are hurled like a thunderbolt across the chasm; and the mighty chief is dealing death among the Trojans. First to meet his death was Agelāus. Terrified, he turned to flee, "but as he turned the lance of Diomed, behind his neck between the shoulders, through his chest was driven. Headlong he fell, and loud his armor rang."

Raging like fire came Agamemnon and Menelaüs, great Ajax Telamon and Ajax the Less; Idomeneus, Meriones, Eurypylus and Teucer the archer, all mighty chiefs and famed for valor in battle. Then Teucer wrought great deeds, shooting his arrows from under the shield of Ajax, his brother. Many Trojans he slew, and twice he sent a shaft at Hector: with the first he slew Gorgythion, Hector's brother, and with the second Cebriones, his charioteer. Then Hector in great anger rushed at Teucer, and Teucer fitted an arrow to the string to shoot at him; but ere he could loose it, Hector smote him with a great stone and brake the string, and numbed the hand at the wrist. Then he dropped the bow, and his comrades carried him away groaning to the ships.

Again the will of Jove sent fear to quell the Greeks, and sore dismayed were they when Teucer fell. Trembling they shrank before the fierce assaults of mighty Hector, who ever pressed upon them, dealing death. Backward to the ditch the shouting Trojans drove the terror-stricken Greeks. Beyond the ditch and palisade they fled, with loss of many by the Trojans slain, while Hector, terrible as Mars, awful as Gorgon, coursed furious through their ranks. But at the ships their flight was staid, until the night came on to end the fray.

Then Hector gathered his people together on the river bank, where there was a space clear of

[Hector Smites Teucer.]—(POPE.)

Hector with grief his charioteer beheld
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field;
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
The shaft already to his shoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharged the craggy stone:
The tendon burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow,
He fell; but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with the mighty shade.

[Hector's Great Prowess.]—(DERBY.)

Then Jove again the Trojan courage fir'd,
And backward to the ditch they forc'd the Greeks,
Proud of his prowess, Hector led them on;
And as a hound that, fleet of foot, o'ertakes,
Or boar or lion, object of his chase,
Springs from behind, and fastens on his flank,
Yet careful watches, lest he turn to bay;
So Hector press'd upon the long-hair'd Greeks,
Slaying the hindmost; they in terror fled.
But, pass'd at length the ditch and palisade,
With loss of many by the Trojans slain,
Before the ships they rallied from their flight,
And one to other call'd; and one and all
With hands uplifted, pray'd to all the Gods;
While Hector, here and there, on ev'ry side
His flying coursers wheel'd, with eyes that flash'd
Awful as Gorgon's, or as blood-stain'd Mars.

dead bodies, and bade them be of good cheer and make merry, for that on the morrow they would utterly destroy the Greeks. So all that night they lay encamped on the plain, a thousand watch-fires, and round each watch-fire fifty men; and the horses, standing by the chariots, and eating white barley and spelt, waited for the dawn.

Great was the anger and sorrow of Juno and Pallas, by whom the Greeks were much beloved, at the disasters of the day. Burning with rage they longed to join the battle, but dared not disobey Jove's stern command that all the gods refrain.

But when they implored him for leave to aid the Greeks with counsel, he gave consent, but warned them that all vain would be their help. For Jove had sworn to Thetis that the wrongs of Achilles should be avenged by the rout of the Greeks. Therefore on the morrow would Juno and Pallas see still greater slaughter, ceasing not until Hector had reached the ships and threatened them with fire.

Filled with gloom was every Grecian heart, and panic spread throughout the camp.

But downcast beyond all others was King Agamemnon. Sick at heart, despairing and broken with bitter grief, he called together the chiefs and counselled that they forsake the war and fly from Troy. For a time all sat in speechless sorrow.

Then out spake King Diomed: "Be not angry, great king, if I speak plainly, as befits him who would give good counsel. Thou didst call me coward once, nor did ever man before; but I see that Zeus, who gave thee a great throne among men, did not give thee courage. Go, if it be thy wish, and thy ships with thee, but the other men of Greece will stay; nay, though all depart, yet will I and Sthenelus abide till the doom of

[The Trojan Watch Fires.]—(DERBY.)

As when in Heav'n, around the glitt'ring moon
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak
Stands boldly forth, and ev'ry forest glade;
Ev'n to the gates of Heav'n is open'd wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart.
So bright, so thickly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships
And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watchfires blaz'd.
A thousand fires burnt brightly; and round each
Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glare;
Champing the provender before them laid,
Barley and rye, the tether'd horses stood
Beside the cars, and waited for the morn.

[The Greeks are Panic-stricken.]—(DERBY.)

Thus kept their watch the Trojans; but the Greeks
Dire Panic held, companion of chill Fear,
Their chiefs all pierc'd with grief unbearable.
As when two stormy winds ruffle the sea,
Boreas and Zephyr, from the hills of Thrace
With sudden gust descending; the dark waves
Rear high their angry crests, and toss on shore
Masses of tangled weed; such stormy grief
Each Grecian breast with thoughts conflicting rent.

[Agamemnon Proposes to Abandon the War. Indignation of Diomed.]—(CHAPMAN.)

"Unhappy king, think'st thou the Greeks are such a
silly sort,
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak words import?

Troy be come, for of a surety it was by the bidding of the gods that we came hither."

And all the chiefs said that it was well. Then, at the bidding of Nestor, they made captains of the watch who should guard the wall. And after that King Agamemnon made a feast, and, the feast ended, Nestor counselled that he should make peace with Achilles, which Agamemnon himself was minded to do. So they chose Phœnix, who had been the teacher of Achilles in the old days, and Ajax the Greater, and Ulysses; and these three went to Achilles and told him all that King Agamemnon would give if he would only cease from his wrath: seven kettles of brass, three-footed, that had never felt the fire; and ten talents of gold, and twenty caldrons, and twelve horses which should win great riches for their master by their running; and seven women of Lesbos, skilled in all the works of the loom; and, chief of all, Briseïs, for whom all this trouble had been; and when Troy should be taken, much spoil besides, and when they should have returned home, one of his daughters to wife, and with her seven cities by the sea.

Of all the Greeks these three were those whom most Achilles loved, but yet his face grew set and stern as Ulysses delivered the message of hated Agamemnon. Urgently Ulysses plead that he would put away his wrath, and help the Greeks in their dire need. He conjured Achilles in the name of his father Peleus not to remain supine while furious Hector burned the ships and drove the hard-pressed Greeks to death.

But sternly Achilles broke in upon Ulysses' plea, and bade him cease. Fiercely he denounced Agamemnon for his greed and cowardice, and again he vowed that never would he give Agamemnon aid; nay, more, should Agamemnon come before his face he would slay him on the spot! Not though Agamemnon offered all

If thy mind move thee to be gone, the way is open, go;
Mycenian ships enow ride near, that brought thee to this woe.
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be overcome
With full eversion; or if not, but doters of their home
Will put on wings to fly with thee. Myself and Sthenelus
Will fight till (trusting favoring Jove) we bring home Troy with us."
This all applauded, and admired the spirit of Diomed.

[Agamemnon Sends Ulysses and Phœnix to Beseech Aid from Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

When to the ships and tents they came, where lay
The warlike Myrmidons, their chief they found
His spirit soothing with a sweet-ton'd lyre,
Of curious workmanship, in silver frame;
Part of the spoil he took, when he destroy'd
Eëtion's wealthy town; on this he play'd,
Soothing his soul, and sang of warriors' deeds.
Before the chief Patroclus sat alone,
In silence watching till the song should cease.
The envoys forward stepp'd, Ulysses first,
And stood before him; from his couch, amaz'd,
And holding still his lyre, Achilles sprang,
Leaving the seat whereon they found him plac'd;
And at their entrance rose Patroclus too.

[Achilles Refuses, and Denounces Agamemnon.]—(POPE.)

"Shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not: if he dares, he dies—

his wealth joined with all that he had wrested from others; not though all the wealth of Thebes were piled up and bribes were heaped on bribes, more numerous than the sands of the shore—they were the gifts of Agamemnon and he scorned them all!

Then the aged Phœnix with tears besought his well-loved pupil to relent; but him, too, Achilles refused to hear, and bade the suppliants cease and talk of other things. Then Ajax and Ulysses sorrowfully returned to the camp, leaving old Phœnix with Achilles, who on the morrow would set sail for home. Sorely, then, was Agamemnon troubled when the chiefs delivered to him the stern message of implacable Achilles.

Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his councils, nor his battle join; * * *
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,
And all that rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain * *
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore,—
Should all these offers for my friendship call,
'T is he that offers, and I scorn them all."

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF ULYSSES AND DIOMED

THE same night Agamemnon called together again all the wisest of the chiefs.

And Nestor rose and said, "Is there now a man who will go among the sons of Troy and see what they are minded to do? Great honor will he win, and gifts withal."

Then Diomed said, "I am ready to go, but I would fain have some one with me. To have a companion gives comfort and courage, and, indeed, two wits are better than one to take counsel and to foresee."

But Agamemnon said, "Choose the best man, O Diomed, and regard not the birth or rank of any." This he said, fearing for his brother Menelaüs.

And Diomed answered, "Nay, but if I may choose, whom should I choose rather than the wise Ulysses? Brave is he, and prudent, and Athené loves him well."

So these two armed themselves. Diomed took a two-edged sword and a shield, and a helmet without a crest, and Ulysses a bow and a quiver and a sword, and a helmet of hide with the white teeth of a wild boar about it. Then both prayed to Athené that she would help them, and after that they went through the darkness like to two lions, tramping over dead bodies and arms and blood.

But Hector meanwhile was thinking on the same things, for he called the chiefs to a council and said, "Who now will go and spy among the Greeks, and see

[Ulysses and Diomed Prepare to Enter the Trojan Camp at Night.]

Now borrowed they for haste some arms. Bold Thrasymedes lent
Advent'rous Diomed his sword (his own was at his tent),
His shield, and helm tough and well tanned, without or plume or crest,
And called a murrion, archers' heads it used to invest.
Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bow,
His helmet fashioned of a hide, the workman did bestow
Much labor in it, quilting it with bow-strings, and without
With snowy tusks of white-mouthed boars 'twas armed round about
Right cunningly, and in the midst an arming cap was placed,
That with the fixed ends of the tusks his head might not be 'rased.

—(CHAPMAN.)

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of the ensanguined plain,
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

—(POPE.)

what they purpose to do on the morrow, and whether they are keeping watch through the night. A goodly reward shall he have, even a chariot and horses, the best that there are in the camp of the Greeks."

Then stood up a certain Dolon, the son of the herald Eumedes. Ill-favoured was he, but a swift runner. He said:

"I will go, Hector; but come, lift up thy sceptre, and swear to me that thou wilt give me the chariot and the horses of Achilles."

So Hector sware to him. And Dolon took his bow, and a helmet of grisly wolf-skin, and a sharp spear, and went his way in haste. But Ulysses saw him, and said:

"Here cometh a man, Diomed, but whether he be a spy or a spoiler of the dead I know not. Let him pass by a space, that we may take him. Only let him not turn back to the city."

So they lay down among the dead, a little out of the way, and Dolon passed by them unknowing; but when he had gone a little space they ran upon him. For a while he stood hearkening to their steps, for he thought that Hector had sent comrades to call him back. But when they were a spear's throw from him, or less, he knew them for foes, and fled. And just as two dogs follow a fawn or a hare, so they two ran, pursuing Dolon. And when he had well-nigh reached the trench, for they kept him that he should not turn back to the city, Diomed rushed forward and cried:

"Stay, or I will slay thee with my spear."

And he threw the spear, and smote not the man indeed, for that he wished not, but made it pass over his shoulder, so that it stood in the ground before him. Then Dolon stood trembling and pale, and with teeth chattering with fear. And the two heroes, breathing hard, came up and laid hands on him. And he said, weeping:

[They Intercept Dolon, a Trojan Spy.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Ulysses first
Mark'd his approach, and to Tydides said:
"See, from the camp where some one this way comes,
With what intent I know not; if to play
The spy about the ships, or rob the dead.
Turn we aside, and let him pass us by
A little way; we then with sudden rush
May seize him; or if he outstrip us both
By speed of foot, may urge him tow'rd the ships,
Driving him still before us with our spears,
And from the city cutting off his flight."
Thus saying, 'mid the dead, beside the road
They crouch'd; he, all unconscious, hasten'd by. * *
Sudden he stopp'd, with panic paralyz'd:
His teeth all chatt'ring, pale with fear he stood,
With falt'ring accents; panting, they came up
And seiz'd him in their grasp; he thus, in tears:
"Spare but my life; my life I can redeem;
For ample stores I have of gold, and brass,
And well-wrought iron; and of these my sire
Would pay a gen'rous ransom, could he learn
That in the Grecian ships I yet surviv'd."

[Diomed Slays Dolon.]—(POPE.)

To this Tydides with a gloomy frown:
"Think not to live, though all the truth be shown;
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No! once a traitor thou betray'st no more."
Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,

"Hold me to ransom; much gold and bronze and iron will my father give, if he hear that I am a prisoner at the ships."

Then said the wise Ulysses, "Be of good cheer, and think not of death. But tell us truly, why wast thou coming hither through the darkness? To spoil the dead, or, at Hector's bidding, to spy out our affairs at the ships, or on some errand of thine own?"

And Dolon answered, "Hector persuaded me, promising to give me the horses and chariot of Achilles, and he bade me go and spy out what ye purposed to do on the morrow, and whether ye were keeping watch in the night."

And Ulysses smiled and said, "Surely it was a great reward that thy soul desired. The horses of Achilles are grievous for any man to drive, save for him that is born of a goddess. But tell me, where is Hector, and where are the watches of the sons of Troy?"

Then Dolon answered, "Hector holds council with the chiefs by the tomb of Ilus. But as for the army, there are no watches set, save only where be the Trojans themselves. But as for the allies, they sleep secure, and trust to the Trojans to watch for them, seeing that they have not wives or children near."

Then Ulysses asked, "Do they sleep, then, among the Trojans, or apart?"

"Next to the sea," said Dolon, "are the men of Caria and Pæonia, and close to these the men of Lycia and Mysia and Phrygia. But if ye wish to enter the camp, lo! apart from all are some new-comers, Thracians, with Rhesus, their king. Never have I seen horses so fair and tall as his. Whiter are they than snow, and swifter than the winds. But do ye now send me to the ships, or, if ye will, bind me and leave me here."

But Diomed said, "Think not to escape, Dolon, though thy news is good; for then wouldst thou come

Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell:
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, the unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favoring Pallas dedicates the prize:

[Ulysses and Diomed Enter the Sleeping Thracian Camp.]—(CHAPMAN.)

Forth went they through black blood and arms, and presently aspired
The guardless Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleep, and tired;
Their arms lay by, and triple ranks they, as they slept, did keep,
As they should watch and guard their king, who, in a fatal sleep,
Lay in the midst; their chariot horse, as they coach-fellows were,
Fed by them; and the famous steeds, that did their general bear,
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich chariot tied.
Ulysses saw them first, and said, "Tydides, I have spied
The horse that Dolon, whom we slew, assured us we should see.
Now use thy strength; now idle arms are most unfit for thee;
Prize thou the horse; or kill the guard, and leave the horse to me."

—(CHAPMAN.)

again to spy out our camp or to fight. But if I slay thee, thou wilt trouble the Greeks no more."

So he slew him, and took from him his arms, hanging them on a tamarisk tree, and make a mark with reeds and tamarisk boughs, that they might know the place as they came back. So they went on across the plain and came to where the men of Thrace lay sleeping, and by each man were his arms in fair array, and his horses; but in the midst lay King Rhesus, with his horses tethered to the chariot-rail. Then Diomed began to slay. As a lion rushes on a flock, so rushed he on the men of Thrace. Twelve he slew, and as he slew them Ulysses dragged them out of the way, that there might be a clear road for the horses, lest they should start back, fearing the dead bodies, for they were not used to war. And the thirteenth was King Rhesus himself, who panted in his sleep, for an evil dream was on him. And meanwhile Ulysses drove the horses out of the encampment, smiting them with his bow, for he had not thought to take the whip out of the chariot. Then he whistled, making a sign to Diomed that he should come, for Diomed lingered, doubting whether he might not slay yet more. But Athené whispered in his ear:

"Think of thy return, lest haply some god rouse the Trojans against thee."

And, indeed, Apollo was even then rousing them. For Hippocoön, cousin to King Rhesus, awoke, and seeing the place of the horses empty and his comrades slain, groaned aloud, and called to the king, and the Trojans were roused, and flocked together with tumult and shouting. But Diomed and Ulysses meanwhile had mounted the horses, and were riding to the ships. Glad were their comrades to see them safe returned, and praised them much for all that they had done.

[Diomed Slaughters the Sleeping Thracians.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Pallas vigor new inspir'd,
That right and left he smote; dire were the groans
Of slaughter'd men; the earth was red with blood;
And as a lion on th' untended flock
Of sheep or goats with savage onslaught springs,
Ev'n so Tydides on the Thracians sprang,
Till twelve were slain; and as Tydides' sword
Gave each to death, Ulysses by the feet
Drew each aside; that so the steeds might find
A ready passage, nor with terror start,
Unus'd as yet to trample on the slain.
But when Tydides saw the sleeping King,
A thirteenth victim to his sword was giv'n, * * *
Meanwhile Ulysses sage the horses loos'd;
And coupled by the reins, and with his bow
(For from the car he had not borne away
The glitt'ring whip) he drove them from the crowd;
Then softly whistling to Tydides gave
A signal; * * * Ulysses with his bow
The flying horses touch'd, and, urg'd to speed,
They tow'rd the ships their rapid course pursued.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WOUNDING OF THE CHIEFS

THE next day the battle was set in array as before. But Jove had condemned them to still greater disasters and humiliations to atone for the wrong done Achilles. Down to the Greek ships came the goddess of Discord, sent by the All-Father, to inflame the chiefs with the lust of battle and lure them to defeat at Hector's hands.

Upon Ulysses' ship she stood, drawn upon the beach midmost of the fleet. Thence she cried aloud in terrible voice, whose dread tones shook all the camp, even from the ships of Ajax Telamon to the galleys of Achilles, on either hand. And when they heard the horrid shriek, the Greeks were filled with fury; straightway they forgot their homes, and longed no more to return, but longed only for revenge and battle.

And all the morning the armies fought without advantage to the one or the other; but at noon, at the hour when one who cuts wood upon the hills sits down to his meal, the Greeks prevailed and drove back the sons of Troy. Nor was there one of all the chiefs who fought so bravely as King Agamemnon. Many valiant men he slew, and among them the two sons of Antimachus. These, indeed, he took alive in their chariot, for they had dropped the reins and stood helpless before him, crying out that he should spare them and take ransom, for that Antimachus their father had much gold and bronze and iron in his house, and would

[Agamemnon's Mighty Deeds.]

First sprang the monarch Agamemnon forth,
And brave Bienor slew, his people's guard;
And, with the chief, his friend and charioteer,
Oileus; he, down-leaping from the car,
Stood forth defiant; but between his brows
The monarch's spear was thrust; nor aught avail'd
The brass-bound helm to stay the weapon's point;
Through helm and bone it pass'd, and all the brain
Was shatter'd; forward as he rush'd, he fell.
Them left he there, their bare breasts gleaming white,
Stripp'd of their arms; and hasten'd in pursuit
Of Antiphus and Isus, Priam's sons,
The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, drove
Through Isus' breast his spear; his weighty sword
Descended on the head of Antiphus
Beside the ear, and hurl'd him from his car.

—(DERBY.)

The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

—(POPE.)

He * * * with a spear-thrust through his breast
Peisander dash'd to earth; backward he fell.
Down leap'd Hippolochus; but Atreus' son

gladly buy them back alive. Now Antimachus had taken a bribe from Prince Paris, and had given counsel to the Trojans that they should not give back the fair Helen. So when King Agamemnon heard them, he said, "Nay, but if ye be sons of Antimachus, who counselled the men of Troy that they should slay Menelaüs when he came an ambassador to their city, ye shall die for your father's sin." So he slew them both, and leaving them, he still rushed on, driving back the Trojans even to the walls of their city. Nor did Hector himself dare to meet him, for Zeus had sent him a message, saying that he should hold himself back till King Agamemnon should chance to be wounded. And, indeed, this chance happened presently, for the king had slain Iphidamas, son to Antenor, and Coön, his brother, the eldest born, was very wroth to see it. So standing sideways he aimed with his spear, Agamemnon not knowing, and smote the king in the hand near the wrist. Then he seized the body of his brother, and shouted to his comrades that they should help him; but Agamemnon dealt him a deadly blow underneath his shield. So he fell; and for a while, while the wound was warm, the king fought as before; but when it grew cold and stiff, great pain came upon him, and he leapt into his chariot and bade the charioteer drive him to the ships, for that he could fight no more.

So Agamemnon was driven wounded from the field, and Hector thus freed from Jove's mandate to refrain while Agamemnon fought. Then the illustrious Trojan fell on the masses of the Greeks as a whirlwind lashes the deep blue sea with furious sweep. Many brave chiefs died by his hand, and the "nameless crowd" of warriors he scattered as the west wind scatters the clouds.

But elsewhere in the field, Ulysses and Tydeus, comrades in arms, and mighty in valor, fought like fierce

Severing his hands and neck, amid the throng
Sent whirling like a bowl the gory head.
These left he there; and where the thickest throng
Maintain'd the tug of war, thither he flew,
And with him eager hosts of well-greav'd Greeks.
Soon on the Trojans' flight enforc'd they hung,
Destroying; foot on foot, and horse on horse;
While from the plain thick clouds of dust arose
Beneath the armèd hoofs of clatt'ring steeds;
And on the monarch Agamemnon press'd,
Still slaying, urging still the Greeks to arms.
As when amid a densely timber'd wood
Light the devouring flames, by eddying winds
Hither and thither borne, fast falls the copse
Prostrate beneath the fire's impetuous course;
So thickly fell the flying Trojans' heads
Beneath the might of Agamemnon's arm; * * *
Straining to gain the town, the Trojans fled;
While loudly shouting, his unconquer'd hands
With carnage dyed, Atrides urg'd their flight. * * *
As heifers, by a lion scatter'd wide,
At dead of night; all fly; on one descends
The doom of death; her with his pow'rful teeth
He seizes, and, her neck first broken, rends,
And on her entrails gorging, laps her blood.
So these the monarch Agamemnon chas'd,
Slaying the hindmost. —(DERBY.)

[Cöon Wounds Agamemnon.] —(DERBY.)

* * * Unperceiv'd by Atreus' godlike son,
Standing aside, he struck him with his spear,
Through the mid arm, beneath the elbow's bend;
And drove right through the weapon's glitt'ring point.
Writh'd with the pain the mighty King of men;
Yet from the combat flinch'd he not, nor quail'd:

lions and spread havoc among the Trojan ranks. Dreadful in warlike fury they dealt death to all who ventured to oppose. Like lightning their mighty spears flashed and none might stand their stroke. Hurled with matchless strength, resistless they cleft their way through shield of brass and tough bull-hide, through helmet and cuirass, and many were the Trojans whose spirits were driven to the black shades of death by the terrible Greek champions.

Fired by their great deeds, again the Greeks made head against the men of Troy.

But from afar the glorious Hector saw the Trojan columns waver beneath the fierce assaults of Ulysses and Diomed, and swift as a beam of light he flew upon the Greek chiefs. As on he came the valiant Diomed poised and hurled his ponderous spear. Full on Hector's helmet it struck, but though terrible was the blow, the point went not through, for the helmet was Apollo's gift and of three-fold brass.

But though Diomed's mighty stroke pierced not, yet could not Hector stand before it. Stunned by the shock, he staggered, swayed, and sidelong fell, while darkness veiled his eyes. But ere Diomed's fatal spear could repeat the blow, Hector revived, and leaping into his car, escaped into the Trojan ranks.

Then again the battle went for the Trojans, though Diomed and Ulysses, who fought very valiantly, stayed it awhile, Diomed coming very near to slay Hector. But Paris, who was in hiding behind the pillar on the tomb of Ilus, drew his bow, and smote him with an arrow through the ankle of his right foot. Loud he boasted of his aim. "Only," he said, "I would that I had pierced thee in the loin; then hadst thou troubled the sons of Troy no more."

But Diomed answered, "Small good were thy bow to thee, cowardly archer, if thou shouldst dare to meet

But grasping firm his weather-toughen'd spear
On Cöon rush'd, * * *
Beneath the bossy shield the monarch thrust
His brass-clad spear, and slack'd his limbs in death;
Then near approaching, ev'n upon the corpse
Of dead Iphidamas, struck off his head: * * *
Then through the crowded ranks, with spear and sword,
And massive stones, he held his furious course,
While the hot blood was welling from his arm;
But when the wound was dry, and stanch'd the blood,
Keen anguish then Atrides' might subdued.
Mounting his car he bade his charioteer
Drive to the ships; for sore his spirit was pain'd.

[Hector Slays Many Greeks.]

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
His fainting host, and every bosom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare,—
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war;
On the black body of the foe he pours.
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
—(POPE.)

* * * The nameless crowd
He scatter'd next; as when the west wind drives
The clouds, and battles with the hurricane,
Before the clearing blast of Notus driv'n;
The big waves heave and roll, and high aloft,
The gale, careering, flings the ocean spray;

me face to face. And as for this graze on my foot, I care no more than if a woman or child had smitten me. Not such the wounds I deal; as for those that meet my spear in the battle, I trow that they are dearer to the fowls of the air than to women in the chamber."

Then Ulysses stood before him while he drew the arrow out of his foot. Grievous was the smart of the wound, for all his brave words. Wherefore he leapt into his chariot, and bade drive in haste to the ships.

Sore dismayed were the Greeks to see mighty Agamemnon and valiant Diomed driven wounded from the field. Panic flew along the ranks, and they drew back before the Trojan's fierce onslaughts, until Ulysses stood alone, fighting furiously against a swarm of foes.

Even that brave and hardy man felt his great soul sink within him at sight of the hostile numbers pressing upon him, but still he stood firm and steadfast. Onward like a rushing tide came the Trojan warriors, and circled about the valorous chief, who waited grim and terrible behind his ponderous shield, his lance poised for deadly flight. As dogs and hunters circle fearsomely about a savage boar, who, roused from his covert, bristles with fury; his eyes flash fire; with rage he churns the white foam from his clashing jaws; his deadly curved tusks gleam fearfully; still, though full of the dread, the hunters wait his rush: so the Trojans crowded about Ulysses and so he rushed upon them.

Ill fared it then with those who sought to withstand his onset. Four Trojan chiefs fell before his spear, while the stroke of weapons rattled like hail upon his strong buckler. As he smote down Charopis, his brother Socus hurled his lance at Ulysses. Full and fair it struck the center of his shield, and right through the sturdy weapon drove. Through belt and garment it passed and tore the flesh along the Greek chief's ribs.

So thick and furious fell on hostile heads
The might of Hector. —(DERBY.)

[Ulysses and Diomed Drive Hector Back.]—(DERBY.)

As turn two boars upon the hunter's pack
Those two, the Trojans scatt'ring, gave the Greeks,
From Hector flying, time again to breathe. * * *
Hector's quick glance athwart the files beheld,
And to the rescue, with a shout, he sprang,
The Trojan columns following; not unmov'd
The valiant Diomed his coming saw,
And thus bespoke Ulysses at his side:
"On us this plague, this mighty Hector, falls:
Yet stand we firm, and boldly meet the shock."
He said, and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,
And not in vain; on Hector's head it struck
His helmet's crest, but, brass encount'ring brass,
Himself it reach'd not; for the visor'd helm,
Apollo's gift, three-plated, stay'd its force.
Yet backward Hector sprang amid the crowd,
And on his knees he dropp'd, his stalwart hand
Propp'd on the ground; while darkness veil'd his eyes.
But ere Tydides, following up his spear,
Attain'd from far the spot whereon he fell,
Hector reviv'd, and mounting quick his car,
Drove 'mid the crowd, and 'scap'd the doom of death.

[Paris Wounds Diomed.]

* * * He bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe.
The bowstring twang'd,—nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierced his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.

Out gushed the blood and the Trojans raised a great cry at the sight.

But the steadfast Ulysses, though sore in pain, was not yet disabled. Again he poised his terrible spear, and Socus turned to fly. The weapon hurtled in pursuit; between the shoulders it struck and passed through his chest.

Dire now was Ulysses' strait. Wounded, alone, hemmed in by a swarm of foes, death seemed very near. Then, loud as mortal voice could compass, he shouted to his distant comrades for aid. Thrice he cried in trumpet tones. Menelaüs heard, and summoning Ajax Telamon, rushed like fire to save Ulysses' life.

Him they found like a wounded stag surrounded by jackals, close pressed by Trojans many and brave, yet nobly, with his terrible spear, holding them at bay. Then great Ajax sprang to the side of the wounded chief and raised between him and the Trojan spears his tower-like shield. While Ajax bore the Trojans back, Menelaüs supported Ulysses forth from the tumult. Sore in pain he mounted his car, and backward was driven to the ships, where also Diomed and Agamemnon wounded lay.

Now was Ajax left to bear the brunt of the battle, and right nobly he sustained it. Many Trojans he slew, as he swept across the plain like a torrent swollen by wintry rains, o'erthrowing men and horses. Far to the left the Trojan ranks, led by Hector and Paris, were bearing back the aged Nestor, with whom fought Idomeneus of Crete, and Machaon, the warrior physician. Paris, the archer chief, who already had smitten down Idomeneus, against Machaon bent his bow. Out flew the three-barbed shaft, and through Machaon's shoulder cleft its way. Bitter was the anguish of the wound, and lest the fallen chief should suffer death, the aged Nestor

The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

-(POPE.)

* * * Ulysses, spearman bold,
Drew near, and stood before him; he, behind,
Sat down protected, and from out his foot
The arrow drew; whereat sharp anguish shot
Through all his flesh; and mounting on his car
He bade his faithful charioteer in haste
Drive to the ships, for pain weigh'd down his soul.
Alone Ulysses stood; of all the Greeks
Not one beside him; all were panic-struck:

—(DERBY.)

So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsmen and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire!
By these, by those, on every part is plied;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.

—(POPE.)

[Ulysses is Wounded by Socus.]—(POPE.)

Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
* * * Socus, seized with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his shoulders pierced the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart;
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound:
He falls, his armor rings against the ground.

took Machaon in his car, and shunning the battle, sought safety at the fleet.

Meanwhile, great Hector, warned by Cebriones, that Ajax dealt death among the distant Trojan ranks, rushed like a whirlwind through the fray, to face and check the champion of the Greeks. His fiery coursers felt the biting lash, and flew athwart the surging battle lines, beating the wounded down with bloody hoofs, trampling alike the dying and the dead, till steeds and car and arms and warriors fierce, with spattered gouts of blood were all besmeared. Then Ajax himself was affrighted and gave way, but slowly, and sore against his will. Just so a lion is driven off from a herd of oxen by dogs and men. Loth he is to go, so hungry is he, but the spears and the burning torches affright him. So Ajax gave way. Now he would turn and face the sons of Troy, and now he would flee, and they sought how to slay him, but harmed him not.

Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks he stood defiant. The javelins flew like hail; hurled by vigorous arms, many rebounded from his mighty shield, while others, missing their mark, stood quivering in the ground. Hard pressed by thick-thrown spears was Ajax, when Eurypylus saw, and sped to his aid. The Trojan Apisaon fell beneath the glittering spear of Eurypylus, and the Greek chief sprang forth to strip his armor. But as he stooped, Paris let fly an arrow which transfixed his thigh and broke in the wound.

Staggering back, he fell amid his friends, who guarded him with sloping shields and threatening spears, and as they stood, Ajax, retreating, gained their friendly ranks, and fiercely turned again to face the foe.

Now Achilles was standing on the stern of his ship, looking at the war, and he saw Nestor carrying Ma-

[Ulysses Rescued by Ajax and Meneläus.]—(DERBY.)

From out his flesh, and from his bossy shield,
The spear of Socus, as he spoke, he drew;
And as he drew it forth, out gush'd his blood,
With anguish keen. The Trojans, when they saw
Ulysses' blood, with clam'rous shouts advanc'd
Promiscuous; he, retiring, shouted loud
To call his comrades: * * *
* * * Ulysses, dear to Jove,
Surrounded by the Trojan host they found,
As hungry jackals on the mountain side
Around a stag, that from an archer's hand
Hath taken hurt, yet while his blood was warm
And limbs yet serv'd, has baffled his pursuit;
But when the fatal shaft has drain'd his strength,
Thirsting for blood, beneath the forest shade,
The jackals seize their victim; then if chance
A hungry lion pass, the jackals shrink
In terror back, while he devours the prey;
So round Ulysses, sage in council, press'd
The Trojans, many and brave, yet nobly he
Averted, spear in hand, the fatal hour;
Till, with his tow'r-like shield before him borne,
Appear'd great Ajax, and beside him stood.
Hither and thither then the Trojans fled;
While with supporting arm from out the crowd
The warlike Meneläus led him forth.

[Valor of Ajax.]—(POPE.)

As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn

chaon in his chariot to the ships. Then he called to Patroclus, and Patroclus, who was in the tent, came forth; but it was an evil hour for him. Then said Achilles:

"Now will the Greeks soon come, methinks, praying for help, for their need is sore. But go and see who is this Nestor is taking to the ships. His shoulders are the shoulders of Machaon, but I saw not his face, so swift the horses passed me by."

Then Patroclus ran. And as he stood in the tent door old Nestor saw him, and went and took him by the hand, and would have had him sit down. But Patroclus would not, saying:

"Stay me not. I came but to see who is this that thou hast brought wounded from the battle. And now I see that it is Machaon. Therefore I will return, for thou knowest what manner of man is Achilles, that he is hasty and swift to blame."

Then said Nestor, "But what cares Achilles for the Greeks? or why does he ask who are wounded? But, O Patroclus, dost thou mind the day when I and Ulysses came to the house of Peleus, and how that thy father Menœtius was there, and how we feasted in the hall; and when the feast was finished told our errand, for we were gathering the heroes for the war against the sons of Troy? Right willing were ye two to come, and many counsels did the old men give you. Then to Achilles Peleus said that he should always be foremost in the host, but to thee thy father Menœtius spake, 'Achilles is nobler born than thou, and stronger far; but thou art older. Do thou therefore counsel him well, when there is need. But this thou forgettest, Patroclus. Yet even now thou mayst stir the soul of Achilles to list to thee and heed thy words when he will listen not to others. Haply he will hear thee, and who knows but that by Heaven's grace thou mayst prevail? for great

(A country's ruins), to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng:
Men, steeds and chariots, roll in heaps along.

[Hector Rushes Against Ajax.]—(DERBY.)

* * * With the pliant lash he touch'd
The sleek-skinn'd horses; springing at the sound,
Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore
The flying car, o'er bodies of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
Around the car, as from the horse's feet,
And from the felloes of the wheels, were thrown
The bloody gouts; yet on he sped, to join
The strife of men, and break th' opposing ranks.
His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks,
His spear awhile withheld; then through the rest,
With sword, and spear, and pond'rous stones he rush'd,

* * * * *

But Jove, high thron'd, the soul of Ajax fill'd
With fear; aghast he stood; his sev'nfold shield
He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gaz'd
Upon the crowd.

[Ajax Retreats Raging.]

And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains;
Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
Long stands the showering darts and missile fires;
Then sourly slow, the indignant beast retires:

is oft a friend's persuasive power. Go thou and urge him to take up the fight; but if dread of the evil foretold against him, or the command of Jove restrain him, then let him send thee forth in his stead with all his force of warlike Myrmidons, that thou mayst be the saving light of Greece. Let him clothe thee in his armor, and so shall the affrighted Trojans, scared by his likeness, fly panic-stricken from the field. Thus shall the toil-worn sons of Greece gain breathing-space, whilst thou, fresh and unwearied, may drive the worn and battle-tired Trojans back to their city."

Exhorted thus by Nestor, the spirit of Patroclus burned within him, and he yearned to succor his friends. Hastily he sped onwards toward Achilles' tent, bent upon fulfilling Nestor's behest. But running, as he passed Ulysses' ship where were built the altars of the Gods, there came halting from the battle-field, the chief Eurypylus, shot through the thigh by the arrow of Paris. Sore was his pain; his head and shoulders were dank with clammy sweat, and from his grievous wound streamed the dark blood; yet firm was still his soul.

With pity Patroclus saw the suffering chief, and sorrowing deeply asked for news of the battle: "Woe for the chiefs and councillors of the Greeks! And must they, far from home and friends, glut with their flesh the dogs of Troy? Still do the Greeks make head 'gainst great Hector? or fall they, vanquished, by his spear?"

Then thus replied Eurypylus: "Small hope is there now for the Greeks, Heaven-born Patroclus, but all must perish by their ships; for in the ships lie all our bravest chiefs, by spear or arrow struck, in Trojan hands, and fiercer, hour by hour, their onset grows. But save me now, and lead me to the ships; there cut the arrow out, and from the wound with tepid water

So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

—(POPE.)

Ev'n so great Ajax, son of Telamon,
The valiant Trojans and their fam'd Allies,
Still thrusting at his shield, before them drove:
Yet would he sometimes, rallying, hold in check
The Trojan host; then turn again to flight,
Yet barring still the passage to the ships.
Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks
He stood defiant; many jav'lins, hurl'd
By vig'rous arms, were in their flight receiv'd
On his broad shield; and many, ere they reach'd
Their living mark, fell midway on the plain,
Fix'd in the ground, in vain athirst for blood.

—(DERBY.)

[Eurypylus Wounded Implores the Greeks to Rescue Ajax.]—(DERBY.)

—To the Greeks with piercing shout he call'd:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
Turn yet again, and from the doom of death
Great Ajax save, hard press'd by hostile spears:
Scarce can I hope he may escape with life
The desp'rate fight; yet bravely stand, and aid
The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon."
Thus spoke the wounded hero: round him they
With sloping shields and spears uplifted stood:
Ajax to meet them came; and when he reach'd
The friendly ranks, again he turn'd to bay.
So rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight.

cleanse the clotted blood. Then apply soothing herbs; for Machaon, the warrior-physician, lies wounded in his tent."

Then Patroclus answered, "I am even now on my way to tell these things to Achilles, but thee I may not leave in thy trouble."

So he took him to his tent, and cut out the arrow from his thigh, washing the wound with water, and putting on it a bitter healing root, so that the pain was stayed and the blood stanched.

[Nestor's Indignation at Achilles' Message.]—(DERBY.)

"Whence comes Achilles' pity for the Greeks
By Trojan weapons wounded? knows he not
What depth of suff'ring through the camp prevails?
How in the ships, by arrow or by spear
Sore wounded, all our best and bravest lie?
The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,
Pierc'd by a shaft; Ulysses by a spear,
And Agamemnon's self; Eurypylus
By a sharp arrow through the thigh transfix'd;
And here another, whom but now I bring,
Shot by a bow, from off the battle field:
Achilles, valiant as he is, the while
For Grecian woes nor care nor pity feels.
Waits he, until our ships beside the sea,
In our despite, are burnt by hostile fires,
And we be singly slain?"

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE AT THE WALL

NOW by this time the Trojans were close upon the trench. But the horses stood on the brink, fearing to leap it, for it was broad and deep and the Greeks had put great stakes therein. Thus said Polydamas:

"Surely, Hector, this is madness that we strive to cross the trench in our chariots, for it is broad and deep, and there are great stakes therein. Look, too, at this: even if we should be able to cross it, how will the matter stand? If indeed it be the pleasure of Zeus that the Greeks should perish utterly—it will be well. But if they turn upon us and pursue us, driving us back from the ships, then shall we not be able to return. Wherefore let us leave our chariots here upon the brink, and go on foot against the wall."

So they went in five companies, of whom Hector led that which was bravest and largest, and with him were Polydamas and Cebriones. And the next Paris commanded. And of the third Helenus and Deiphobus were leaders, and with them was Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, from Arisbé. And the fourth followed Æneas, the valiant son of Anchises. But of the allies Sarpedon was the leader, and with him were Glaucus and Asteropæus. And in each company they joined shield to shield, and so went against the Greeks. Nor was there one of them but hearkened to the counsel of Polydamas when he bade them leave their chariots by the trench, save Asius only. But Asius drove his chariot right up to that gate which was on the left hand in

[Hector Drives the Greeks.]

Fierce rag'd the battle round the firm-built wall,
And frequent clatter'd on the turrets' beams
The hostile missiles: by the scourge of Jove
Subdued, the Greeks beside their ships were hemm'd,
By Hector scar'd, fell minister of Dread,
Who with the whirlwind's force, as ever, fought.
—(DERBY.)

So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm;
His powers untamed, their bold assault defy,
And where he turns the rout disperse or die;
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows.—(POPE.)
So Hector, here and there, amid the crowd,
Urg'd his companions on to cross the ditch:
The fiery steeds shrank back, and, snorting, stood
Upon the topmost brink; for the wide ditch
Withheld them, easy nor to leap nor cross:
For steep arose on either side the banks,
And at the top with sharpen'd stakes were crown'd,
Thick-set and strong, which there the sons of Greece
Had planted, to repel th' invading foes.
Scarce might a horse, with well-wheel'd car attach'd,
Essay the passage; but on foot they burn'd
To make th' attempt.—(DERBY.)

[Polypœtes and Leonteus Check Asius.]

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;

the wall. Now the gates chanced to be open, for the warders had opened them, if so any of the Greeks that fled might save themselves within them. Now the warders were two mighty heroes of the race of the Lapithæ, Polypœtes and Leonteus; and these when they saw Asius and his company coming, went without and stood in front of the gates, just as two wild boars stand at bay against a crowd of men and dogs. And all the while they that stood on the wall threw heavy stones which fell, thick as the snow-flakes fall in the winter, on the men of Troy, and loud rang the helmets and the shields. And many fell wounded to the death, nor could Asius, for all his fury, win his way into the walls. But where, at another of the gates, Hector led the way, there appeared a strange marvel in the skies, for an eagle was bearing in his claws a great snake, which it had taken as a prey. But the snake fought fiercely for its life, and writhed itself about, even till it bit the eagle on the breast. Whereupon the eagle dropped it in the midst of the host, and fled with a loud cry. Then Polydamas, the wise counsellor, came near to Hector and said:

"Now it will be well that we should not follow these Greeks to their ships. For I take that this marvel that we have seen is a sign to us. For as this eagle had caught in his claws a snake, but held it not, dropping it before it could bear it to her young, so shall it fare with us. For we shall drive the Greeks to their ships, but shall not subdue them but shall return in disorder by the way that we came, leaving full many of our comrades behind us."

But Hector frowned and answered, "Nay, but this is ill counsel, Polydamas. For if thou sayest this from thy heart, surely the gods have changed thy wisdom into foolishness. Dost thou bid me forget the command of Zeus the Thunderer, and take heed to birds,

Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms with leafy honors crown'd
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots forever brave the storm:
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius and his furious band. * * *
Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,
Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.

—(POPE.)

So clatter'd on those champions' brass-clad breasts
The hostile weapons; stubbornly they fought,
Relying on their strength, and friends above:
For from the well-built tow'rs huge stones were hurl'd
By those who for themselves, their tents and ships,
Maintain'd defensive warfare; thick they fell,
As wintry snow-flakes, which the boist'rous wind,
Driving the shadowy clouds, spreads fast and close
O'er all the surface of the fertile earth:
So thick, from Grecian and from Trojan hands,

The weapons flew; on helm and bossy shield
With grating sound the pond'rous masses rang.

—(DERBY.)

[The Trojans Affrighted by a Portent.]—(DERBY.)

Round Hector throng'd, and bold Polydamas,
The bravest and the best, who long'd the most
To storm the wall, and burn with fire the ships.

how they fly? Little care I whether they go to the east or to the west, to the right or to the left. Surely there is but one sign for a brave man, that he be fighting for his fatherland. Wherefore take thou heed; for if thou holdest back from the war, or holdest back any other, lo! I will smite thee with my spear."

Then he sprang forward, and the men of Troy followed him with a shout. And Zeus sent down from Ida a great blast of wind which bore the dust of the plain straight to the ships, troubling the hearts of the Greeks. Then the Trojans sought to drag down the battlements from the wall, and to wrench up the posts which had been set to strengthen it. Nor did the Greeks give way, but they joined shield to shield and fought for the wall. And foremost among them were Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less. Just as the snow falls in mid-winter, when the winds are hushed, and the mountain-tops are covered, and the plains and the dwellings of men and the very shores of the sea, up to the waves' edge, so thickly fell the stones which the Greeks showered from the wall against the men of Troy, and which these again threw upon the Greeks. But still Hector and his men availed not to break through the gate. But at the last Zeus stirred up the heart of his own son, Sarpedon. Holding his shield before him he went, and he shook in either hand a spear. As goes a lion, when hunger presses him sore, against a stall of oxen or a sheepfold, and cares not though he find men and dogs keeping watch against him, so Sarpedon went against the wall. And first he spake to stout Glaucus, his comrade:

"Tell me, Glaucus, why is it that men honor us at home with the chief rooms at feasts, and with fat portions of flesh and with sweet wine, and that we have a great domain of orchard and plough land by the banks of Xanthus? Surely it is that we may fight in the

Yet on the margin of the ditch they paus'd;
For, as they sought to cross, a sign from Heav'n
Appear'd, to leftward of th' astonish'd crowd;
A soaring eagle in his talons bore
A dragon, huge of size, of blood-red hue,
Alive, and breathing still, nor yet subdued;
For twisting backward through the breast he pierc'd
His bearer, near the neck; he, stung with pain,
Let fall his prey, which dropp'd amid the crowd;
Then screaming, on the blast was borne away.
The Trojans, shudd'ring, in their midst beheld
The spotted serpent, dire portent of Jove:
Then to bold Hector thus Polydamas: * * *
"Let us not fight the Greeks beside their ships;
For thus I read the future, * * *
* * * E'en though our mighty strength should break
The gates and wall, and put the Greeks to rout,
By the same road not scatheless should return,
But many a Trojan on the field should leave,
Slain by the Greeks, while they their ships defend."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm
Replied, with stern regard: "Polydamas, * * *
Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft,
Who fain wouldst have us disregard the word
And promise by the nod of Jove confirm'd, * * *
Unwarlike is thy soul, nor firm of mood:
But if thou shrink, or by thy craven words
Turn back another Trojan from the fight,
My spear shall take the forfeit of thy life."

[The Attack Renewed.]

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host: his host obey the call;
With ardor follow where their leader flies,—
Redoubling clamors thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,

front rank. Then shall some one who may behold us say, 'Of a truth these are honorable men, these princes of Lycia, and not without good right do they eat the fat and drink the sweet, for they fight ever in the front.' Now, indeed, if we might live for ever, nor know old age nor death, neither would I fight among the first, nor would I bid thee arm thyself for the battle. But seeing that there are ten thousand fates about us which no man may avoid, let us see whether we shall win glory from another, or another shall take it from us."

And Glaucus listened to his words and charged at his side, and the great host of the Lycians followed them. Sore dismayed was Menestheus the Athenian when he saw them. All along the wall of the Greeks he looked, spying out for help; and he saw Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, and with them Teucer, who had just come forth from his tent. Close to him they were, but it was of no avail to shout, so loud was the clash and din of arms, of shield and helmets, and the thundering at the gates, for each one of these did the men of Troy assail.

Wherefore he called to him Thoas, the herald, and said, "Run, Thoas, and call Ajax hither—both of the name if that may be—for the end is close upon us in this place, so mightily press on the chiefs of the Lycians, who were ever fiery fighters. But if there is trouble there also, let at the least Ajax the Greater come, and with him Teucer of the bow."

Then the herald ran, and said as he had been bidden.

And Ajax Telamon spake to the son of Oïleus: "Stand thou here with Lycomedes and stay the enemy. But I will go thither, and come again when I have finished my work."

So he went, and Teucer his brother went with him, with Pandion carrying his bow. And even as they went the Lycians came up like a tempest on the wall.

And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide;
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestined day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheaved the piles that prop the solid wall,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.—(POPE.)
Nor from the passage yet the Greeks withdrew,
But closely fencing with their bull's-hide shields
The broken battlements, they thence hurl'd down
A storm of weapons on the foe beneath. * * *
Thick as the snow-flakes on a wintry day,
When Jove, the Lord of counsel, down on men
His snow-storm sends, and manifests his pow'r:
Hush'd are the winds; the flakes continuous fall,
That the high mountain tops, and jutting crags,
And lotus-cover'd meads are buried deep,
And man's productive labors of the field;
On hoary Ocean's beach and bays they lie,
Th' approaching waves their bound; o'er all beside
Is spread by Jove the heavy veil of snow.
So thickly flew the stones from either side,
By Greeks on Trojans hurl'd, by these on Greeks;
And clatter'd loud through all its length the wall.
—(DERBY.)

[Sarpedon Storms the Wall.]—(DERBY.)

His shield's broad orb before his breast he bore,
Well-wrought, of beaten brass, which th' arm'rer's hand
Had beaten out, and lin'd with stout bull's-hide;
With golden rods, continuous, all around;
He thus equipp'd, two jav'lins brandishing,
Strode onward, as a lion, * * *
Whom, fasting long, his dauntless courage leads

But Ajax slew Epicles, a comrade of Sarpedon, smiting him on the head with a mighty stone, and crushing all the bones of his head. And Epicles, dashed from the lofty tower by the terrible missile, plunged downward, like a diver! Teucer, the mighty archer, bent his bow at Glaucus, pressing to the fight. Unguarded, he raised his arm, the shaft sped forth and pierced the shoulder of the Lycian chief. Keen was the anguish of the wound. No longer could he fight; and shrinking from the insults of the foe, back from the wall he sprang, hoping to hide his wound.

But Sarpedon saw, and grieved. His comrade gone, more fiercely than before he fought, and quick his savage spear transfixed Alcmaon; and his spirit fled. Then the mighty Lycian, son of Jove, laid hold on the parapet, and with godlike strength strove to throw it down. Mightily he strained, and the great block, heaved from its place, fell crashing down. A partial break was made; the Trojans swarmed to win the broken wall. Then did both Ajax and Teucer aim at him together. And Teucer smote the strap of the shield, but harmed him not, and Ajax drove his spear through his shield and stayed him, so that he fell back a space from the battlement, yet would not cease from the fight. Loud he shouted to the Lycians that they should follow him, and they came crowding about their king. Then fierce and long was the fight, for the Lycians could not break down the wall of the Greeks and make a way to the ships, and the Greeks could not drive away the Lycians from the wall where they stood. Just so two men contend for the boundary in some common field. Small is the space, and they stand close together. So close stood the Lycians and the Greeks, on this side of the battlement, and on that, and all the wall was red with blood. Fierce and thick were the strokes; and many were the

To assail the flock, though in well-guarded fold;
And though the shepherds there he find, prepar'd
With dogs and lances to protect the sheep,
Not unattempted will he leave the fold;
But, springing to the midst, he bears his prey,
In triumph thence; or in the onset falls,
Wounded by jav'lins hurl'd by stalwart hands:
So, prompted by his godlike courage, burn'd
Sarpedon to assail the lofty wall,
And storm the ramparts.

[Ajax and Teucer Resist Sarpedon.]—(DERBY.)

At brave Menestheus' tow'r, within the wall,
Arriv'd, sore press'd they found the garrison;
For like a whirlwind on the ramparts pour'd
The Lycians' valiant councillors and chiefs.
They quickly join'd the fray, and loud arose
The battle-cry; first Ajax Telamon,
Sarpedon's comrade, brave Epicles, slew,
Struck by a rugged stone, within the wall
Which lay, the topmost of the parapet,
Of size prodigious; which with both his hands
A man in youth's full vigor scarce could raise,
As men are now; he lifted it on high,
And downward hurl'd; the four-peak'd helm it broke,
Crushing the bone, and shatt'ring all the skull;
He, like a diver, from the lofty tow'r
Fell headlong down, and life forsook his bones.

[Sarpedon Pulls Down the Parapet.]—(POPE.)

Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel:
Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed steel;
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore:
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,

shields of tough bull's-hide, and lighter bucklers on the warriors' breasts, cloven on either side. Many a wound the pitiless weapons dealt, on some who, turned, their neck and back laid bare; on many more, who full in front, and through their shields were struck.

Nor yet, even so, were the Greeks driven to flight; but long the balance hung even as the scales held by a woman, honest and true, who spins for wages, and with wool and weights in hand, weighs out her humble hire, her children's maintenance. But not to Sarpedon and the men of Lycia, but to Hector, did Zeus give the glory that day.

Before the wall like a fierce whirlwind Hector stormed, and glowing with ardor, on the Trojans flew, with fury bent to break the palisade and hurl consuming fire amid the fleet. On they rushed numberless, and 'gainst the wall ladders and beams upraised; then up they swarmed while from above the Greeks poured down a horrid storm of missiles on their heads. So thick the hurtling spears and arrows flew they darkened all the air, but upward still the surging tide of daring Trojans dashed, and reached the crest and o'er the ramparts rolled.

Meanwhile great Hector flew to break the gates that barred the war-cars from the Grecian camp. Two massive beams, placed crosswise, held them fast, and ponderous bolts secured the beams in place. Before the gates there lay a jagged stone, sharp-cornered, massy and of ponderous weight—so heavy that not two strong laboring men could with a struggle raise it from the earth. This Hector seized, and with resistless strength, he raised and poised it, as it were a fleece in weight; then strode before the gate. Firm-planted like a tower he stood, with well braced feet; then rearing high aloft the ponderous mass, he hurled it forth with all his mighty power. Full on the middle

His brazen armor rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies:
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

[Sarpedon Driven Back.]—(DERBY.)

Ajax and Teucer him at once assail'd;
This with an arrow struck the glitt'ring belt
Around his breast, whence hung his pond'rous shield;
But Jove, who will'd not that his son should fall
Before the ships, the weapon turn'd aside.
Then forward Ajax sprang, and with his spear
Thrust at the shield; the weapon pass'd not through,
Yet check'd his bold advance; a little space
Back he recoil'd, * * *
With fiercer zeal the Lycians press'd around
Their King and councillor; on th' other side
Within the wall the Greeks their squadrons mass'd;
Then were great deeds achiev'd; nor thro' the breach
Could the brave troops of Lycia to the ships
Their passage force; nor could the warrior Greeks
Repel the Lycians from the ground, where they,
Before the wall, had made their footing good.

[Hector Destroys the Gates and Drives the Greeks to the Ships.]—(DERBY.)

So even hung the balance of the war,
Till Jove with highest honor Hector crown'd,
The son of Priam; he, the foremost, scal'd
The wall, and loudly on the Trojans call'd:
"On, valiant Trojans, on! the Grecian wall

of the door it fell; the massive bars were shattered by the blow; it rent the hinges, tore the bolts apart, and crashing, drove the ruined portals in.

Right through the gap the glorious chieftain sprang, dreadful in might, his eyes like flaming fire. His blazing armor filled the foe with dread, his mighty javelins threatened speedy death! Behind their chief the Trojan warriors surged, and other legions swarmed across the wall.

Hector had won the camp; the routed Greeks fled panic-stricken to their threatened ships.

Break down, and wrap their ships in blazing fires."
Thus he, exhorting, spoke; they heard him all,
And to the wall rush'd numberless, and swarm'd
Upon the ramparts, bristling thick with spears.
Then Hector, stooping, seiz'd a pond'rous stone
That lay before the gates; 'twas broad below,
But sharp above; and scarce two lab'ring men,
The strongest, from the ground could raise it up,
And load upon a wain; as men are now;
But he unaided lifted it with ease,
So light it seem'd, by grace of Saturn's son.
As in one hand a shepherd bears with ease
A full-siz'd fleece, and scarcely feels the weight;
So Hector tow'rd the portals bore the stone,
Which clos'd the lofty double-folding gates,
Within defended by two massive bars
Laid crosswise, and with one cross bolt secur'd.
Close to the gate he stood; and planting firm
His foot, to give his arm its utmost pow'r,
Full on the middle dash'd the mighty mass.
The hinges both gave way; the pond'rous stone
Fell inwards; widely gap'd the op'ning gates;
Nor might the bars within the blow sustain:
This way and that the sever'd portals flew
Before the crashing missile; dark as night
His low'ring brow, great Hector sprang within;
Bright flash'd the brazen armor on his breast,
As through the gates, two jav'lins in his hand,
He sprang; the Gods except, no pow'r might meet
That onset; blaz'd his eyes with lurid fire.
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He call'd aloud to scale the lofty wall;
They heard, and straight obey'd; some scal'd the wall:
Some through the strong-built gates continuous pour'd;
While in confusion irretrievable
Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks.

CHAPTER X

THE BATTLE AT THE SHIPS

NOW Poseidon was watching the battle from the wooded height of Samothrace, whence he could see Ida and Troy and the ships. And he pitied the Greeks when he saw how they fled before Hector, and purposed in his heart to help them. So he left the height of Samothrace, and came with four strides to Ægæ, where his palace was in the depths of the sea. There he harnessed the horses to his chariot and rode, passing over the waves, and the great beasts of the sea gambolled about him as he went, knowing their king. But when he came to the camp of the Greeks, he took upon him the shape of Calchas, the herald, and went through the host strengthening the heroes for the battle—Ajax the Greater, and Ajax the Less, and others also—so that they turned their faces again to the enemy. But not the less did the men of Troy press on, Hector leading the way.

Then first of all Teucer slew a Trojan, Imbrius by name, wounding him under the ear. He fell as some tall poplar falls which a woodman fells with axe of bronze. Then Teucer rushed to seize his arms, but Hector cast his spear. Teucer it struck not, missing him by a little, but Amphimachus it smote on the breast so that he fell dead. Then Hector seized the dead man's helmet, seeking to drag the body among the sons of Troy. But Ajax stretched forth his great spear against him, and struck the boss of his shield mightily, driving him backwards, so that he loosed

[The Greeks Rally in Defense of the Ships.]—(DERBY.)

* * * By Hector, son of Priam led,
Like fire, or whirlwind, press'd the Trojans on,
With furious zeal, and shouts and clamor hoarse,
In hopes to take the ships, and all the Greeks
To slay beside them. * * *
* * There, the bravest all, in order due,
Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led:
Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,
Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm,
And man to man; the horsehair plumes above,
That nodded on the warriors' glitt'ring crests,
Each other touch'd; so closely massed they stood.
Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn
The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds
Turn'd to the front, and eager for the fray.
On pour'd the Trojan masses; in the van
Hector straight forward urg'd his furious course.
As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed
Detach'd, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurl'd down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermin'd;
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse check'd, it rolls no more;
So Hector, threat'ning now through ships and tents,
E'en to the sea, to force his murd'rous way,
Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,
Halts close before it; while the sons of Greece,
With thrust of sword and double-pointed spears,
Stave off his onset.

hold of the helmet of Amphimachus. And him his comrades bore to the rear of the host, and the body of Imbrius also they carried off. Then did Idomeneus the Cretan, son of Minos, the wise judge, perform many valiant deeds, going to the left-hand of the battle-line, for he said:

"The Greeks have stay enough where the great Ajax is. No man that eats bread is better than he; no, not Achilles' self, were the two to stand man to man, but Achilles indeed is swifter of foot."

And first of all he slew Othryoneus, who had but newly come, hearing the fame of the war. For Cassandra's sake he had come, that he might have her to wife, vowing that he would drive the Greeks from Troy, and Priam had promised him the maiden. But now Idomeneus slew him, and cried over him:

"This was a great thing that thou didst promise to Priam, for which he was to give thee his daughter. Thou shouldst have come to us, and we would have given thee the fairest of the daughters of Agamemnon, bringing her from Argos, if thou wouldst have engaged to help us to take this city of Troy. But come now with me to the ships, that we may treat about this marriage: thou wilt find that we have open hands."

So he spake, mocking the dead. Then King Asius charged, coming on foot with his chariot behind him. But ere he could throw his spear, Idomeneus smote him that he fell, as falls an oak, or an alder, or a pine, which men fell upon the hills. And the driver of his chariot stood dismayed, nor thought to turn his horses and flee, so that Antilochus, the son of Nestor, struck him down, and took the chariot and horses for his own. Then Deiphobus in great wrath came near to Idomeneus, and would have slain him with a spear. But could not, for he covered himself with his shield, and the spear passed over his head. Yet did it not fly

[Ajax Checks Hector.]—(POPE.)

From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
* * * The forceful dart
Sung on, and pierced Amphimachus's heart.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheathed in shining steel.
Repulsed he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.

[The Ajaces Strip the Armor from Imbrius.]—(DERBY.)

As two lions, high above the ground
Bear through the brushwood in their jaws a goat,
Snatch'd from the sharp-fang'd dogs' protecting care:
So, fill'd with warlike rage, th' Ajaces twain
Lifted on high, and of its armor stripp'd
The corpse of Imbrius; and Oïleus' son,
Griev'd at Amphimachus, his comrade's death,
Cut from the tender neck, and like a ball
Sent whirling through the crowd the sever'd head;
And in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.

[Bravery of Idomeneus.]

* * * Idomeneus,
Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appear'd,
Around him throng'd, with rallying cries, the Greeks,
And rag'd beside the ships the balanc'd fight.
As, when the dust lies deepest on the roads,
Before the boist'rous winds the storm drives fast,
And high at once the whirling clouds are toss'd;
So was the fight confus'd; and in the throng
Each man with keen desire of slaughter burn'd.

in vain, for it lighted on Hypsenor, striking him on the right side And as he fell, Deïphobus cried aloud:

"Now is Asius avenged; and though he go down to that strong porter who keeps the gates of hell, yet will he be glad, for I have sent him a companion."

But scarce had he spoken when Idomeneus the Cretan slew another of the chiefs of Troy, Alcathoüs, son-in-law of old Anchises. And having slain him he cried:

"Small reason hast thou to boast, Deïphobus, for we have slain three for one. But come thou and meet me in battle, that thou mayest know me who I am, son of Deucalion, who was the son of Minos, who was the son of Zeus."

Then Deïphobus thought within himself, should he meet this man alone, or should he take some brave comrade with him? And it seemed to him better that he should take a brave comrade with him. Wherefore he went for Æneas, and found him in the rear of the battle, vexed at heart because King Priam did not honor him among the princes of Troy. Then said he:

"Come hither, Æneas, to fight for Alcathoüs, who was wont to care for thee when thou wast young, and now he lies dead under the spear of Idomeneus."

So they two went together; and Idomeneus saw them, but yielded not from his place, only called to his comrades that they should gather themselves together and help him. And on the other side Æneas called to Deïphobus, and Paris, and Agenor. So they fought about the body of Alcathoüs. Then did Æneas cast his spear at Idomeneus, but struck him not; but Idomeneus slew Œnomaüs, only when he would have spoiled him of his arms he could not, for the men of Troy pressed him hard, so that perforce he gave way. And as he turned, Deïphobus sought to slay him with his spear, but smote in his stead Ascalaphus, son of

Bristled the deadly strife with pond'rous spears,
Wielded with dire intent; the brazen gleam
Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast,
And breastplates polish'd bright, and glitt'ring shields
Commingling; stern of heart indeed were he,
Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze.
Then cheering on the Greeks, Idomeneus,
Although his hair was grizzled o'er with age,
Sprang forth amid the Trojans, in their ranks
Inspiring terror; for Othryoneus
He slew * * *
Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus
Struck with his glitt'ring spear, nor aught avail'd
His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust,
Thund'ring he fell. * * * —(DERBY.)

This Asius view'd, * * *
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hoped the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharged the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the further side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day.
—(POPE.)

* * * For Asius' death
Deep griev'd, Deiphobus, approaching, hurl'd
Against Idomeneus his glitt'ring spear:
The coming weapon he beheld, and shunn'd:
Beneath the ample orbit of his shield,
With hides and brazen plates encircled round,
And by two rods sustain'd, conceal'd he stood:

Ares. But when he would have spoiled him of his arms, Meriones struck him through the wrist with a spear. Straightway he dropped the helmet which he had seized, and Polites, his brother, led him out of the battle. And he climbed into his chariot and went back to the city. But the rest stayed not their hands from fighting, and many valiant heroes fell, both on this side and on that. For on the left the sons of Greece prevailed, so fiercely fought Idomeneus the Cretan, and Meriones, his comrade, and Antilochus, the son of Nestor, and Menelaüs; but on the right the Locrians and the Bœotians and the men of Athens could scarce keep Hector from the ships. Yet here for a while the battle went with them, for the Locrians, who were mighty archers, bent their bows against the men of Troy, and dismayed them, so thick flew the arrows, dealing wounds and death. Then said Polydamas to Hector:

"O Hector, thou art ever loth to hear counsel from others. Yet think not that because thou art stronger than other men, therefore Zeus hath also made thee wiser. For truly he gives diverse gifts to diverse men —strength to one and counsel to another. Hear, then, my words. Thou seest that the Trojans keep not all together, for some stand aloof, while some fight, being few against many. Do thou therefore call the bravest together. Then shall we see whether we shall burn the ships, or, it may be, win our way back without harm to Troy; for indeed I forget not that there is a warrior here whom no man may match, nor will he, I trow, always keep aloof from the battle."

And the saying pleased Hector. So he went through the host looking for the chiefs—for Deïphobus, and Helenus, and Asius, and Acamas, son of Asius, and others, who were the bravest among the Trojans and allies. And some he found, and some he found not,

Beneath he crouch'd, and o'er him flew the spear;
* * * it grated, glancing from the shield;
Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage
Abate; still burning o'er some Trojan soul
To draw the gloomy veil of night and death;
* * Through Alcathoüs' breast Idomeneus
His weapon drove; the brazen mail it broke,
Which oft had turn'd aside the stroke of death;
Harshly it grated, sever'd by the spear:
He fell; the spear-point quiv'ring in his heart,
Which with convulsive throbbings shook the shaft.

[Æneas and Idomeneus.]—(POPE.)

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight;
The Greek awaits him with collected might.
As the fell boar, on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war,—
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise;
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage;
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage;
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.

[The Ajaces Pressed by Hector.]

Thus rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight.
But nought as yet had Hector heard, nor knew
How sorely, leftward of the ships, were press'd
The Trojans by the Greeks; and now appear'd
Their triumph sure * * *
But there he kept, where first the serried ranks
Of Greeks he broke, and storm'd the wall and gates;
There beach'd beside the hoary seas, the ships
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs lay;

for they had fallen in the battle, or had gone sorely wounded to the city. But at last he spied Paris, where he stood strengthening the hearts of his comrades.

"O Paris, fair of face, cheater of the hearts of women, where is Deïphobus, and Helenus, and Asius, and Acamas, son of Asius?"

But Paris answered him, "Some of these are dead, and some are sorely wounded. But we who are left fight on. Only do thou lead us against the Greeks, nor wilt thou say that we are slow to follow."

So Hector went along the front of the battle, leading the men of Troy. Nor did the Greeks give way when they saw him, but Ajax the Greater cried:

"Friend, come near, nor fear the men of Greece. Thou thinkest in thine heart to spoil the ships, but we have hands to keep them, and ere they perish Troy itself shall fall before us. Soon, I trow, wilt thou wish that thy horses were swifter than hawks, when they bear thee fleeing before us across the plain to the city."

But Hector answered, "Nay, thou braggart Ajax, what words are these? I would that I were as surely one of the Immortals as this day shall surely bring woe to the Greeks. And thou, if thou darest to meet my spear, shalt be slain among the rest, and feed with thy flesh the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

So he spake, and from this side and from that there went up a great cry of battle.

There had the wall been lowest built; and there
Were gather'd in defence the chiefest all,
Horses and men: * * *
Could scarce protect their ships; nor could repel
Th' impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge.
—(DERBY.)

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labor'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
—(POPE.)

[The Trojan Charge Against the Ajaces.]—(DERBY.)

Impell'd by Jove, they sought the battle field.
Onward they dash'd, impetuous as the rush
Of the fierce whirlwind, which with lightning charg'd,
From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain:
As with loud roar it mingles with the sea,
The many-dashing ocean's billows boil,
Upheaving, foam-white-crested, wave on wave;
So, rank on rank, the Trojans, closely mass'd,
In arms all glitt'ring, with their chiefs advanc'd;
Hector, the son of Priam, led them on,
In combat terrible as blood-stain'd Mars:
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,
Of hides close join'd, with brazen plates o'erlaid;
The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow.
He, with proud step, protected by his shield,
On ev'ry side the hostile ranks survey'd,
If signs of yielding he might trace; but they
Unshaken stood; and with like haughty mien,
Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurl'd.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE AT THE SHIPS (CONTINUED)

SO loud was the cry, that it roused old Nestor where he sat in his tent, tending the wounded Machaon. Whereupon he said, "Sit thou here and drink the red wine till the fair Hecamedé shall have got ready the bath to wash the blood from thy wound, but I will ask how things fare in the battle."

So he went forth from the tent, seeking King Agamemnon. And lo! as he went the king met him, and with him were Diomed and Ulysses, who also had been wounded that day. So they held counsel together. And Agamemnon—for it troubled him sore that the people were slain—would that they should draw down the ships into the sea, and should flee homewards, as soon as the darkness should cover them and the Trojans should cease from the battle.

But Ulysses would have none of such counsel, saying, "Now surely, son of Atreus, thou art not worthy to rule over us, who have been men of war from our youth. Wilt thou leave this city, for the taking of which we have suffered so much? That may not be; let not any one of the Greeks hear thee say such words. And what is this, that thou wouldst have us launch our ships now, whilst the hosts are fighting? Surely, so doing, we should perish altogether, for the Greeks would not fight any more, seeing that the ships were being launched, and the men of Troy would slay us altogether.

Then King Agamemnon said, "Thou speakest well."

[Hector Smitten Senseless by Ajax.]—(DERBY.)

As each, with furious shout, encounter'd each
At Ajax first, who straight before him stood,
Great Hector threw his spear, nor miss'd his aim,
Where the two belts, the one which bore his shield,
His silver-studded sword the other, met
Across his breast; these two his life preserv'd.
Hector was wroth, that from his stalwart hand
The spear had flown in vain; and back he sprang
For safety to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks:
But mighty Ajax Telamon upheav'd
A pond'rous stone, of many, all around
That scatter'd lay beneath the warriors' feet,
And serv'd to prop the ships; with one of these,
As Hector backward stepp'd, above the shield
He smote him on the breast, below the throat.
With whirling motion, circling as it flew,
The mass he hurl'd. As by the bolt of Heav'n
Uprooted, prostrate lies some forest oak;
The sulph'rous vapor taints the air; appall'd,
Bereft of strength, the near beholder stands,
And awestruck hears the thunder-peal of Jove;
So in the dust the might of Hector lay:
Dropp'd from his hand the spear; the shield and helm
Fell with him; loud his polish'd armor rang.
On rush'd, with joyous shout, the sons of Greece,
In hope to seize the spoil; thick flew the spears:
Yet none might reach or wound the fallen chief;
For gather'd close around, the bravest all,
* * * their shields' broad orbs
Before him still they held, while in their arms
His comrades bore him from the battle-field,
And dash'd the cooling water on his brow:
Reviv'd, he lifted up awhile his eyes;
Then on his knees half rising, he disgorg'd

And he went through the host, bidding the men bear themselves bravely, and all the while Poseidon put courage and strength into their hearts. Then Hector cast his spear against Ajax Telamon. The shield kept it not off, for it passed beneath, but the two belts, of the shield and of the sword, stayed it, so that it wounded not his body. Then Hector in wrath and fear went back into the ranks of his comrades; but as he went Ajax took a great stone—now were there many such which they had as props for the ships—and smote him above the rim of his shield, on the neck. As an oak falls, stricken by the thunder of Zeus, so he fell, and the Greeks rushed with a great cry to drag him to them, but could not, for all the bravest of the sons of Troy held their shields before him—Polydamas and Æneas, and Sarpedon and Glaucus. Then they carried him to the Xanthus, and poured water upon him. And after a while he sat up, and then again his spirit left him, for the blow had been very grievous. But when the Greeks saw that Hector had been carried out of the battle, they pressed on the more, slaying the men of Troy, and driving them back even out of the camp and across the trench. But when they came to their chariots, where they had left them on the other side of the trench, there they stood trembling and pale with fear. But Apollo, at the bidding of Zeus, went to Hector where he lay, and healed him of his wound, pouring strength and courage into his heart, so that he went back to the battle whole and sound. Then great fear came upon the Greeks when they saw him, and Thoas the Ætolian spake, saying:

"Surely this is a great marvel that I see with mine eyes. For we thought that Hector had been slain by the hand of Ajax, son of Telamon, and now, behold! he is come back to the battle. Many Greeks have fallen before him, and many, I trow, will fall, for of a truth

The clotted blood; but backward to the earth,
Still by the blow subdu'd, again he fell,
And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.
Onward, with zeal redoubled, press'd the Greeks,
When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn * *
The Trojans fled, pale fear possess'd them all,
Each looking round to seek escape from death.

[Jove Sends Apollo to Aid the Trojans.]—(DERBY.)

Now when the Trojans had recross'd the trench
And palisades, and in their headlong flight
Many had fall'n by Grecian swords, the rest,
Routed, and pale with fear, beside their cars,
Jove, rising, saw the Trojans and the Greeks,
Those in confusion, while behind them press'd
The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst:
He saw too Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
His comrades standing round; senseless he lay,
Drawing short breath, blood gushing from his mouth;
For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt.
* * * To Apollo then
The Cloud-compeller thus his speech address'd:
"Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm;
* * * So restore his strength
And vigor, that in panic to their ships,
And the broad Hellespont, the Greeks be driv'n.
Then will I so by word and deed contrive
That they may gain fresh respite from their toil."

[Apollo Restores Hector and Heads the Trojans.]—(DERBY.)

* * * "Rise then straight;
Summon thy num'rous horsemen; bid them drive
Their flying cars to assail the Grecian ships;
I go before: and will thy horses' way
Make plain and smooth, and daunt the warrior Greeks."

some god has raised him up and helps him. But come, let all the bravest stand together. So, mighty though he be, he shall fear to enter our array."

And all the bravest gathered together and stood in the front, but the multitude made for the ships. But Hector came on, and Apollo before him, with his shoulders wrapped in cloud and the ægis shield in his hand. And many of the Greeks fell slain before the sons of Troy, as Iäsus of Athens, and Arcesilaüs the Bœotian, and Medon, who was brother to Ajax the Less, and many more. Thus the battle turned again, and came near to the trench; and now Apollo made it easy for the men of Troy to pass, so that they left not their chariots, as before, upon the brink, but drave them across.

Meanwhile Patroclus sat in the tent of Eurypylus, dressing his wound and talking with him. But when he saw what had chanced, he struck his thigh with his hand and cried:

"Now must I leave thee, Eurypylus, for I must haste to Achilles, so dreadful is now the battle. Perchance I may persuade him that he go forth to the fight."

So he ran to the tent of Achilles. And now the men of Troy were at the ships. And Hector and Ajax were fighting for one of them, and Ajax could not drive him back, and Hector could not burn the ship with fire. Then sprang forward Caletor with a torch in his hand, and Ajax smote him on the heart with a sword, so that he fell close by the ship. Then Hector cried:

"Come now, Trojans and allies, and fight for Caletor, that the Greeks spoil him not of his arms."

So saying he cast his spear at Ajax. Him he struck not, but Cytherius, his comrade, he slew. Then was Ajax sore dismayed, and spake to Teucer his brother:

"See now, Cytherius, our dear comrade, is dead, slain by Hector. But where are thy arrows and thy bow?"

[Hector Re-enters the Battle.]—(DERBY.)

As when a rustic crowd of men and dogs
Have chas'd an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,
That 'mid the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood
Hath refuge found, and baffled their pursuit;
If, by the tumult rous'd, a lion stand,
With bristling mane, before them, back they turn,
Check'd in their mid career; ev'n so the Greeks,
Who late in eager throngs were pressing on.
Thrusting with swords and double-pointed spears,
When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,
Recoil'd, and to their feet their courage fell. * * *
The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led
With haughty stride; before him Phœbus went,
His shoulders veil'd in cloud; his arm sustain'd
The awful Ægis, fearful to behold,
Bright-flashing, hung with shaggy tassels round;
Which Vulcan, skillful workman, gave to Jove,
To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men. * * *
While Phœbus motionless his Ægis held,
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell
On either side; but when he turn'd its flash
Full in the faces of the astonish'd Greeks,
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quail'd,
Their fiery courage borne in mind no more.

[The Trojans Again Capture the Wall.]—(DERBY.)

Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dash'd
The flying Greeks, and gain'd, hard-press'd, the wall;
While loudly Hector to the Trojans call'd
To assail the ships, and leave the bloody spoils. * * *
And they with noise unspeakable, urg'd on
Their harness'd steeds; Apollo in the van,
Trod down with ease th' embankment of the ditch,
And fill'd it in; and o'er it bridg'd a way. * * *

So Teucer took his bow and laid an arrow on the string, and smote Clitus, who was charioteer to Polydamas. And then he aimed an arrow at Hector's self; but ere he could loose it, the bowstring was broken in his hands, and the arrow went far astray, for Zeus would not that Hector should so fall. Then Teucer cried aloud to his brother:

"Surely some god confounds our counsels, breaking my bow-string, which this very day I tied new upon my bow."

But Ajax said, "Let be thy bow, if it please not the gods, but take spear and shield and fight with the men of Troy. For though they master us to-day, they shall not take our ships for nought."

So Teucer armed himself afresh for the battle. But Hector, when he saw the broken bow, cried out:

"Come on, ye men of Troy, for Zeus is with us. Even now he broke the bow of Teucer, the great archer. And they whom Zeus helps prevail, and they whom he favors not grow weak. Come on; for even though a man fall, it is well that he fall fighting for his fatherland; and his wife and his children are safe, nor shall his glory cease, if so be that we drive the Greeks in their ships across the sea."

And on the other side Ajax, the son of Telamon, called to the Greeks, and bade them quit themselves like men. Then the battle grew yet fiercer, for Hector slew Schedius, who led the men of Phocis, and Ajax slew Laodamas, son of Antenor, and Polydamas Otus of Cyllene. Then Meges thought to slay Polydamas; but his spear went astray, smiting down Crœsmus; and Dolops, who was grandson to Laomedon, cast his spear at Meges, but the corslet stayed the point, though it pierced the shield. But Dolops' self Menelaüs smote through the shoulder, but could not spoil him of his arms, for Hector and his brothers hindered

O'er this their columns pass'd; Apollo bore
His Ægis o'er them, and cast down the wall;
As o'er the bulwarks of a ship pour down
The mighty billows of the wide-path'd sea,
Driv'n by the blast, that tosses high the waves,
So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans pour'd.

[Hector's Mighty Deeds.]—(DERBY.)

Then on the ships, as rav'ning lions, fell
The Trojans: they but work'd the will of Jove,
Who still their courage rais'd, and quell'd the Greeks. * * *
For so he will'd, that Hector, Priam's son,
Should wrap in fire the beakèd ships of Greece. * *
Yet mighty Jove but waited to behold
The flames ascending from the blazing ships:
For from that hour the Trojans, backward driv'n,
Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave.
With such design, to seize the ships, he fir'd
Th' already burning zeal of Priam's son;
Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars
With brandish'd spear; or as a raging fire
'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side.
The foam was on his lips; bright flash'd his eyes
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly
Above his temples wav'd amid the fray
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heav'n
His guardian hand extending, him alone
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men. * * *
Oft he essay'd to break the ranks, where'er
The densest throng and noblest arms he saw;
But strenuous though his efforts all were vain;
They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood;
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high,
Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd.
The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,

him. So they fought, slaying one another; but Hector still waxed greater and greater in the battle, and still the men of Troy came on, and still the Greeks gave way. Now did the Trojans front the prow of the foremost of the ships, and so fierce was their attacks that the men of Greece were forced to fall back to the very tents.

They scattered not over the camp, but stood in a group before the opening of the tents, restrained by fear and great shame.

Then Pallas drew from their eyes the film of darkness, and looking, they beheld great Hector, and with him many of the valiant sons of Troy.

Then Ajax leaped upon the prow of one of the ships, and seizing a long boarding pike made his way from ship to ship, calling upon the Greeks to save their tents.

And Hector laid hold on the ship of Protesilaüs: him indeed it had brought from Troy, but it took him not back, for he had fallen, slain by the hand of Hector, as he leapt, first of all the Greeks, upon the shore of Troy. This Hector caught, and the battle raged like fire about it; for the men of Troy and the Greeks were gathered round, and none fought with arrows or javelins from afar, but man to man, with battle-axe and sword and great spears pointed at either end. And many a fair weapon lay shattered on the ground, and the earth flowed with blood as with a river. But still Hector held the stem of the ship with his hand, and called to the men of Troy that they should bring fire, for that Zeus had given them the victory that day. Then even Ajax himself gave way, so did the spears of the Trojans press him; for now he stood no longer upon the stern deck, but on the rowers' bench, thrusting thence with his spear at any one who sought to set

And the big waves that bellow round its base;
So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undismay'd.
At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang
Upon the mass; so plunging down, as when
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds
A giant billow, tempest-nurs'd, descends;
The deck is drench'd in foam; the stormy wind
Howls in the shrouds; th' affrighted seamen quail
In fear, but little way from death remov'd;
So quail'd the spirit in ev'ry Grecian breast.
As when a rav'ning lion on a herd
Of heifers falls, which on some marshy mead
Feed numberless, beneath the care of one,
Unskill'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge;
And while beside the front or rear he walks,
The lion on th' unguarded center springs,
Seizes on one, and scatters all the rest;
So Hector, led by Jove, in wild alarm
Scatter'd the Grecians all.

[Ajax Saves the Ships from Destruction.]—(DERBY.)

* * * From the foremost ships,
Now hardly press'd, the Greeks perforce retir'd;
But closely mass'd before the tents they stood,
Not scatter'd o'er the camp; by shame restrain'd,
And fear; * * *
Then was not Ajax's mighty soul content
To stand where stood the other sons of Greece;
Along the vessels' lofty decks he mov'd
With haughty stride; a pond'rous boarding-pike,
Well polish'd, and with rivets well secur'd,
Of two and twenty cubits' length, he bore.
O'er many a vessel's deck so Ajax pass'd
With lofty stride, and voice that reach'd to Heav'n,

fire to his ship. And ever he cried to the Greeks with a terrible voice:

"O ye Greeks, now must ye quit yourselves like men. For have ye any helpers behind? or have ye any walls to shelter you? No city is here, with well-built battlements, wherein ye might be safe, while the people should fight for you. For we are here in the plain of Troy, and the sea is close behind us, and we are far from our country. Wherefore all our hope is in valor, and not in shrinking back from the battle."

And still he thrust with his spear, if any of the men of Troy, at Hector's bidding, sought to bring fire against the ships. Full twelve he wounded where he stood.

As loudly shouting on the Greeks he call'd
To save their ships and tents; and as an eagle swoops,
So on the dark-prow'd ship with furious rush
Swept Hector down; him Jove with mighty hand
Sustain'd, and with him forward urg'd the crowd.
Fierce round the ships again the battle rag'd; * * *
But varying far their hopes and fears: the Greeks
Of safety and escape from death despair'd;
While high the hopes in ev'ry Trojan's breast,
To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks;
So minded each, oppos'd in arms they stood.
On a swift-sailing vessel's stern, that bore
Protesilaüs to the coast of Troy,
Hector had laid his hand; around that ship
Trojans and Greeks in close encounter met,
The arrow's or the jav'lin's distant flight
They waited not, but, fir'd with equal rage,
Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,
And mighty swords, and double-pointed spears.
Many a fair-hilted blade, with iron bound,
Dropp'd from the hands, or from the sever'd arms,
Of warrior chiefs; the dark earth ran with blood:
Yet loos'd not Hector of the stern his hold,
The Trojans onward press'd with added zeal;
Nor Ajax yet endur'd, by hostile spears
Now sorely gall'd; yet but a little space,
Back to the helmsman's sev'n-foot board he mov'd,
Expecting death; and left the lofty deck,
Where long he stood on guard; but still his spear
The Trojans kept aloof, whoe'er essay'd
Amid the ships to launch th' unwearied flames;
* * * If any Trojan dar'd,
By Hector's call inspir'd, with fiery brand
To assail the ships, him with his ponderous spear
Would Ajax meet: and thus before the ships
Twelve warriors, hand to hand, his prowess felt.

CHAPTER XII

THE DEEDS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

AND Patroclus stood by Achilles, weeping bitterly. Then said Achilles, "What ails thee, Patroclus, that thou weepest like a girl-child that runs along by her mother's side and would be taken up, holding her gown, and looking at her with tearful eyes till she lift her in her arms? Hast thou heard evil news from Phthia? Menœtius yet lives, they say, and Peleus. Or art thou weeping for the Greeks, because they perish for their folly?"

Then said Patroclus, "Be not wroth with me, great Achilles, for indeed the Greeks are in grievous straits, and all their bravest are wounded, and still thou cherishest thy wrath. Surely Peleus was not thy father, nor Thetis thy mother; but the rocks begat thee, and the sea brought thee forth. Or if thou goest not to the battle, fearing some warning from the gods, yet let me go, and thy Myrmidons with me. And let me put thy armor on me; so shall the Greeks have breathing space from the war."

So he spake, entreating, nor knew that for his own doom he entreated. And Achilles made reply:

"It is no warning that I heed, that I keep back from the war. But these men took from me my prize, which I won with my own hands. But let the past be past. I said that I would not rise up till the battle should come nigh to my own ships. But thou mayest put my armor upon thee, and lead my Myrmidons to the fight. For in truth the men of Troy are gathered as a dark cloud

[Patroclus Intercedes With Achilles.]—(POPE.)

"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek, and once of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in his tent:
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan, * * *
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain, unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No!—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind!"

[Achilles Yields to Patroclus.]—(DERBY.)

"But let the past be past; I never meant
My wrath should have no end; yet had not thought
My anger to abate, till my own ships
Should hear the war-cry, and the battle bear.
But go, and in my well-known armor clad,
Lead forth the valiant Myrmídons to war,
Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round
The ships in force; and on the shingly beach,
Pent up in narrow limits, lie the Greeks;
And round the camp the battle now is wag'd.
No more the hands of valiant Diomed,
The Greeks protecting, hurl his fiery spear;
Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,
The shout of Agamemnon; all around
Is heard the warrior-slayer Hector's voice,
Cheering his Trojans; with triumphant cries
They, from the vanquish'd Greeks, hold all the plain.
Nathless do thou, Patroclus, in defence
Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire
Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat."

about the ships, and the Greeks have scarce standing-ground between them and the sea. For they see not the gleam of my helmet. And Diomed is not there with his spear; nor do I hear the voice of Agamemnon, but only the voice of Hector, as he calls the men of Troy to the battle. Go, therefore, Patroclus, and drive the fire from the ships. And then come thou back, nor fight any more with the Trojans, lest thou take my glory from me. And go not near, in the delight of battle, to the walls of Troy, lest one of the gods meet thee to thy hurt; and, of a truth, the keen archer Apollo loves them well."

But as they talked the one to the other, Ajax could hold out no longer. For swords and javelins came thick upon him, and clattered on his helmet, and his shoulder was weary with the great shield which he held; and he breathed heavily and hard, and the great drops of sweat fell upon the ground. Then at the last Hector came near and smote his spear with a great sword, so that the head fell off. Then was Ajax sore afraid, and gave way, and the men of Troy set torches to the ship's stem, and a great flame shot up to the sky. And Achilles saw it, and smote his thigh and spake:

"Haste thee, Patroclus, for I see the fire rising up from the ships. Put thou on the armor, and I will call my people to the war."

So Patroclus put on the armor—corslet and shield and helmet—and bound upon his shoulder the silver-studded sword, and took a mighty spear in his hand. But the great Pelian spear he took not, for that no man but Achilles might wield. Then Automedon yoked the horses to the chariot, Bayard and Piebald, and with them in the side harness, Pedasus; and they two were deathless steeds, but he was mortal.

Meanwhile Achilles had called the Myrmidons to

[Ajax Overpowered, the Ships are Fired.]—(POPE.)

* * * On the strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band,
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd;
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes,
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most * *
Stern Hector waved his sword, and standing near,
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine:
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign,
Warn'd he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands, thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

[Achilles Summons the Myrmidons.]

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band;
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,

battle. Fifty ships had he brought to Troy, and in each there were fifty men. Five leaders they had, and the bravest of the five was Pisander.

Then Achilles said, "Forget not, ye Myrmidons, the bold words that ye spake against the men of Troy during the days of my wrath, making complaint that I kept you from the battle against your will. Now, therefore, ye have that which you desired."

So the Myrmidons went to the battle in close array, helmet to helmet and shield to shield, close as the stones with which a builder builds a wall. And in front went Patroclus, and Automedon in the chariot beside him. Then Achilles went to his tent and took a great cup from the chest which Thetis his mother had given him. Now no man drank of that cup but he only, nor did he pour out of it libations to any of the gods but only to Zeus. This first he cleansed with sulphur, and then with water from the spring. And after this he washed his hands, and stood in the midst of the space before his tent, and poured out of it to Zeus, saying:

"O Zeus, I send my comrade to this battle; make him strong and bold, and give him glory, and bring him home safe to the ships, and my people with him."

So he prayed, and Father Zeus heard him, and part he granted and part denied.

But now Patroclus with the Myrmidons had come to where the battle was raging about the ship of Protesilaüs, and when the men of Troy beheld him, they thought that Achilles had forgotten his wrath, and was come forth to the war. And first Patroclus slew Pyræchmes, who was the chief of the Pæonians who live on the banks of the broad Axius. Then the men of Troy turned to flee, and many chiefs of fame fell by the spears of the Greeks. So the battle rolled back to the trench, and in the trench many chariots of the

And gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more:
Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.—(POPE.)

* * Buckler on buckler press'd, and helm on helm,
And man on man; the horsehair plumes above,
That nodded, fearful, from the warriors' brows,
Each other touch'd; so closely mass'd they stood,
Their line of battle form'd, with courage high
To dash upon the Trojans; and as wasps
That have their nest beside the public road,
Which boys delight to vex and irritate
In wanton play, but to the gen'ral harm;
Them if some passing trav'ller unawares
Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush
In one continuous swarm, to guard their nest:
E'en with such courage pour'd the Myrmidons
Forth from the ships; then uproar wild arose.
—(DERBY.)

[Onslaught of Patroclus.]—(DERBY.)

* * * The crowd he drove
Far from the ships, and quench'd the blazing fire.
There lay the half-burnt ship; with shouts confus'd
The Trojans fled; and from amid the ships
Forth pour'd the Greeks; and loud the clamor rose.
As when around a lofty mountain's top
The lightning's Lord dispels a mass of cloud,
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak
Is plainly seen, and ev'ry forest glade;
And the deep vault of Heav'n is open'd wide;
So when the Greeks had clear'd the ships of fire,
They breath'd awhile; yet ceas'd not so the strife. * * *
As rav'ning wolves, that lambs or kids assail,
Stray'd from their dams, by careless shepherds left
Upon the mountain scatter'd; these they see,

Trojans were broken, but the horses of Achilles went across it at a stride, so nimble were they and strong. And the heart of Patroclus was set to slay Hector; but he could not overtake him, so swift were his horses. Then did Patroclus turn his chariot and keep back those that fled, that they should not go to the city, and rushed hither and thither, still slaying as he went.

But Sarpedon, when he saw the Lycians dismayed and scattered, called to them that they should be of good courage, saying that he would himself make trial of this great warrior. So he leapt down from his chariot, and Patroclus also leapt down, and they rushed at each other as two eagles rush together. Then first Patroclus struck down Thrasymelus, who was the comrade of Sarpedon; and Sarpedon, who had a spear in either hand, with the one struck the horse Pedasus, which was of mortal breed, on the right shoulder, and with the other missed his aim, sending it over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But Patroclus missed not his aim, driving his spear into Sarpedon's heart. Then fell the great Lycian chief, as an oak, or a poplar, or a pine falls upon the hills before the axe. But he called to Glaucus, his companion, saying:

"Now must thou show thyself a good warrior, Glaucus. First call the men of Lycia to fight for me, and do thou fight thyself, for it would be foul shame to thee, all thy days, if the Greeks should spoil me of my arms."

Then he died. But Glaucus was sore troubled, for he could not help him, so grievous was the wound where Teucer had wounded him. Therefore he prayed to Apollo and Apollo helped him and made him whole. Then he went first to the Lycians, bidding them fight for their king, and then to the chiefs of the Trojans, that they should save the body of Sarpedon. And to Hector he said:

"Little carest thou for thy allies. Lo! Sarpedon is

And tear at once their unresisting prey;
So on the Trojans fell the Greeks; in rout
Disastrous they, unmann'd by terror, fled. * * *

[Patroclus Slays Sarpedon.]

Sarpedon from his car, accoutred, sprang;
Patroclus saw, and he too leap'd to earth.
As on a lofty rock, with angry screams,
Hook-beak'd, with talons curv'd, two vultures fight;
So with loud shouts these two to battle rush'd.
—(DERBY.)

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierced a mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.
Then as the mountain oak or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral),
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honors on the ground,
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine;
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans and hollow roars rebellow through the wood. —(POPE.)

[Patroclus Strives to Strip Sarpedon's Armor.]
—(DERBY.)

"The man hath fall'n, who first o'erleap'd our wall,
Sarpedon; now remains, that, having slain,

dead, slain by Patroclus. Suffer not the Myrmidons to carry him off and do dishonor to his body."

But Hector was troubled to hear such news, and so were all the sons of Troy, for Sarpedon was the bravest of the allies, and led most people to the battle. So with a great shout they charged and drove the Greeks back a space from the body; and then again the Greeks did the like. And so the battle raged, till no one would have known the great Sarpedon, so covered was he with spears and blood and dust. But at the last the Greeks drave back the men of Troy from the body, and stripped the arms, but the body itself they harmed not. For Apollo came down at the bidding of Zeus and carried it out of the midst of the battle, and washed it with water, and anointed it with ambrosia, and wrapped it in garments of the gods. And then he gave it to Sleep and Death, and these two carried it to Lycia, his fatherland.

Then did Patroclus forget the word which Achilles had spoken to him, that he should not go near to Troy, for he pursued the men of the city even to the wall. Thrice he mounted on the angle of the wall, and thrice Apollo himself drove him back, pushing his shining shield. But the fourth time the god said, "Go thou back, Patroclus. It is not for thee to take the city of Troy; no, nor for Achilles, who is far better than thou art."

So Patroclus went back, fearing the wrath of the archer-god. Then Apollo stirred up the spirit of Hector, that he should go against Patroclus. Therefore he went, with his brother Cebriones for driver of his chariot. But when they came near, Patroclus cast a great stone which he had in his hand, and smote Cebriones on the forehead, crushing it in, so that he fell headlong from the chariot. And Patroclus mocked him, saying:

The Corpse of Sarpedon Carried to
His Father Jupiter

We should his corpse dishonor, and his arms
Strip off; and should some comrade dare attempt
His rescue, him too with our spears subdue."
He said; and they, with martial ardor fir'd,
Around the dead in sternest combat met,
With fearful shouts; forthwith, as loudly rings,
Amid the mountain forest's deep recess,
The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound;
So from the wide-spread earth their clamor rose,
As brazen arms, and shields, and tough bull's-hide
Encounter'd swords and double-pointed spears.
Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,
From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust
Disfigur'd; thickly round the dead they swarm'd.
As when at spring-tide in the cattle-sheds
Around the milk-can swarm the buzzing flies,
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail;
So swarm'd they round the dead.

[Jove Sends Apollo to Rescue Sarpedon's Corpse.]
—(DERBY.)

* * * "From amid the spears
Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds
Cleanse the dark gore; then bear him far away,
And lave his body in the flowing stream;
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs
Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes.
To two swift bearers give him then in charge,
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers, in their arms
To bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:
There shall his brethren and his friends perform
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

[Patroclus Enrages Apollo.]—(DERBY.)

Then had the Greeks the lofty-gated town
Of Priam captur'd by Patroclus' hand,

"How nimble is this man! how lightly he dives! What spoil he would take of oysters, diving from a ship, even in a stormy sea! Who would have thought that there were such skilful divers in Troy!"

Then again the battle waxed hot about the body of Cebriones, and this too, at the last, the Greeks drew unto themselves, and spoiled it of the arms. And this being accomplished, Patroclus rushed against the men of Troy. Thrice he rushed, and each time he slew nine chiefs of fame. But the fourth time Apollo stood behind him and struck him on the head and shoulders, so that his eyes were darkened. And the helmet fell from off his head, so that the horsehair plumes were soiled with dust. Never before had it touched the ground, for it was the helmet of Achilles. And also the god brake the spear in his hand, and struck the shield from his arms, and loosed his corslet. All amazed he stood, and then Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, smote him on the back with his spear, but slew him not. Then Patroclus sought to flee to the ranks of his comrades. But Hector saw him, and thrust at him with his spear, smiting him in the groin, so that he fell. And when the Greeks saw him fall, they sent up a terrible cry. Then Hector stood over him and cried:

"Didst thou think to spoil our city, Patroclus, and to carry away our wives and daughters in the ships? But, lo! I have slain thee, and the fowls of the air shall eat thy flesh; nor shall the great Achilles help thee at all—Achilles, who bade thee, I trow, strip the tunic from my breast, and thou thoughtest in thy folly to do it."

But Patroclus answered, "Thou boasteth much, Hector. Yet thou didst not slay me, but Apollo, who took from me my arms, for had twenty such as thou met me, I had slain them all. And mark thou this: death

So forward and so fierce he bore his spear;
But on the well-built tow'r Apollo stood,
On his destruction bent, and Troy's defence.
The jutting angle of the lofty wall
Patroclus thrice assail'd; his onset thrice
Apollo, with his own immortal hands
Repelling, backward thrust his glitt'ring shield.
But when again, with more than mortal force
He made his fourth attempt, with awful mien
And threat'ning voice the Far-destroyer spoke:
"Back, Heav'n-born chief, Patroclus! not to thee
Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy
The warlike Trojans' city; no, nor yet
To great Achilles, mightier far than thou."

[Combat of Patroclus and Hector.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Patroclus from his car
Leaped to the ground: his left hand held his spear * *
Down from his car too Hector leap'd to earth.
As on the mountain, o'er a slaughter'd stag,
Both hunger-pinch'd, two lions fiercely fight,
So o'er Cebriones two mighty chiefs,
Menœtius' son and noble Hector, strove,
Each in the other bent to plunge his spear.
The head, with grasp unyielding, Hector held;
Patroclus seiz'd the foot; and, crowding round,
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict clos'd.
Thick o'er Cebriones the jav'lins flew,
And feather'd arrows, bounding from the string;
And pond'rous stones that on the bucklers rang,
As round the dead they fought.

[Apollo, Angered, Strips Patroclus of His Arms.]

For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.

and fate are close to thee by the hand of the great Achilles."

And Hector answered, but Patroclus was dead already:

"Why dost thou prophesy death to me? May be the great Achilles himself shall fall by my hand."

Then he drew his spear from the wound, and went after Automedon, to slay him, but the swift horses of Achilles carried him away.

The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel,
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,—
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod.—(POPE.)

Now death was near at hand; and in his grasp
His spear was shiver'd, pond'rous, long, and tough,
Brass-pointed; with its belt, the ample shield
Fell from his shoulders; and Apollo's hand,
The royal son of Jove, his corselet loos'd.
Then was his mind bewilder'd; and his limbs
Gave way beneath him; all aghast he stood:
—(DERBY.)

[Disarmed by Apollo, Patroclus is Slain.]
—(DERBY.)

Him, from behind, Euphorbus, Panthoüs' son,
Approaching close, between the shoulders stabb'd;
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks retir'd,
From certain death, Patroclus: by the stroke
Of Phœbus vanquish'd, and Euphorbus' spear:
But Hector, when Patroclus from the fight
He saw retreating, wounded, through the ranks
Advancing, smote him through the flank; right through
The brazen spear was driv'n; thund'ring he fell;
And deeply mourn'd his fall the Grecian host.
As when a lion has in fight o'erborne
A tuskèd boar, when on the mountain top
They two have met, in all their pride of strength,
Both parch'd with thirst, around a scanty spring;
And vanquish'd by the lion's force, the boar
Hath yielded, gasping; so Menœtius' son,
Great deeds achiev'd, at length beneath the spear
Of noble Hector yielded up his life.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROUSING OF ACHILLES

FIERCE was the fight about the body of Patroclus, and many heroes fell, both on this side and on that, and first of them all Euphorbus, who, indeed, had wounded him. For as he came near to strip the dead man of his arms, Menelaüs slew him with his spear. He slew him, but took not his arms, for Hector came through the battle; nor did Menelaüs dare to abide his coming, but went back to the ranks of his own people. Then did Hector strip off the arms of Patroclus, the arms which the great Achilles had given him to wear. Then he laid hold of the body, and would have dragged it into the host of the Trojans, but Ajax Telamon came forth, and put his broad shield before it, as a lion stands before its cubs when the hunters meet it in the woods, drawing down over its eyes its shaggy brows. Then Hector gave place, but Glaucus saw him and said:

"Now is this a shame to thee, that thou darest not to stand against Ajax. How wilt thou and thy countrymen save the city of Troy? For surely no more will thy allies fight for it. Small profit have they of thee. Did not Sarpedon fall, and didst thou not leave him to be a prey to the dogs? And now, if thou hadst stood firm and carried off Patroclus, we might have made exchange, and gained from the Greeks Sarpedon and his arms. But it may not be, for thou fearest Ajax, and fleest before him."

But Hector said, "I fear him not, nor any man. Only Zeus gives victory now to one man and now to

[Hector Strips the Dead Patroclus.]—(DERBY.)

Hector was dragging now Patroclus' corpse,
Stripp'd of its glitt'ring armor, and intent
The head to sever with his sword, and give
The mangled carcase to the dogs of Troy:
But Ajax, with his tow'r-like shield, approach'd;
Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrew,
Rush'd to his car, and bade the Trojans bear
The glitt'ring arms, his glorious prize, to Troy:
While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread
Menœtius' son; and stood, as for his cubs
A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware,
Have with his offspring met amid the woods.
Proud in his strength he stands; and down are drawn,
Cov'ring his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow:
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,
And by his side, his heart with grief oppress'd,
The warlike Meneläus, Atreus' son.

[Hector Dons the Armor of Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Hector of the glancing helm,
Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps
His comrades follow'd, and ere long o'ertook,
Who tow'rd the town Achilles' armor bore;
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof
The armor he exchang'd; his own he bade
The warlike Trojans to the city bear; * * *
Then with the armor, fitted to his form
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars
The fierce and terrible; with vig'rous strength
His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies
He sprang, loud-shouting; glitt'ring in his arms
To all he seem'd Achilles' godlike self. * * *
Onward the Trojans press'd, by Hector led:

another. But wait thou here, and see whether I be a coward, as thou sayest."

Now he had sent the armor of Patroclus to the city. But now he ran after those that were carrying it, and overtook them, and put on the armor himself (but Zeus saw him doing it, and liked it not), and came back to the battle; and all who saw him thought that it had been the great Achilles himself. Then they all charged together, and fiercer grew the battle and fiercer as the day went on. For the Greeks said one to another, "Now had the earth better yawn and swallow us up alive, than we should let the men of Troy carry off Patroclus to their city;" and the Trojans said, "Now if we must all fall by the body of this man, be it so, but we will not yield." But the horses of Achilles stood apart from the battle, when they knew that Patroclus was dead, and wept. Nor could Automedon move them with the lash, nor with gentle words, nor with threats. They would not return to the ships, nor would they go into the battle; but as a pillar stands on the tomb of some dead man, so they stood, with their heads drooped to the ground, with the big tears dropping to the earth, and their long manes trailing in the dust.

But Father Zeus beheld them, and pitied them, and said:

"It was not well that we gave you, immortal as ye are, to a mortal man; for of all things that move on earth, mortal man is the fullest of sorrow. But Hector shall not possess you. It is enough for him, yea, and too much, that he has the arms of Achilles."

Then did the horses move from their place and obey their charioteer as before. Nor could Hector take them, though he desired them very much. And all the while the battle raged about the dead Patroclus. And at last Ajax said to Menelaüs (now these two had

With such a sound, as when the ocean wave
Meets on the beach th' outpouring of a stream,
Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n: the lofty cliffs
Resound, and bellows the big sea without;
With such a sound advanc'd the Trojan host:
While round Patroclus, with one heart and mind,
The Greeks a fence of brass-clad bucklers rais'd.

[Ajax Defends the Body of Patroclus.]—(DERBY.)

At first the Trojans drove the keen-ey'd Greeks;
Leaving the corpse, they fled; nor with their spears
The valiant Trojans reach'd a single Greek;
But on the dead they seiz'd; yet not for long
Endur'd their flight; them Ajax rallied soon,
In form pre-eminent, and deeds of arms,
O'er all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son.
Onward he sprang, as springs a mountain boar,
Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,
Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths;
So Ajax scatter'd soon the Trojan ranks,
That round Patroclus closing, hop'd to bear,
With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy.
* * * All around
Patroclus rose a fence of serried shields,
And spears projecting: such the orders giv'n
By Ajax, and with earnest care enforc'd;
That from around the dead should none retire,
Nor any to the front advance alone
Before his fellows; but their steady guard
Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage.
So order'd Ajax; then with crimson blood
The earth was wet; and hand to hand they fell,
Trojans alike, and brave Allies, and Greeks;
Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought.

borne themselves more bravely in the fight than all others):

"See if thou canst find Antilochus, Nestor's son, that he may carry the tidings to Achilles, how that Patroclus is dead."

So Menelaüs went and found Antilochus on the left of the battle, and said to him, "I have ill news for thee. Thou seest, I trow, that the men of Troy have the victory to-day. And also Patroclus lies dead. Run, therefore, to Achilles, and tell him, if haply he may save the body; but as for the arms, Hector has them already."

Sore dismayed was Antilochus to hear such tidings, and his eyes were filled with tears and his voice was choked. Yet did he give heed to the words of Menelaüs, and ran to tell Achilles of what had chanced. But Menelaüs went back to Ajax, where he had left him by Patroclus, and said:

"Antilochus, indeed, bears the tidings to Achilles. Yet I doubt whether he will come, for all his wrath against Hector, seeing that he has no armor to cover him. Let us think, then, how we may best carry Patroclus away from the men of Troy."

Then said Ajax, "Do thou and Meriones run forward and raise the body in your arms, and I and the son of Oïleus will keep off meanwhile the men of Troy."

So Menelaüs and Meriones ran forward and lifted up the body. And the Trojans ran forward with a great shout when they saw them, as dogs run barking before the hunters when they chase a wild boar; but when the beast turns to bay, lo! they flee this way and that. So did the men of Troy flee when Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less turned to give battle. But still the Greeks gave way, and still the Trojans came on, and ever in the front were Hector, the son of Priam, and Æneas, the son of Anchises. But in the meantime Antilochus came near to Achilles, who, indeed, seeing

[Jove Enshrouds the Body in Darkness.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Darkest clouds of night
O'erspread the warriors, who the battle wag'd
Around the body of Menœtius' son:
Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks
Fought, undisturb'd, in the clear light of day;
The sun's bright beams were shed abroad; no cloud
Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops;
They but by fits, at distant intervals,
And far apart, each seeking to avoid
The hostile missiles, fought; but in the midst
The bravest all, in darkness and in strife
Sore press'd, toil'd on beneath their armor's weight.

[The Furious Combat for the Corpse.]—(POPE.)

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death;
O'erlabor'd now, with dust and sweat and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch, and labor o'er
The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So tugging round the corse both armies stood,
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood.

[Jove's Thunder Terrifies the Greeks.]—(DERBY.)

Then Saturn's son his tassell'd ægis wav'd,
All glitt'ring bright; and Ida's lofty head
In clouds and darkness shrouded; then he bade
His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar,

that the Greeks fled and the men of Troy pursued, was already sore afraid. And he said, weeping as he spake:

"I bring ill news—Patroclus lies low. The Greeks fight for his body, but Hector has his arms."

Then Achilles took of the dust of the plain in his hands, and poured it on his head, and lay at his length upon the ground, and tare his hair. And all the women wailed. And Antilochus sat weeping; but ever he held the hands of Achilles, lest he should slay himself in his great grief.

Then came his mother, hearing his cry, from where she sat in the depths of the sea, and laid her hand on him and said:

"Why weepest thou, my son? Hide not the matter from me, but tell me."

And Achilles answered, "All that Zeus promised thee for me he hath fulfilled. But what profit have I, for lo! my friend Patroclus is dead, and Hector has the arms which I gave him to wear. And as for me, I care not to live, except I can avenge me upon him."

Then said Thetis, "Nay, my son, speak not thus
For when Hector dieth, thy doom also is near."

And Achilles spake in great wrath: "Would that I might die this hour, seeing that I could not help my friend, but am a burden on the earth—I, who am better in battle than all the Greeks besides. Cursed be the wrath that sets men to strive the one with the other, even as it set me to strive with King Agamemnon! But let the past be past. And as for my fate—let it come when it may, so that I first avenge myself on Hector. Wherefore seek not to keep me back from the battle."

Then Thetis said, "Be it so; only thou canst not go without thy arms, which Hector hath. But to-morrow will I go to Hephæstus, that he may furnish thee anew."

That shook the mountain; and with vict'ry crowned
The Trojan arms, and panic-struck the Greeks.

[Ajax Prays for Light.]—(POPE.)

"Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart;
Not so our spears; incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain. * * *
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness——Lord of earth and air!
O king! O father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!"
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The god, relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray,
The blaze of armor flashed against the day.

[Menelāus and Meriones, Protected by the Ajaces, Bear Off the Corpse.]

* * * They, lifting in their arms the corpse,
Uprais'd it high in air; then from behind
Loud yell'd the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks
Retiring with their dead; and on they rush'd,
As dogs that in advance of hunter youths
Pursue a wounded boar; awhile they run,
Eager for blood; but when, in pride of strength,
He turns upon them, backward they recoil,
This way and that in fear of death dispers'd:
So onward press'd awhile the Trojan crowd,
With thrust of swords, and double-pointed spears;

But while they talked the men of Troy pressed the Greeks more and more, and the twò heroes, Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, could no longer keep Hector back, but that he should lay hold of the body of Patroclus. And indeed he would have taken it, but that Zeus sent Iris to Achilles, who said:

"Rouse thee, son of Peleus, or Patroclus will be a prey for the dogs of Troy!"

But Achilles said, "How shall I go?—for arms have I none, nor know I whose I might wear. Haply I could shift with the shield of Ajax, son of Telamon but he, I know, is carrying it in the front of the battle."

Then answered Iris, "Go only to the trench and show thyself; so shall the men of Troy tremble and cease from the battle, and the Greeks shall have breathing space."

So he went, and Athené put her ægis about his mighty shoulders, and a golden halo about his head, making it shine as a flame of fire, even as the watch-fires shine at night from some city that is besieged. Then went he to the trench; with the battle he mingled not, heeding his mother's commands, but he shouted aloud, and his voice was as the sound of a trumpet. And when the men of Troy heard, they were stricken with fear, and the horses backed with the chariots, and the drivers were astonished when they saw the flaming fire above his head which Athené had kindled. Thrice across the trench the great Achilles shouted, and thrice the men of Troy fell back. And that hour there perished twelve chiefs of fame, wounded by their own spears or trampled by their own steeds, so great was the terror among the men of Troy.

Right gladly did the Greeks take Patroclus out of the press. Then they laid him on a bier and carried him to the tent, Achilles walking with many tears by his side.

But ever as th' Ajaces turn'd to bay,
Their color changed to pale, not one so bold
As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse.
Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field
Bore tow'rd the ships their dead; but on their track
Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce,
As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire
Seizes some populous city, and devours
House after house amid the glare and blaze,
While roar the flames before the gusty wind;
So fiercely pressed upon the Greeks' retreat
The clatt'ring tramp of steeds and armèd men.
But as the mules, with stubborn strength endued,
That down the mountain through the trackless waste
Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships;
And spent with toil and sweat, still labor on
Unflinching; so the Greeks with patient toil
Bore on their dead; th' Ajaces in their rear
Stemming the war, as stems the torrent's force
Some wooded cliff, far-stretching o'er the plain;
Checking the mighty river's rushing stream,
And flinging it aside upon the plain,
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood:
So firmly, in the rear, th' Ajaces stemm'd
The Trojan force.—(DERBY.)

Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage;
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedged in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung
High on poised pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror and the mingled cry;
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armor lay:

But on the other side the men of Troy held an assembly. Standing they held it, for none dared to sit, lest Achilles should be upon them.

Then spake Polydamas: "Let us not wait here for the morning. It was well for us to fight at the ships while Achilles yet kept his wrath against Agamemnon. But now it is not so. For to-morrow he will come against us in his anger, and many will fall before him. Wherefore let us go back to the city, for high are the walls and strong the gates, and he will perish before he pass them."

Then said Hector, "This is ill counsel, Polydamas. Shall we shut ourselves up in the city, where all our goods are wasted already, buying meat for the people? Nay, let us watch to-night, and to-morrow we will fight with the Greeks. And if Achilles be indeed come forth from his tent, be it so. I will not shun to meet him, for Ares gives the victory now to one man and now to another."

So he spake, and all the people applauded, foolish, not knowing what the morrow should bring forth.

Meanwhile in the camp of the Greeks they mourned for Patroclus. And Achilles stood among his Myrmidons and said:

"Vain was the promise that I made to Menœtius that I would bring back his son with his portion of the spoils of Troy. But Zeus fulfils not the thoughts of man. For he lies dead, nor shall I return to the house of Peleus, my father, for I, too, must die in this land. But thee, O Patroclus, I will not bury till I bring hither the head and the arms of Hector, and twelve men of Troy to slay at thy funeral pile."

So they washed the body of Patroclus and anointed it, putting ointment into the wounds, and laid it on a bed, and covered it with a veil from the head to the feet.

Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.—(POPE.)

[Achilles Learns of Patroclus' Death.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Darkest clouds of grief o'erspread
Achilles' brow; with both his hands he seiz'd
And pour'd upon his head the grimy dust,
Marring his graceful visage; and defil'd
With black'ning ashes all his costly robes.
Stretch'd in the dust his lofty stature lay,
As with his hands his flowing locks he tore; * * *
In tears beside him stood Antilochus,
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,
Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief
In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword.
Achilles, answ'ring, spoke in passionate grief:
"Would I might die this hour, who fail'd to save
My comrade slain! far from his native land
He died, sore needing my protecting arm;
And I, who ne'er again must see my home,
Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid;
But idly here I sit, cumb'ring the ground:
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own
In fight. * * * "

[Juno Commands Achilles to Join the War.]—(DERBY.)

* * * From Olympus' height
Came storm-swift Iris down to Peleus' son,
And bade him don his arms; by Juno sent,
Unknown to Jove, and to th' Immortals all.
She stood beside him, and addressed him thus:
"Up, son of Peleus! up, thou prince of men!
Haste to Patroclus' rescue; whom around,
Before the ships, is waged a fearful war,

Then went Thetis to the palace of Hephæstus, to pray him that he would make arms for her son. And the lady his wife, whose name was Grace, bade her welcome, and said:

"Why comest thou, Thetis? for thou art not wont to come hither, though thou art dear to us."

Then she called to her husband that Thetis sought him, and he answered from his forge where he wrought:

"Dear is Thetis to me, for she saved me in the old time, when my mother would have put me away because that I was lame. Greet her therefore for me; right willingly will I pay her what she deserves at my hands." Then he came from his forge and sat down by the goddess, and asked her, "What wantest thou?"

Then did Thetis tell him of her son Achilles, and of the wrong that had been done to him, and of his wrath, and of how Patroclus was dead, and the arms that he had had were lost.

Then said Hephæstus, "Be of good cheer: I will make what thou askest. Would that I could as easily keep from him the doom of death."

Then Hephæstus wrought at his forge. And first of all he made a mighty shield. On it he wrought the earth, and the sky, and the sea, and the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. He wrought also two cities. In the one there was peace, and about the other there was war. For in the first they led a bride to her home with music and dancing, and the women stood in the doors to see the show, and in the market-place the judges judged about one that had been slain, and one said that he had paid the price of blood, and the other denied. But about the other city there sat an army besieging it, and the men of the city stood upon the wall, defending it. These had also set an ambush by a river where the herds were wont to drink. And

With mutual slaughter; these the dead defend,
And those to Ilion's breezy heights intent
To bear the body; noble Hector chief,
Who longs to sever from the tender neck,
And fix upon the spikes, thy comrade's head.
Up then! delay no longer; deem it shame
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,
Dishon'ring thee, if aught dishonor him."
To whom again Achilles, swift of foot:
"How in the battle toil can I engage?
My arms are with the Trojans; * * *
Nor know I well whose armor I could wear,
Save the broad shield of Ajax Telamon." * * *
Whom answer'd storm-swift Iris: "Well we know
Thy glorious arms are by the Trojans held;
But go thou forth, and from above the ditch
Appear before them; daunted at the sight,
Haply the Trojans may forsake the field,
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs."

[Achilles Appears to the Armies.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Achilles stood above the ditch,
And shouted loudly; Pallas join'd her voice,
And filled with terror all the Trojan host.
Clear as the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms
Some town, encompass'd round with hostile bands,
Rang out the voice of great Æacides.
But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,
They quail'd in spirit; the sleek-skin'd steeds themselves,
Conscious of coming ill, bore back the cars;
Their charioteers, dismay'd, beheld the flame
Which, kindled by the blue-ey'd Goddess, blazed
Unquench'd around the head of Peleus' son.

when the herds came down, they rose up and took them, and slew the herdsmen. But the army of the besiegers heard the cry, and came swiftly on horses, and fought by the bank of the river. Also he wrought one field where many men drove the plough, and another where reapers reaped the corn, and boys gathered it in their arms to bind into sheaves, while the lord stood glad at heart beholding them. Also he wrought a vineyard, wherein was a path, and youths and maidens bearing baskets of grapes, and in the midst a boy played on a harp of gold and sang a pleasant song. Also he made a herd of oxen going from the stables to the pastures, and herdsmen and dogs, and in the front two lions had caught a mighty bull and were devouring it, while the dogs stood far off and barked. Also he made a sheepfold; also a marvellous dance of men and maidens, and these had coronets of gold, and those daggers of gold hanging from belts of silver. And round about the shield he wrought the great river of ocean. Besides the shield, he also made a corslet brighter than fire, and a great helmet with a crest of gold, and greaves of tin.

Thrice shouted from the ditch the godlike chief;
Thrice terror struck both Trojans and Allies;
And there and then beside their chariots fell
Twelve of their bravest, while the Greeks, well pleas'd,
Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,
And on a litter laid.

[Achilles Swears Vengeance Over the Body of Patroclus.]—(DERBY.)

* * * The Greeks all night with tears and groans
Bewail'd Patroclus: on his comrade's breast
Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands
And led with bitter groans the loud lament. * * *
"For us hath fate decreed, that here in Troy
We two one soil should redden with our blood; * * *
But since, Patroclus, I am doom'd on earth
Behind thee to remain, thy fun'ral rites
I will not celebrate till Hector's arms,
And head, thy haughty slayer's, here I bring;
And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Troy
Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death.
Thou by our beakèd ships till then must lie."
He said, and bade his comrades on the fire
An ample tripod place, without delay
To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore:
They on the burning fire the tripod plac'd,
With water fill'd, and kindled wood beneath.
Around the bellying tripod rose the flames,
Heating the bath; within the glitt'ring brass
Soon as the water boil'd, they wash'd the corpse,
With lissom oils anointing, and the wounds
With fragrant ointments fill'd, of nine years old;
Then in fine linen they the body wrapp'd
From head to feet, and laid it on a couch,
And cover'd over with a fair white sheet.

ILIAD.

[Vulcan Forges New Armor for Achilles.]

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breathed: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold.
Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand:
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
—(POPE.)

And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong,
With rich adornment; circled with a rim,
Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended; of five folds the shield was form'd;
And on its surface many a rare design
Of curious art his practis'd skill had wrought.

Thereon were figur'd earth, and sky, and sea,
The ever-circling sun, and full-orb'd moon,
And all the signs that crown the vault of Heav'n;
Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, call'd the Wain, who wheels on high
His circling course, and on Orion waits;
Sole star that never bathes in th' ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there:
In one were marriage, pomp and revelry,
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.

Youths whirl'd around in joyous dance, with sound
Of flute and harp; and, standing at their doors,
Admiring women on the pageant gaz'd.
Meanwhile a busy throng the forum fill'd:
There between two a fierce contention rose,
About a death-fine; to the public one
Appeal'd, asserting to have paid the whole;
While one denied that he had aught received.
Both were desirous that before the Judge
The issue should be tried; with noisy shouts
Their several partisans encourag'd each.
The heralds still'd the tumult of the crowd:
On polish'd chairs, in solemn circle sat
The rev'rend Elders; in their hands they held
The loud-voic'd heralds' sceptres; waving these,
They heard th' alternate pleadings: in the midst
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.

Before the second town two armies lay,
In arms refulgent; to destroy the town
Th' assailants threaten'd, or among themselves
Of all the wealth within the city stor'd
An equal half, as ransom, to divide,
The terms rejecting, the defenders mann'd
A secret ambush; on the walls they plac'd
Women and children muster'd for defence,
And men by age enfeebled; forth they went,
By Mars and Pallas led; these, wrought in gold,
In golden arms array'd, above the crowd
For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,
Conspicuous shone; of lesser height the rest.
But when the destin'd ambuscade was reach'd,
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay,
In glitt'ring arms accoutred; and apart

They plac'd two spies, to notify betimes
Th' approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appear'd,
Who, unsuspecting as they mov'd along,
Enjoyed the music of their past'ral pipes.
They on the booty, from afar discern'd,
Sprang from their ambuscade; and cutting off
The herds, and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds
Pursued the plund'rers, and o'ertook them soon.
There on the river's bank they met in arms,
And each at other hurl'd their brazen spears.

And there were figur'd Strife, and Tumult wild,
And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
One newly-wounded, one unwounded bore,
While by the feet from out the press she dragg'd
Another slain: about her shoulders hung
A garment crimson'd with the blood of men.
Like living men they seem'd to move, to fight,
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was grav'n a wide-extended plain
Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow, soil,
Thrice plough'd; where many ploughmen up and down
Their teams were driving; and as each attain'd
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of gen'rous wine:
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.
And still behind them darker show'd the soil,
The true presentment of a new-plough'd field,
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.—(DERBY.)

There grew by this a field of corn, high, ripe, where reapers wrought,
And let thick handfuls fall to earth, for which some other brought
Bands and made sheaves. Three binders stood, and took the handfuls reaped
From boys that gathered quickly up, and by them armfuls heaped.
Amongst these at a furrow's end the king stood pleased at heart,
Said no word, but his scepter showed. And from him, much apart,
His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a feast prepared,
And having killed a mighty ox, stood there to see him shared,
Which women for their harvest folks (then come to sup) had dressed,
And many white wheat-cakes bestowed, to make it up a feast.—(CHAPMAN.)

And, with rich clusters laden, there was grav'n
A vineyard fair; all gold; of glossy black
The bunches were, on silver poles sustain'd:
Around, a darksome trench; beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tin; and through it led
One only path, by which the bearers pass'd,
Who gather'd in the vineyard's bounteous store.
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
A boy, amid them, from a clear-ton'd harp
Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied; they all with dance
And song harmonious join'd, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bevy lightly tripp'd along.—(DERBY.)

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars;
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.—(POPE.)

And there the skilful artist's hand had trac'd
A pasture broad, with fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and pens.
There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst
At fair hair'd Ariadne's bidding fram'd.
There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
Bright youths and many-suitor'd maidens danc'd:
In fair white linen these; in tunics those,
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils;
These with fair coronets were crown'd, while those
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.
Now whirl'd they round with nimble practis'd feet,
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns
A wheel, new fashion'd by his skilful hand,
And spins it round, to prove if true it run;
Now featly mov'd in well-beseeming ranks.
A num'rous crowd, around, the lovely dance
Survey'd, delighted; while an honor'd Bard
Sang, as he struck the lyre, and to the strain
Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round.

About the margin of the massive shield
Was wrought the mighty strength of th' ocean stream.
The shield completed, vast and strong, he forg'd
A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire;
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,
Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above;
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.
The skill'd artificer his works complete
Before Achilles' Goddess-mother laid:
She, like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights
Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
Charged with the glitt'ring arms by Vulcan wrought.
—(DERBY.)

CHAPTER XIV

BUT all the while Achilles sat mourning for Patroclus, and his comrades wept about him. And at dawn Thetis brought him the arms and laid them before him. Loud they rattled on the ground, and all the Myrmidons trembled to hear; but when Achilles saw them his eyes blazed with fire, and he rejoiced in his heart. Only he said to his mother that he feared lest the body should decay, but she answered:

"Be not troubled about this, for I will see to it. Make thy peace with Agamemnon, and go to the battle."

Then Achilles went along the shore and called the Greeks to an assembly, shouting mightily; and all, even those who were wont to abide in the ships, listened to his voice and came. So the assembly was gathered, and Achilles stood up in the midst, saying that he had put away his wrath; and King Agamemnon, sitting on his throne (for his wound hindered him from standing), said that he repented him of the wrong which he had done, only that Zeus had turned his thoughts to folly; but now he would give to Achilles all that Ulysses had promised on his behalf. And Achilles would have led the Greeks straightway to battle, but the wise Ulysses hindered him, saying that it was not well that he should send them to the fight fasting. Then did Agamemnon send to the tents of Achilles all the gifts that he had promised, and with them the maiden Briseïs. But she, when she came and saw Patroclus, beat her breast and her fair neck and

[The Goddess Thetis Brings Arms to Her Son, Achilles.]—DERBY.)

Now morn in saffron robe, from th' ocean stream
Ascending, light diffus'd o'er Gods and men;
As Thetis, to the ships returning, bore
The gift of Vulcan; there her son she found,
Who o'er Patroclús hung in bitter grief;
Around him mourn'd his comrades; in the midst
She stood, and clasp'd his hand, and thus she spoke:
"Leave we, my son, though deep our grief, the dead;
Here let him lie, since Heav'n hath doom'd his fall;
But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent,
Fairer than e'er on mortal breast were borne."
The arms before Achilles, as she spoke,
The Goddess laid; loud rang the wondrous work.
With awe the Myrmidons beheld; nor dar'd
Affront the sight: but as Achilles gaz'd,
More fiery burn'd his wrath; beneath his brows
His eyes like lightning flash'd; with fierce delight
He seiz'd the glorious gift: and when his soul
Had feasted on the miracle of art,
To Thetis thus his wingèd words address'd:
"Mother, the God hath giv'n me arms indeed,
Worthy a God, and such as mortal man
Could never forge; I go to arm me straight."

[Achilles Ends His Quarrel With Agamemnon.]—(DERBY.)

Along the ocean beach Achilles pass'd,
And, loudly shouting, call'd on all the chiefs;
Then all who heretofore remain'd on board,
The steersmen, who the vessels' rudders hold,
The very stewards that serv'd the daily bread,
All to th' assembly throng'd, when reappear'd
Achilles, from the fight so long withdrawn. * * *
When all the Greeks were closely thronged around,

face, and wailed aloud, for he had been gentle and good, she said. And all the women wailed with her, thinking each of her own sorrows.

Then the chiefs would have Achilles feast with them; but he hearkened not, for he would neither eat nor drink till he had had vengeance for the dead. And he spake, saying:

"Often, Patroclus, hast thou ordered the feast when we were hastening to the war. And now thou liest slain, and for grief for thee I cannot eat nor drink. For greater sorrow could not have come to me, not though Peleus himself were dead, or my young son Neoptolemus. Often did I think that I only should perish here, but that thou shouldest return and show him all that was mine—goods and servants and palace."

And as he wept the old men wept with him, thinking each of what he had left at home.

But after this the Greeks were gathered to the battle, and Achilles shone in the midst with the arms of Hephæstus upon him, and he flashed like fire. Then he spake to his horses:

"Take heed, Bayard and Piebald, that you save your driver to-day, nor leave him dead on the field, as you left Patroclus."

Then Heré gave to the horse Bayard a voice, so that he spake: "Surely we will save thee, great Achilles; yet, for all that, doom is near to thee, nor are we the cause, but the gods and mastering Fate. Nor was it of us that Patroclus died, but Apollo slew him, and gave the glory to Hector. So shalt thou, too, die by the hands of a god and of a mortal man."

And Achilles said, "What need to tell me of my doom? Right well I know it. Yet will I not cease till I have made the Trojans weary of battle."

Then with a shout he rushed to the battle. And first there met him Æneas. Now Achilles cared not to

Up rose Achilles swift of foot, and said:
"Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain
To thee or me, since heart-consuming strife
Hath fiercely rag'd between us, for a girl,
Who would to heav'n had died by Dian's shafts
That day when from Lyrnessus' captur'd town
I bore her off? so had not many a Greek
Bitten the bloody dust, by hostile hands
Subdued, while I in anger stood aloof.
Great was the gain to Troy; but Greeks, methinks,
Will long retain the mem'ry of our feud.
Yet pass we that; and though our hearts be sore,
Still let us school our angry spirits down.
My wrath I here abjure; it is not meet
It burn forever unappeas'd; do thou
Muster to battle straight the long-hair'd Greeks;
That, to the Trojans once again oppos'd,
I may make trial if beside the ships
They dare this night remain; but he, I ween,
Will gladly rest his limbs, who safe shall fly,
My spear escaping, from the battle-field."
He said: the well-greav'd Greeks rejoic'd to hear
His wrath abjur'd by Peleus' godlike son.

[Achilles Arms for Battle.]—(DERBY.)

* * * From out the ships they pour'd.
Thick as the snow-flakes that from Heav'n descend,
Before the sky-born Boreas' chilling blast;
So thick, outpouring from the ships, the stream
Of helmets polish'd bright, and bossy shields,
And breastplates firmly brac'd, and ashen spears:
Their brightness flash'd to Heav'n, and laugh'd the Earth
Beneath the brazen glare; loud rang the tramp
Of armèd men: Achilles in the midst,
The godlike chief, in dazzling arms array'd.

fight with him, but bade him go back to his comrades. But Æneas would not, but told him of his race, how that he came from Zeus on his father's side, and how that his mother was Aphrodité, and that he held himself a match for any mortal man. Then he cast his spear, which struck the shield of Achilles with so dreadful a sound that the hero feared lest it should pierce it through, knowing not that the gifts of the gods are not easy for mortal man to vanquish. Two folds indeed it pierced that were of bronze, but in the gold it was stayed, and there were yet two of tin within. Then Achilles cast his spear. Through the shield of Æneas it passed, and though it wounded him not, yet was he sore dismayed, so near it came. Then Achilles drew his sword and rushed on Æneas, and Æneas caught up a great stone to cast at him. But it was not the will of the gods that Æneas should perish, seeing that he and his sons after him should rule over the men of Troy in the ages to come. Therefore Poseidon lifted him up and bore him over the ranks of men to the left of the battle, but first he drew the spear out of the shield and laid it at the feet of Achilles. Much the hero marvelled to see it, crying:

"This is a great wonder that I see with mine eyes. For, lo! the spear is before me, but the man whom I sought to slay I see not. Of a truth Æneas spake truth, saying that he was dear to the immortal gods."

Then he rushed into the battle, slaying as he went. And Hector would have met him, but Apollo stood by him and said, "Fight not with Achilles, lest he slay thee." Therefore he went back among the men of Troy. Many did Achilles slay, and among them Polydorus, son of Priam, who, because he was the youngest and very dear, his father suffered not to go to the battle. Yet he went, in his folly, and being very swift of foot, he trusted in his speed, running through the foremost

His teeth were gnashing audibly; his eye
Blaz'd with the light of fire; but in his heart
Was grief unbearable; with furious wrath
He burn'd against the Trojans, as he donn'd
The heav'nly gifts, the work of Vulcan's hand.
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,
Fasten'd with silver clasps; his breastplate next
Around his chest; and o'er his breastplate flung
His silver-studded sword, with blade of brass;
Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence gleam'd
A light refulgent as the full-orb'd moon;
Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne
The watchfire's light, which, high among the hills,
Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold:
As they, reluctant, by the stormy winds,
Far from their friends are o'er the waters driv'n;
So from Achilles' shield, bright, richly wrought,
The light was thrown. The weighty helm he rais'd,
And plac'd it on his head; the plumèd helm
Shone like a star; and wav'd the hairs of gold,
Thick-set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest.
Then all the arms Achilles prov'd to know
If well they fitted to his graceful limbs:
Like wings, they seem'd to lift him from the ground.
Last from its case he drew his father's spear,
Long, pond'rous, tough; not one of all the Greeks,
None, save Achilles' self, could poise that spear;
The far-fam'd Pelian ash, which to his sire,
On Pelion's summit fell'd, to be the bane
Of mighty chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.
With care Automedon and Alcimus
The horses yok'd, with collars fair attach'd:
Plac'd in their mouths the bits, and pass'd the reins
Back to the well-built car: Automedon
Sprang on the car, with shining lash in hand:
Behind, Achilles came, array'd for war,
In arms all glitt'ring as the gorgeous sun.

of the fighters. But as he ran Achilles smote him and wounded him to the death. But when Hector saw it he could not bear any more to stand apart. Therefore he rushed at Achilles, and Achilles rejoiced to see him, saying, "This is the man who slew my comrade." But they fought not then, for when Hector cast his spear Athené turned it aside, and when Achilles charged, Apollo bore Hector away.

Then Achilles turned to the others, and slew multitudes of them, so that they fled, part across the plain, and part to the river, the eddying Xanthus. And these leapt into the water as locusts leap into a river when the fire which men light drives them from the fields. And all the river was full of horses and men. Then Achilles leapt into the stream, leaving his spear on the bank, resting on the tamarisk trees. Only his sword had he, and with this he slew many; and they were as fishes which fly from some great dolphin in the sea. In all the bays of a harbor they hide themselves, for the great beast devours them apace. So did the Trojans hide themselves under the banks of the river. And when Achilles was weary of slaying he took twelve alive, whom he would slay on the tomb of Patroclus. Nor was there but one who dared to stand up against him, and this was Asteropæus, who was the grandson of the river god Axius, and led the men of Pæonia. And Achilles wondered to see him, and said:

"Who art thou, that standest against me?"

And he said, "I am the grandson of the river god Axius, fairest of all the streams on the earth, and I lead the men of Pæonia."

And as he spake he cast two spears, one with each hand, for he could use either alike; and the one struck the shield, nor pierced it through, for the gold stayed it, and the other grazed the right hand so that the blood spurted forth. Then did Achilles cast his spear,

[Æneas Opposes Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

Then all the plain, with men and horses throng'd,
The brazen gleam illumin'd; rang the earth
Beneath their feet, as to the battle-shock
They rush'd; but in the midst, both hosts between,
Eager for fight, stood forth two warriors bold,
Proudly pre-eminent; Anchises' son
Æneas, and Achilles' godlike might.
  Æneas first with threat'ning mien advanced,
Nodding his pond'rous helm; before his breast
His shield he bore, and pois'd his brazen spear.
Him met Achilles from th' opposing ranks;
Fierce as a rav'ning lion * * *
  Æneas hurl'd against the mighty shield
His brazen spear; loud rang the weapon's point;
And at arm's length Achilles held the shield
With his broad hand, in fear that through its folds
Æneas' spear would easy passage find;
Blind fool! forgetful that the glorious gifts
Bestow'd by Gods are not with ease o'ercome,
Nor yield before th' assaults of mortal men.
So broke not through Æneas' sturdy spear,
Stay'd by the golden plate, the gift of Heav'n;
Yet through two plates it pass'd, but three remain'd,
For five were in the shield by Vulcan wrought;
Two were of brass, the inner two of tin,
And one of gold, which stay'd the brazen spear.
  Achilles threw in turn his pond'rous spear,
And struck the circle of Æneas' shield
Near the first rim, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest too th' o'erlying hide; right through
The Pelian shaft was driv'n; wide gap'd the shield.
Æneas crouch'd, in fear, as o'er his head
He held his shield; the eager weapon pass'd
Through both the circles of his ample shield,

but missed his aim, and the great spear stood fast in the bank. And thrice Asteropæus strove to draw it forth. Thrice he strove in vain, and the fourth time he strove to break the spear. But as he strove Achilles smote him that he died. Yet had he some glory, for that he wounded the great Achilles.

But Priam stood on a tower of the wall and saw the people. Sore troubled was he, and he hastened down to the gates and said to the keepers, "Keep the wicket-gates in your hands open, that the people may enter in, for they fly before Achilles." So the keepers held the wicket-gates in their hands, and the people hastened in, wearied with toil and thirst, and covered with dust, and Achilles followed close upon them. And that hour would the Greeks have taken the city of Troy, but that Apollo saved it. For he put courage into the heart of Antenor's son Agenor, standing also by him, that he should not be slain. Therefore Agenor stood, thinking within himself:

"Shall I now flee with these others? Nay, for not the less will Achilles take me and slay me, and I shall die as a coward dies. Or shall I flee across the plain to Ida, and hide me in the thickets, and come back at nightfall to the city? Yet should he see me he will overtake me and smite me, so swift of foot is he and strong. But what if I stand to meet him before the gates? Well, he, too, is a mortal man and his flesh may be pierced by the spear."

Therefore he stood till Achilles should come near. And when he came he cast his spear, striking the leg below the knee, but the greave turned off the spear, so strong was it. But when Achilles would have slain him, lo! Apollo lifted him up and set him within the city. And that the men of Troy might have space to enter, he took upon him Agenor's shape. And the

And in the ground, behind him, quiv'ring, stood
Escap'd the pond'rous weapon, sharpest pain
Flashing across his eyes, in fear he stood,
So close the spear had pass'd him; onward then,
Drawing his trenchant blade, Achilles rush'd,
With fearful shout; a rocky fragment then
Æneas lifted up, a mighty mass,
Which scarce two men, as men are now, could bear,
But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.
Then had Æneas, with the massive stone,
Or on the helmet, or the shield, his death
Averting, struck Achilles; and himself
Had by the sword of Peleus' son been slain,
Had not th' Earth-shaking God his peril seen. * * *
Around the eyes of Peleus' son he spread
A veil of mist; then from Æneas' shield
The brass-tipp'd spear withdrawing, laid it down
Before Achilles' feet; and lifting up
Æneas, bore him high above the ground.
O'er many a rank of warriors and of cars
Æneas flew, supported by the God.

[Pallas Aids Achilles and Apollo Rescues Hector.]—(DERBY.)

* * * With uplifted spears
Advanc'd the Trojans; from the mingling hosts
Loud rose the clamor; then at Hector's side
Apollo stood, and thus address'd the chief:
"Hector, forbear Achilles to defy;
And 'mid the crowd withdraw thee from the fray;
Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far,
Or with the sword in combat hand to hand."
He said; and troubled by the heav'nly voice,
Hector amid the throng of men withdrew. * * *
When Hector saw his brother Polydore
Writhing in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes,

false Agenor fled, and Achilles pursued. But meanwhile the men of Troy flocked into the city, nor did they stay to ask who was safe and who was dead in such haste and fear did they flee.

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Nor longer could he bear to stand aloof,
But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire,
His keen spear brandishing; at sight of him
Up leap'd Achilles, and exulting cried:
"Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,
Who slew my lov'd companion: now, methinks,
Upon the pass of war not long shall we
Stand separate, nor each the other shun."
Then, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus:
"Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
Unterrified: "Achilles, think not me,
As though a fool and ignorant of war,
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well
With cutting words and insult answer thee.
I know thee strong and valiant; and I know
Myself to thee inferior; but th' event
Is with the Gods; and I, if such their will,
The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life:
My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness prov'd."
He said, and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,
Which from Achilles Pallas turn'd aside
With lightest breath; and back to Hector sent,
And laid before his feet; intent to slay,
Onward Achilles rush'd with fearful shout;
But Phœbus Hector from the field convey'd,

(As Gods can only,) veil'd in thickest cloud.
Thrice Peleus' godlike son, with brazen spear,
His onset made; thrice struck the misty cloud;
But when, with pow'r as of a God, he made
His fourth essay, in fury thus he cried:
"Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escap'd;
Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath sav'd,
Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,
Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again;
When I shall end thee, if I too may claim
A guardian God; meanwhile, from thee I turn,
And others seek on whom my hap may light."

[Achilles Drives the Trojans With Great Slaughter.]—(DERBY.)

As rage the fires amid the wooded glen
Of some parch'd mountain's side, and fiercely burns
The copse-wood dry, while eddying here and there
The flames are whirl'd before the gusty wind;
So fierce Achilles raged, on ev'ry side
Pursuing, slaught'ring; reek'd the earth with blood.
As when upon a well-roll'd threshing-floor,
Two sturdy-fronted steers, together yok'd,
Tread the white barley out; beneath their feet
Fast flies the grain out-trodden from the husk;
So by Achilles driv'n, his flying steeds
His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
Around the car, as from the horses' feet
And from the felloes of the wheels were thrown
The bloody gouts; and onward still he press'd,
Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed
With gore and carnage his unconquer'd hands.

ILIAD.

[The Carnage at the River.]—(DERBY.)

But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,
Achilles cut in twain the flying host;
Part driving tow'rd the city, o'er the plain,
Where on the former day the routed Greeks,
When Hector rag'd victorious, fled amain.
On, terror-struck, they rush'd; but Juno spread,
To baffle their retreat, before their path,
Clouds and thick darkness: half the fugitives
In the deep river's silv'ry eddies plung'd:
With clamor loud they fell: the torrent roar'd;
The banks around re-echoed; here and there,
They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam. * * *
His spear amid the tamarisks on the bank
The hero left; on savage deeds intent,
Arm'd with his sword alone, a God in pow'r,
He sprang amid the torrent; right and left
He smote; then fearful rose the groans of men
Slain with the sword; the stream ran red with blood.
As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd
The shoal recesses of some open bay,
In fear, for whom he catches he devours;
So crouch'd the Trojans in the mighty stream
Beneath the banks; and when at length his hand
Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,
He dragg'd twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be
The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid.
Helpless from fear, as fawns, he brought them forth;
Their hands secur'd behind them with the belts
Which o'er their shirts of twisted mail they wore,
And bade his comrades lead them to the ships.
Then on again he dash'd, athirst for blood.

[The Trojans Driven to the City in Panic.]—(DERBY.)

* * * On the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son
Horses and men alike, promiscuous, slew.
As in a city, which the Gods in wrath
Have fir'd, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heav'n,
On all her people grievous toil is cast,
On many, harm and loss; such toil, such loss
Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host.
Upon a lofty tow'r, the work of Gods,
The aged Priam stood, and looking down,
He mark'd Achilles' giant might, and saw
Before him driv'n in panic flight confus'd,
Their courage quite subdu'd, the Trojan host:
Then, groaning, from the tow'r he hasten'd down,
And to the warders cried along the wall:
"Stand to the gates, and hold them open'd wide,
That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,
And refuge find; for close upon their flight
Achilles hangs; disaster now is near.
But while our friends, receiv'd within the walls,
Find time to breathe again, replace in haste
The closely-fitting portals; for I fear
That man of blood may e'en the city storm."
He said; the gates they open'd, and drew back
The solid bars; the portals, op'ning wide,
Let in the light; but in the vacant space
Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save. * * *
Meantime the gen'ral crowd, in panic flight,
With eager haste the city's refuge sought,
And all the town with fugitives was fill'd.
Nor did they dare without the walls to stand
For mutual aid; nor halt to know what friends
Were safe, who left upon the battle-field;
But through the gates pour'd in the hurrying mass
Who to their active limbs their safety ow'd.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

THE Trojans were now safe in the city, refreshing themselves after all their grievous toil. Only Hector remained outside the walls, standing in front of the great Scæan gates. But all the while Achilles was fiercely pursuing the false Agenor, till at last Apollo turned and spake to him:

"Why dost thou pursue me, swift-footed Achilles? Hast thou not yet found out that I am a god, and that all thy fury is in vain? And now all the sons of Troy are safe in their city, and thou art here, far out of the way, seeking to slay me, who cannot die."

In great wrath Achilles answered him, "Thou hast done me wrong in so drawing me away from the wall, great archer, most mischief-loving of all the gods that are. Had it not been for this, many a Trojan more had bitten the ground. Thou hast robbed me of great glory, and saved thy favorites. O that I had the power to take vengeance on thee! Thou hadst paid dearly for thy cheat!"

Then he turned and rushed towards the city, swift as a racehorse whirls a chariot across the plain. Old Priam spied him from the walls, with his glittering armor, bright as that brightest of the stars—men call it Orion's dog—which shines at vintage-time, a baleful light, bringing the fevers of autumn to men. And the old man groaned aloud when he saw him, and stretching out his hands, cried to his son Hector, where he

[Hector Awaits Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

Thus they from panic flight, like timorous fawns,
Within the walls escaping, dried their sweat,
And drank, and quench'd their thirst, reclining safe
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet Hector still
In front of Ilion and the Scæan gate,
Stay'd by his evil doom, remain'd without, * * *
Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike son
As when a snake upon the mountain side,
With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole
Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,
Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts;
So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector stood,
Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd
Against the jutting tower. * * *

[Hector Panic Stricken Flies, Pursued by Achilles.]
—(DERBY.)

* * * Near approach'd
Achilles, terrible as plumèd Mars;
From his right shoulder brandishing aloft
The ashen spear of Peleus, while around
Flash'd his bright armor, dazzling as the glare
Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.
Hector beheld, and trembled at the sight;
Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but left
The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled.
Forward, with flying foot, Pelides rush'd.
As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,
From some high mountain-top, on tim'rous dove
Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,
Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,
Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin'd prey;

stood before the gates, eager to do battle with this dread warrior:

"Wait not for this man, dear son, wait not for him, lest thou die beneath his hand, for indeed he is stronger than thou. Wretch that he is! I would that the gods bare such love to him as I bare! Right soon would the dogs and vultures eat him. Of many brave sons has he bereaved me. Two I miss to-day—Polydorus and Lycaon. May be they are yet alive in the host of the Greeks, and I shall buy them back with gold, of which I have yet great store in my house. And if they are dead, sore grief will it be to me and to the mother who bare them; but little will care the other sons of Troy, so that thou fall not beneath the hand of Achilles. Come within the walls, dear child; come to save the sons and daughters of Troy; come in pity for me, thy father, for whom, in my old age, an evil fate is in store, to see sons slain with the sword, and daughters carried into captivity, and babes dashed upon the ground. Ay, and last of all, the dogs which I have reared in my palace will devour me, lapping my blood and tearing my flesh as I lie on the threshold of my home. That a young man should fall in battle and suffer such lot as happens to the slain, this is to be borne; but that such dishonor should be done to the white hair and white beard of the old, mortal eyes can see no fouler sight than this."

Thus old Priam spake, but could not turn the heart of his son. And from the wall on the other side of the gate his mother called to him, weeping sore, and if perchance she might thus move his pity, she bared her bosom in his sight, and said:

"Pity me, my son; think of the breast which I gave thee in the old days, and stilled thy cries. Come within the walls; wait not for this man, nor stand in battle against him. If he slay thee, nor I, nor thy wife, shall

So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,
So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,
Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.
They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall
Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, rac'd amain
Along the public road, until they reach'd
The fairly-flowing fount whence issues forth,
From double source, Scamander's eddying streams. * *
There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing;
Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,
With fiery speed; for on that race was stak'd
No common victim, no ignoble ox;
The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life.
As when the solid-footed horses fly
Around the course, contending for the prize,
Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft;
So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy;
* * * On Hector, with untiring hate,
The swift Achilles press'd; as when a hound
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side;
And if awhile it should evade pursuit,
Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he back,
Searching unwearied, till he find the trace;
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,
The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates
Beneath the well-built tow'rs, if haply thence
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford;
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.
He tow'rd the city still essay'd his flight;
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks
As vainly to pursue; so could not now
Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.

pay thee the last honors of the dead, but far away by the ships of the Greeks the dogs and vultures will devour thee."

So father and mother besought their son, but all in vain. He was still minded to abide the coming of Achilles. Just as in the mountains a great snake at its hole abides the coming of a man: fierce glare its eyes, and it coils its tail about its hole: so Hector waited for Achilles; and as he waited he thought thus within himself:

"Woe is me if I go within the walls! Polydamas will be the first to reproach me, for he advised me to bring back the sons of Troy to the city before the night when Achilles roused himself to war. But I would not listen to him. Would that I had! it had been much better for us; but now I have destroyed the people by my folly. I fear the sons and daughters of Troy, what they may say; I fear lest some coward reproach me: 'Hector trusted in his strength, and lo! he has destroyed the people.' Better were it for me either to slay Achilles or to fall by his hand with honor here before the walls. Or, stay: shall I put down my shield, and lay aside my helmet, and lean my spear against the wall and go to meet the great Achilles, and promise that we will give back the fair Helen, and all the wealth that Paris carried off with her; ay, and render up all the wealth that there is in the city, that the Greeks may divide it among themselves, binding the sons of Troy with an oath that they keep nothing back? But this is idle talk: he will have no shame or pity, but will slay me while I stand without arms or armor before him. It is not for us to talk as a youth and a maiden talk together. It is better to meet in arms, and see whether the ruler of Olympus will give victory to him or to me."

Thus he thought in his heart; and Achilles came

Yet how should Hector now the doom of death
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again,
And for the last time, to his rescue come,
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb? * * *
But when the fourth time in their rapid course
The founts were reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung
His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one,
For Hector one, and held them by the midst:
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death
Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side.

[Pallas Assists Achilles and Betrays Hector.]—

* * * Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
"O loved of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector, famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him. * * *
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."—(POPE.)

So Pallas spoke; and he with joy obeying,
Stood leaning on his brass-barb'd ashen spear.
The Goddess left him there, and went (the form
And voice assuming of Deiphobus)
In search of godlike Hector; him she found,
And standing near, with wingèd words address'd:
"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been bested
By fierce Achilles, who around the walls
Hath chased thee with swift foot; now stand we both
For mutual succor, and his onset wait."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:

near, brandishing over his right shoulder the great Pelian spear, and the flash of his arms was as the flame of fire, or as the rising sun. And Hector trembled when he saw him, nor dared to abide his coming. Fast he fled from the gates, and fast Achilles pursued him, as a hawk, fastest of all the birds of air, pursues a dove upon the mountains. Past the watch-tower they ran, past the wind-blown fig-tree, along the wagon-road which went about the walls, and they came to the fair-flowing fountain, where from two springs rises the stream of eddying Scamander. Hot is one spring, and a steam ever goes up from it, as from a burning fire; and cold is the other, cold, even in the summer heats, as hail or snow or ice. There are fair basins of stone, where the wives and fair daughters of Troy were wont to wash their garments, but that was in the old days of peace, or ever the Greeks came to the land. Past the springs they ran, one flying, the other pursuing: brave was he that fled, braver he that pursued; it was no sheep for sacrifice or shield of ox-hide for which they ran, but for the life of Hector, the tamer of horses. Thrice they ran round the city, and all the gods looked on.

And Zeus said, "This is a piteous sight that I behold. My heart is grieved for Hector—Hector, who has ever worshiped me with sacrifice, now on the heights of Ida, and now in the citadel of Troy; and now the great Achilles is pursuing him round the city of Priam. Come, ye gods, let us take counsel together. Shall we save him from death, or let him fall beneath the hand of Achilles?"

Then Athené said, "What is this that thou sayest, great sire?—to rescue a man whom fate has appointed to die? Do it, if it be thy will; but we, the other gods, approve it not."

Zeus answered her, "My heart is loath; yet I would do thee pleasure. Be it as thou wilt."

"Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been
Still dearest to my heart; and now the more
I honor thee who dar'st on my behalf,
Seeing my peril, from within the walls
To sally forth, while others skulk behind."
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied: * * *
"Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears;
Make trial if Achilles to the ships
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued."
Thus Pallas lur'd him on with treach'rous wile;
But when the two were met, and close at hand,
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm:
"No more before thee, Peleus' son, I fly:
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor dar'd
Await thine onset; now my spirit is rous'd
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke;
The surest witnesses and guardians they
Of compacts: at my hand no foul disgrace
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy life
To me be forfeit; of thine armor stripp'd
I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks
Thy body to restore; do thou the like."—(DERBY.)

"Talk not of oaths!" the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes,
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,

Then Athené came down in haste from the top of Olympus, and still Hector fled and Achilles pursued, just as the dog pursues a fawn upon the hills. And ever Hector made for the gates, or to get shelter beneath the towers, if haply those that stood upon them might defend him with their spears; and ever Achilles would get before him, and drive him towards the plain. So they ran, one making for the city, and the other driving him to the plain. Just as in a dream, when one seems to fly and another seems to pursue, and the one cannot escape and the other cannot overtake, so these two ran together. But as for Hector, Apollo even yet helped him, and gave him strength and nimble knees, else could he not have held out against Achilles, who was swiftest of foot among the sons of men.

Now Achilles had beckoned to the Greeks that no man should throw his spear at Hector, lest, perchance, he should be robbed of his glory. And when the two came in their running for the fourth time to the springs of Scamander, Zeus held out the great balance of doom, and in one scale he put the fate of Achilles, and in the other the fate of Hector; and lo! the scale of Hector sank down to the realms of death, and Apollo left him.

Then Athené lighted down from the air close to Achilles and said, "This, great Achilles, is our day of glory, for we shall slay Hector, mighty warrior though he be. For it is his doom to die, and not Apollo's self shall save him. But stand thou still and take breath, and I will give this man heart to meet thee in battle."

So Achilles stood, leaning upon his spear. And Athené took the shape of Deïphobus, and came near to Hector and said:

"Achilles presses thee hard, my brother, pursuing thee thus round the city of Priam. Come, let us make a stand and encounter him."

Then Hector answered him, "Deïphobus, I always

Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse, then, thy forces this important hour;
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
—(POPE.)

"For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death; my comrades' blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now aveng'd."
He said, and poising, hurl'd his weighty spear;
But Hector saw, and shunn'd the blow; he stoop'd,
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd spear,
And in the ground was fix'd; but Pallas drew
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back.
* * * Then Hector hurl'd his pond'rous spear;
Nor miss'd his aim; full in the midst he struck
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the shield
The weapon bounded off. Hector was griev'd,
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand.
He stood aghast; no second spear was nigh:
And loudly on Deiphobus he call'd
A spear to bring; but he was far away.
Then Hector knew that he was dup'd, and cried,
"Oh Heav'n! the Gods above have doom'd my death!
I deem'd indeed that brave Deiphobus
Was near at hand; but he within the walls
Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd.
Now is my death at hand, nor far away;
Escape is none; since so hath Jove decreed,
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.
Yet not without a struggle let me die,

loved thee best of all my brothers; but now I love thee yet more, for that thou alone, while all others remained within, hast ventured forth to stand by my side."

But the false Deïphobus said, "Much did father and mother and all my comrades beseech me to remain. But my heart was sore troubled for thee, and I could not stay. But let us stand and fight this man, not stinting our spears, and see whether he shall carry our spoil to the ships or we shall slay him here."

Then the two chiefs came near to each other, and Hector with a waving plume spake first and said, "Thrice, great Achilles, hast thou pursued me round the walls of Troy, and I dared not stand up against thee; but now I fear thee no more. Only let us make this covenant between us: if Zeus give me the victory, I will do no dishonor to thy body; thy arms and armor will I take, and give back thy body to the Greeks; and do thou promise to do likewise."

But Achilles scowled at him and said, "Hector, talk not of covenants to me. Men and lions make no oaths between each other, neither is there any agreement between wolves and sheep. So there shall be no covenant between me and thee. One of us two shall fall; and now is the time for thee to show thyself a warrior, for of a truth Athené will slay thee by my spear, and thou shalt pay the penalty for all my comrades whom thou hast slain."

Then he threw the mighty spear, but Hector saw it coming and avoided it, crouching on the ground, so that the mighty spear flew above his head and fixed itself in the earth. But Athené snatched it from the ground and gave it back to Achilles, Hector not perceiving.

Then Hector spake to Achilles: "Thou hast missed thy aim, great Achilles. It was no word of Zeus that

Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall."
Thus as he spoke, his sharp-edged sword he drew,
Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;
Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd:
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain,
To seize some tender lamb, or cow'ring hare:
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword.
Achilles' wrath was rous'd: with fury wild
His soul was fill'd: before his breast he bore
His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on his brow
Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the breeze
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest
By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd;
And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,
When twilight yields to night, one star appears,
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,
Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right
Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see
Where from attack his body least was fenc'd.
All else the glitt'ring armor guarded well,
Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had stripp'd;
One chink appear'd, just where the collar-bone
The neck and shoulder parts, beside the throat,
Where lies expos'd the swiftest road to death.
There levell'd he, as Hector onward rush'd;
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driv'n,
But sever'd not the wind-pipe, nor destroy'd
His pow'r of speech; prone in the dust he fell;
And o'er him, vaunting, thus Achilles spoke:
"Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,
Thy hope was that thyself wast safe; and I,
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:

thou spakest, prophesying my doom, but thou soughtest to cheat me, terrifying me by thy words. Thou shalt not drive thy steel into my back, but here into my breast, if the gods will it so. But now look out for my spear. Would it might bury itself in thy flesh. The battle would be easier for the men of Troy were thou only out of the way."

And as he spake he threw his long-shafted spear. True aim he took, for the spear struck the very middle of Achilles' shield. It struck, but pierced it not, but bounded far away, for the shield was not of mortal make. And Hector stood dismayed, for he had not another spear, and when he called to Deïphobus that he should give him another, lo! Deïphobus was gone. Then Hector knew that his end was come, and he said to himself, "Now have the gods called me to my doom. I thought that Deïphobus was near; but he is within the walls, and the help which he promised me was but a cheat with which Athené cheated me. Zeus and Apollo are with me no more; but, if I must die, let me at least die in such a deed as men of after time may hear of."

So he spake, and drew the mighty sword that hung by his side: then, as an eagle rushes through the clouds to pounce on a leveret or a lamb, rushed on the great Achilles. But he dealt never a blow; for Achilles charged to meet him, his shield before his breast, his helmet bent forward as he ran, with the long plumes streaming behind, and the gleam of his spear-point was as the gleam of the evening star, which is the fairest of all the stars in heaven. One moment he thought where he should drive it home, for the armor which Hector had won from Patroclus guarded him well; but one spot there was, where by the collar-bone the neck joins the shoulder (and nowhere is the stroke of sword or spear more deadly). There he drave in the

Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,
I, his avenger, mightier far than he;
I, who am now thy conqu'ror. By the dogs
And vultures shall thy corpse be foully torn,
While him the Greeks with fun'ral rites shall grace.
Whom answer'd Hector of the glancing helm,
Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy knees,
Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech,
Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.
Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,
Which as my ransom by my honor'd sire
And mother shall be paid thee; but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
May deck with honors due my fun'ral pyre."
To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles thus:
"Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate to me
Of parents! such my hatred, that almost
I could persuade myself to tear and eat
Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to avenge.
He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs!"

[Achilles Drags Hector's Body Behind His Chariot.]—(DERBY.)

He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd;
Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,
That from the ancle passes to the heel,
And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,
Leaving the head to trail along the ground;
Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,
And urg'd his horses; nothing loth, they flew.
A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd:
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once;
Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,
In his own country, by a foeman's hand.

spear, and the point stood out behind the neck, and Hector fell in the dust.

Then Achilles cried aloud, "Hector, thou thoughtest in the day when thou didst spoil Patroclus of his arms that thou wouldst be safe from vengeance, taking, forsooth, no account of me. And lo! thou art fallen before me, and now the dogs and vultures shall devour thee, but to him all the Greeks shall give due burial."

But Hector, growing faint, spake to him, "Nay, great Achilles, by thy life, and by thy knees, and by thy parents dear, I pray thee, let not the dogs of the Greeks devour me. Take rather the ransom, gold and bronze, that my father and mother shall pay thee, and let the sons and daughters of Troy give me burial rites."

But Achilles scowled at him and cried, "Dog, seek not to entreat me! I could mince that flesh of thine and devour it raw, such grief hast thou wrought me. Surely the dogs shall devour thee, nor shall any man hinder. No ransom, though it were ten times told, should buy thee back; no, not though Priam should offer thy weight in gold."

Then Hector, who was now at the point to die, spake to him. "I know thee well, what manner of man thou art, that the heart in thy breast is iron. Only beware lest some vengeance from the gods come upon thee in the day when Paris and Apollo shall slay thee, for all thy valor, by the Scæan gates."

So speaking, he died. But Achilles said, "Die, hound; but my fate I meet when Zeus and the other gods decree."

Then he drew his spear out of the corpse and stripped off the arms; and all the Greeks came about the dead man, marvelling at his stature and beauty, and no man came but wounded the dead corpse. And one would say to another, "Surely this Hector is less dreadful

So lay the head of Hector; at the sight
His aged mother tore her hair, and far
From off her head the glitt'ring veil she threw,
And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewail'd.
Piteous, his father groan'd; and all around
Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.

[The Woe of Andromache.]—(DERBY.)

* * * Nought as yet was known
To Hector's wife; to her no messenger
Had brought the tidings, that without the walls
Remained her husband; in her house withdrawn
A web she wove, all purple, double woof,
With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery,
And to her neat-hair'd maidens gave command
To place the largest caldrons on the fire,
That with warm baths, returning from the fight,
Hector might be refresh'd; unconscious she,
That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,
Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain.
The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r;
Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her hand,
And to her neat-hair'd maidens thus she spoke:
"Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know
What mean these sounds; my honor'd mother's voice
I hear; and in my breast my beating heart
Leaps to my mouth; my limbs refuse to move;
Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends. * * *
Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,
With beating heart; and with her went her maids.
But when she reach'd the tow'r, where stood the crowd,
And mounted on the wall, she look'd around,
And saw the body which with insult foul
The flying steeds were dragging towards the ships;
Then sudden darkness overspread her eyes;
Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away.

now than in the day when he would burn our ships with fire."

Then Achilles devised a ruthless thing in his heart. He pierced the ankle-bones of Hector, and so bound the body with thongs of ox-hide to the chariot, letting the head drag behind, the head that once was so fair, and now was so disfigured in the dust. So he dragged Hector to the ships. And Priam saw him from the walls, and scarce could his sons keep him back, but that he should go forth and beg the body of his dear son from him who had slain him. And Hecuba his mother also bewailed him, but Andromaché knew not as yet of what had befallen. For she sat in her dwelling, wearing a great purple mantle broidered with flowers. And she bade her maidens make ready a bath for Hector, when he should come back from the battle, nor knew that he should never need it more. But the voice of wailing from the town came to her, and she rose up hastily in great fear, and dropped the shuttle from her hand and called to her maidens:

"Come with me, ye maidens, that I may see what has befallen, for I heard the voice of Queen Hecuba, and I fear me much that some evil has come to the children of Priam. For it may be that Achilles has run between Hector and the city, and is pursuing him to the plain, for never will Hector abide with the army, but will fight in the front, so bold is he."

Then she hasted through the city like as she were mad. And when she came to the wall she stood and looked; and lo! the horses of Achilles were dragging Hector to the ships. Then did darkness come on her, and she fell back fainting, and from her fair head dropped the net and the wreath and the diadem which golden Aphrodité gave her on the day when Hector of the waving plume took her from the house of Eëtion to be his wife.

Far off were flung th' adornments of her head,
The net, the fillet, and the woven bands;
The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,
That day when Hector of the glancing helm
Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.
The sisters of her husband round her press'd,
And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FUNERAL RITES OF PATROCLUS

(Lord Derby's Translation.)

WHEN the Greeks had come where lay their ships
By the broad Hellespont, their sev'ral ways
They each pursu'd, dispersing; yet not so
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse,
But thus his warlike comrades he address'd:
"My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,
Loose we not yet our horses from the cars;
But for Patroclus mourn, approaching near,
With horse and car; such tribute claim the dead;
Then, free indulgence to our sorrows giv'n,
Loose we the steeds, and share the ev'ning meal."
He said; and they with mingled voices rais'd
The solemn dirge; Achilles led the strain;
Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinn'd steeds,
Mourning, with hearts by Thetis grief-inspir'd;
With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,
Were wet; so mighty was the chief they mourn'd.
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid
His blood-stain'd hands, and thus began the wail:
"All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm;
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform;
That on the corpse of Hector, hither dragg'd,
Our dogs should feed; and that twelve noble youths,
The sons of Troy, before thy fun'ral pyre,
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay."

He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd,
Flung prostrate in the dust, beside the couch
Where lay Menœtius' son. His comrades then
Their glitt'ring armor doff'd, of polish'd brass,
And loos'd their neighing steeds; then round the ship
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,
And busily the ev'ning meal prepared,
And shar'd the social feast; nor lack'd there aught.
But when their thirst and hunger were appeas'd,
Each to their sev'ral tents the rest repair'd;
But on the many-dashing ocean's shore
Pelides lay, amid his Myrmidons,
With bitter groans; in a clear space he lay,
Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach.
There, circumfus'd around him, gentle sleep,
Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,
O'ercame his senses. * * *
To them, as round the piteous dead they mourn'd,
Appear'd the rosy-finger'd morn; and straight,
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent,
Went forth, in search of fuel, men and mules,
Led by a valiant chief, Meriones,
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus.
Their felling axes in their hands they bore,
And twisted ropes; their mules before them driv'n;
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,
They journey'd on; but when they reached the foot
Of spring-abounding Ida, they began
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks;
They, loudly crashing, fell: the wood they clove,
And bound it to the mules; these took their way
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain.
The axe-men, too, so bade Meriones,
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus,
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach
They laid in order, where a lofty mound,

In mem'ry of Patroclus and himself,
Achilles had design'd. When all the store
Of wood was duly laid, the rest remain'd
In masses seated; but Achilles bade
The warlike Myrmidons their armor don,
And harness each his horses to his car;
They rose and donn'd their arms, and on the cars
Warriors and charioteers their places took.
  First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot,
Unnumber'd; in the midst Patroclus came,
Borne by his comrades; all the corpse with hair
They cover'd o'er, which from their heads they shore.
Behind, Achilles held his head, and mourn'd
The noble friend whom to the tomb he bore.
Then on the spot by Peleus' son assign'd,
They laid him down, and pil'd the wood on high. * * *
A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,
And on the summit, sorrowing, laid the dead.
Then many a sheep and many a slow-paced ox
They flay'd and dress'd around the fun'ral pyre;
Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,
And cover'd o'er the corpse from head to foot,
And heap'd the slaughter'd carcases around;
Then jars of honey plac'd, and fragrant oils,
Resting upon the couch; next, groaning loud,
Four pow'rful horses on the pyre he threw;
Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board
Had fed, he slaughter'd two upon the pyre;
Last, with the sword, by evil counsel sway'd,
Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy.
The fire's devouring might he then applied,
And, groaning, on his lov'd companion call'd:
  "All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform:
On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with thee,

The flames shall feed; but Hector, Priam's son,
Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give."
Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs
Molested not; for Venus, night and day,
Daughter of Jove, the rav'ning dogs restrain'd;
And all the corpse o'erlaid with roseate oil,
Ambrosial, that though dragg'd along the earth,
The noble dead might not receive a wound.
Apollo, too, a cloudy veil from Heav'n
Spread o'er the plain, and cover'd all the space
Where laid the dead, nor let the blazing sun
The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch. * * *
Loud roar'd the crackling flames; and all night long
The hurrying winds together fann'd the fire.
All night Achilles with a double cup
Drew from a golden bowl the ruddy wine,
Wherewith, outpour'd, he moisten'd all the earth,
Still calling on his lost Patroclus' shade.
As mourns a father o'er a youthful son,
Whose early death hath wrung his parents' hearts;
So mourn'd Achilles o'er his friend's remains,
Prostrate beside the pyre, and groan'd aloud.
But when the star of Lucifer appear'd,
The harbinger of light, whom following close
Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robèd morn,
Then pal'd the smould'ring fire, and sank the flame; * *
Far as the flames had reach'd, and thickly strown
The embers lay, they quench'd with ruddy wine;
Then tearfully their gentle comrade's bones
Collected, and with double layers of fat
Enclos'd, and in a golden urn encas'd;
Then in the tent they laid them, overspread
With veil of linen fair; then meting out
Th' allotted space, the deep foundations laid
Around the pyre, and o'er them heap'd the earth.

[The Funeral Games in Honor of Patroclus.]

Their task accomplish'd, all had now withdrawn;
But Peleus' son the vast assembly stay'd,
And bade them sit; then, prizes of the games,
Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,
And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,
And women fair of form, and iron hoar.

[The Chariot Race.]

First for the contest of the flying cars
The prizes he display'd: a woman fair,
Well skill'd in household cares; a tripod vast,
Two-handled, two and twenty measures round;
These both were for the victor: for the next
A mare, unbroken, six years old, in foal
Of a mule colt; the third, a caldron bright,
Capacious of four measures, white and pure,
By fire as yet untarnish'd; for the fourth,
Of gold two talents; for the fifth, a vase
With double cup, untouch'd by fire, he gave.
Then, standing up, he thus address'd the Greeks:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
Before ye are the prizes which await
The contest of the cars. * * *
In order range yourselves, who boast
Your well built chariots and your horses' speed."
He said: up sprang the eager charioteers;
The first of all, Eumelus, King of men,
Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,
Then Heav'n-born Menelāus, Atreus' son,
The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son
Of Nestor, mighty chief. * * *
Fifth in the list Meriones appear'd.

They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots:
Achilles shook the helmet; first leap'd forth
The lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus;
Next came the King Eumelus; after whom
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son;
The fourth, Meriones; and last of all,
But ablest far, Tydides drew his place.
They stood in line; Achilles pointed out,
Far on the level plain, the distant goal;
And there in charge the godlike Phœnix plac'd,
His father's ancient follower, to observe
The course assign'd, and true report to make.
Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd
By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds.
They from the ships pursued their rapid course
Athwart the distant plain; beneath their chests
Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust;
Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes;
The cars now skimm'd along the fertile ground,
Now bounded high in air; the charioteers
Stood up aloft, and ev'ry bosom beat
With hope of vict'ry; each with eager shout
Cheering his steeds, that scour'd the dusty plain.
But when, the farthest limits of the course
Attain'd, they turn'd beside the hoary sea,
Strain'd to their utmost speed, were plainly seen
The qualities of each; then in the front
Appear'd Eumelus' flying mares, and next
The Trojan horses of Tydides came:
Nor these were far behind, but following close
They seem'd in act to leap upon the car.
Eumelus, on his neck and shoulders broad,
Felt their warm breath; for o'er him, as they flew,
Their heads were downward bent; and now, perchance,
Had he or pass'd, or made an even race,
But that, incens'd with valiant Diomed,

Apollo wrested from his hands the whip.
Then tears of anger from his eyelids fell,
As gaining more and more the mares he saw,
While, urg'd no more, his horses slack'd their speed.
But Pallas mark'd Apollo's treach'rous wile,
And hasting to the chief, restor'd his whip,
And to his horses strength and courage gave.
The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,
And snapp'd his chariot yoke; the mares, releas'd,
Swerv'd from the track; the pole upon the ground
Lay loosen'd from the car; and he himself
Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurl'd.
From elbows, mouth and nose, the skin was torn;
His forehead crush'd and batter'd in; his eyes
Were fill'd with tears, and mute his cheerful voice.
Tydides turn'd aside, and far ahead
Of all the rest, pass'd on; for Pallas gave
His horses courage, and his triumph will'd.
Next him, the fair-hair'd Meneläus came,
The son of Atreus; and Antilochus
* * * Before them soon
Antilochus the narrow pass espied.
It was a gully, where the winter's rain
Had lain collected, and had broken through
A length of road, and hollow'd out the ground:
There Meneläus held his cautious course,
Fearing collision; but Antilochus,
Drawing his steeds a little from the track,
Bore down upon him sideways: then in fear,
The son of Atreus to Antilochus
Shouted aloud, "Antilochus, thou driv'st
Like one insane; hold in awhile thy steeds;
Here is no space; where wider grows the road,
There thou mayst pass; but here, thou wilt but cause
Our cars to clash, and bring us both to harm."
He said; but madlier drove Antilochus,

Plying the goad, as though he heard him not.
Far as a discus' flight, by some stout youth,
That tests his vigor, from the shoulder hurl'd,
So far they ran together, side by side:
Then dropp'd Atrides' horses to the rear,
For he himself forebore to urge their speed,
Lest, meeting in the narrow pass, the cars
Should be o'erthrown, and they themselves, in haste
To gain the vict'ry, in the dust be roll'd. * * *
* * * Tydeus' son drew near; his lash
Still laid upon his horses' shoulder-points;
As lightly they, high-stepping, scour'd the plain.
Still on the charioteer the dust was flung;
As close upon the flying-footed steeds
Follow'd the car with gold and tin inlaid;
And lightly, as they flew along, were left
Impress'd the wheel-tracks in the sandy plain.
There in the midst he stood, the sweat profuse
Down-pouring from his horses' heads and chests;
Down from the glitt'ring car he leap'd to earth,
And lean'd his whip against the chariot yoke;
Nor long delay'd the valiant Sthenelus,
But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize;
Then to his brave companions gave in charge
To lead away the woman, and to bear
The tripod, while himself unyok'd the steeds.
Next came the horses of Antilochus,
Who had by stratagem, and not by speed,
O'er Menelāus triumph'd; yet e'en so
Atrides' flying coursers press'd him hard;
For but so far as from the chariot-wheel
A horse, when harness'd to a royal car;
Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost hairs
Brushes the felloes; close before the wheel,
Small space between, he scours the wide-spread plain:
So far was Menelāus in the rear

Of Nestor's son; at first a discus' cast
Between them lay; but rapidly his ground
He gain'd—so well the speed and courage serv'd
Of Æthe, Agamemnon's beauteous mare;
And, but a little farther were the course,
Had pass'd him by, nor left the race in doubt.
Behind the noble son of Atreus came,
A jav'lin's flight apart, Meriones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus:
His were the slowest horses, and himself
The least experienc'd in the rapid race.
Dragging his broken car, came last of all,
His horses driv'n in front, Admetus' son. * * *
Then Menelāus, sad at heart, arose,
Burning with wrath against Antilochus;
And while the herald in the monarch's hand
His royal sceptre plac'd, and bade the Greeks
Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke:
"Antilochus, till now reputed wise,
What hast thou done? thou hast disgraced my skill,
And sham'd my horses, who hast brought thine own,
Inferior far, before them to the goal. * * *
* * * Come forward, noble chief;
And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car
And horses, in thy hand the slender whip
Wherewith thou drov'st, upon the horses lay
Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear
That not of malice, and by set design,
Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course."
To whom Antilochus with prudent speech:
"Have patience with me yet; for I, O King,
O Menelāus, am thy junior far;
My elder and superior thee I own.
Thou know'st th' o'er-eager vehemence of youth,
How quick in temper, and in judgment weak.
Set then thy heart at ease; the mare I won

I freely give; and if aught else of mine
Thou shouldst desire, would sooner give it all,
Than all my life be low'r'd, illustrious King,
In thine esteem, and sin against the Gods."
Thus saying, noble Nestor's son led forth,
And plac'd in Meneläus' hands the mare;
The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew
Which glitters on the ears of growing corn,
That bristle o'er the plain; e'en so thy soul,
O Meneläus, melted at his speech;
To whom were thus address'd thy wingèd words:
"Antilochus, at once I lay aside
My anger; thou art prudent, and not apt
To be thus led astray; but now thy youth
Thy judgment hath o'erpow'r'd; seek not henceforth
By trick'ry o'er thine elders to prevail. * * *
I yield me to thy pray'rs; and give, to boot,
The mare, though mine of right; that these may know
I am not of a harsh, unyielding mood." * * *

[The Boxer's Contest.]

Achilles set forth the prizes, to reward
The labors of the sturdy pugilists;
A hardy mule he tether'd in the ring,
Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame;
And for the vanquish'd man, a double cup;
Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud:
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,
For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,
And in the boxer's manly toil contend;
And he, whose stern endurance Phœbus crowns
With vict'ry, recognized by all the Greeks,
He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule;
The loser shall the double cup receive."

He said; up sprang Epeius, tall and stout,
A boxer skill'd, the son of Panopeus,
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said:
"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win;
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away
From me, who glory in the champion's name.
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man
In all things to excel; but this I say,
And will make good my words, who meets me here,
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones.
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued."
He said; they all in silence heard his speech:
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,
Stood forth opposing; * * *
Around his waist he fasten'd first the belt,
Then took the well-cut gauntlets for his hands,
Of wild bull's hide. When both were thus equipp'd,
Into the center of the ring they stepp'd:
There, face to face, with sinewy arms uprais'd,
They stood awhile, then clos'd; strong hand with hand
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows.
Dire was the clatter of their jaws; the sweat
Pour'd forth, profuse, from ev'ry limb; then rush'd
Epeius on, and full upon the cheek,
Half turn'd aside, let fall a stagg'ring blow;
Nor stood Euryalus; but, legs and feet
Knock'd from beneath him, prone to earth he fell;
And as a fish, that flounders on the sand,
Thrown by rude Boreas on the weedy beach,
Till cover'd o'er by the returning wave;
So flounder'd he beneath that stunning blow.
But brave Epeius took him by the hand,
And rais'd him up; his comrades crowded round
And bore him from the field, with dragging steps,

Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head
Rolling from side to side; within his tent
They laid him down, unconscious; to the ring
Then back returning, bore away the cup.

[The Wrestlers.]

Achilles next before the Greeks display'd
The prizes of the hardy wrestlers' skill:
The victor's prize, a tripod vast, fire-proof,
And at twelve oxen by the Greeks apprais'd;
And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave
Pric'd at four oxen, skill'd in household work.
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd,
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."
He said; and straight uprose the giant form
Of Ajax Telamon; with him uprose
Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry crafty wile.
Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,
And each, with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each;
As stand two rafters of a lofty house,
Each propping each, by skilful architect
Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand.
Creak'd their backbones beneath the tug and strain
Of those strong arms; their sweat pour'd down like rain;
And bloody weals of livid purple hue
Their sides and shoulders streak'd, as sternly they
For victory and the well-wrought tripod strove.
Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow,
Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,
So stubbornly he stood; but when the Greeks
Were weary of the long-protracted strife,
Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke:
"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,

Or lift thou me, or I will thee uplift:
The issue of our struggle rests with Jove."
He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground;
Nor he his ancient craft remembered not,
But lock'd his leg around, and striking sharp
Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint
Gave way; the giant Ajax backwards fell,
Ulysses on his breast; the people saw
And marvell'd. Then in turn Ulysses strove
Ajax to lift; a little way he mov'd,
But fail'd to lift him fairly from the ground;
Yet crook'd his knee, that both together fell,
And side by side, defil'd with dust, they lay.
And now a third encounter had they tried,
But rose Achilles, and the combat stay'd:
"Forbear, nor waste your strength in further strife;
Ye both are victors; both then bear away
An equal meed of honor; and withdraw,
That other Greeks may other contests wage."
Thus spoke Achilles: they his words obey'd,
And brushing off the dust their garments donned.

[The Foot Race.]

The prizes of the runners, swift of foot,
Achilles next set forth; a silver bowl,
Six measures its content, for workmanship
Unmatch'd on earth, of Sidon's costliest art, * * *
Which now Achilles, on his friend's behalf,
Assign'd as his reward, whoe'er should prove
The lightest foot, and speediest in the race.
A steer, well fatten'd, was the second prize,
And half a talent, for the third, of gold.
He rose, and to the Greeks proclaimed aloud,
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."

He said: uprose Oïleus' active son;
Uprose Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry wile,
And noble Nestor's son, Antilochus,
Who all the youth in speed of foot surpass'd.
They stood in line: Achilles pointed out
The limits of the course, as from the goal
They stretch'd them to the race, Oïleus' son
First shot ahead; Ulysses following close;
Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast
Of some fair woman, with her outstretch'd arm
Has thrown the woof athwart the warp, and back
Withdraws it tow'rd her breast; so close behind
Ulysses press'd on Ajax, and his feet
Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust.
His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain
He lightly skimm'd; the Greeks with eager shouts
Still cheering, as he strain'd to win the prize.
But as they near'd the goal, Ulysses thus
To blue-ey'd Pallas made his mental pray'r:
"Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend."
Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r the Goddess heard,
And all his limbs with active vigor fill'd;
Then as they stretch'd their hands to seize the prize,
Tripp'd up by Pallas, Ajax slipp'd and fell,
Amid the offal of the lowing kine
Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain.
His mouth and nostrils were with offal fill'd.
First in the race, Ulysses bore away
The silver bowl; the steer to Ajax fell;
And as upon the horn he laid his hand,
Sputt'ring the offal out, he call'd aloud:
"Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewray'd,
Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care."
Thus as he spoke, loud laugh'd the merry Greeks. *

[Contest of the Spearmen.]

Next, in the ring the son of Peleus laid
A pond'rous spear, a helmet, and a shield,
The spoil Patroclus from Sarpedon won;
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd:
"For these we call upon two champions brave
To don their arms, their sharp-edg'd weapons grasp,
And public trial of their prowess make;
And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,
And, through his armor piercing, first draw blood
He shall this silver-studded sword receive,
My trophy from Asteropæus won,
Well-wrought, of Thracian metal; but the arms
In common property they both shall hold,
And in my tent a noble banquet share."
He said; uprose great Ajax Telamon,
And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed.
First, from the crowd apart, they donn'd their arms;
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare
Stood in the midst; the Greeks admiring gaz'd.
When, each approaching other, near they came,
Thrice rushed they on, and thrice in combat clos'd.
Then through the buckler round of Diomed
Great Ajax drove his spear; nor reach'd the point
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stay'd:
While, aim'd above the mighty shield's defence,
His glitt'ring weapon flash'd at Ajax' throat.
For Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize;
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,
With belt and scabbard, Diomed receiv'd. * * *

[Trial of the Archers.]

The archers' prizes next, of iron hoar,
Ten sturdy axes, double-edg'd, he plac'd,

And single hatchets ten; then far away
Rear'd on the sand a dark-prow'd vessel's mast,
On which, with slender string, a tim'rous dove
Was fasten'd by the foot, the archers' mark;
That who should strike the dove should to his tent
The axes bear away; but who the string
Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,
As less in skill, the hatchets should receive.
Thus spoke Achilles; straight uprose the might
Of royal Teucer, and Meriones,
The faithful follower of Idomeneus.
They in a brass-bound helmet shook the lots.
The first was Teucer's; with impetuous force
He shot; but vow'd not to the Archer-King
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.
The dove he struck not, for the Archer-God
Withheld his aid; but close beside her foot
The arrow sever'd the retaining string.
The bird releas'd, soar'd heav'nward; while the string
Dropp'd, from the mast suspended, tow'rds the earth,
And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks.
Then snatch'd Meriones in haste the bow
From Teucer's hand; his own already held
His arrow, pointed straight; he drew the string,
And to the far-destroying King he vow'd
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.
Aloft amid the clouds he mark'd the dove,
And struck her, as she soar'd, beneath her wing;
Right through the arrow pass'd; and to the earth
Returning, fell beside Meriones.
The bird upon the dark-prow'd vessel's mast
Lighted awhile; anon, with drooping head,
And pinions flutt'ring vain, afar she fell.
Lifeless; th' admiring crowd with wonder gaz'd.
Meriones the axes bore away,
While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RANSOMING OF HECTOR

AND after a while, at the bidding of Zeus, Thetis went to Achilles and found him weeping softly for his dead friend, for the strength of his sorrow was now spent, and she said to him, "It is the will of the gods that thou give up the body of Hector, and take in exchange the ransom of gold and precious things which his father will give thee for him."

And her son answered, "Be it so, if the gods will have it."

Then Zeus sent Iris, who was his messenger, to King Priam, where he sat with his face wrapped in his mantle, and his sons weeping about him, and his daughters wailing through the chambers of his palace.

Then Iris spake. "Be of good cheer, Priam, son of Dardanus; Zeus has sent me to thee. Go, taking with thee such gifts as may best please the heart of Achilles, and bring back the body of thy dear son Hector. Go without fear of death or harm, and go alone. Only let an aged herald be with thee, to help thee when thou bringest back the body of the dead."

Then Priam rose with joy, and bade his sons bring forth his chariot; but first he went to his chamber, and called to Hecuba, his wife, and told her of his purpose, nor heeded when she sought to turn him from it, but said, "Seek not to hold me back, nor be a bird of evil omen in my house. If any prophet or seer had bidden me do this thing, I should have held it a deceit; but now have I heard the very voice of the messenger of

ILIAD.

[Achilles' Vindictive Rage.]—(DERBY.)

The games were ended, and the multitude
Amid the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd:
Some to their supper; some to gentle sleep
Yielding, delighted; but Achilles still
Mourn'd o'er his lov'd companion; not on him
Lighted all-conqu'ring sleep, but to and fro
Restless he toss'd, and on Patroclus thought,
His vigor and his courage; all the deeds
They two together had achiev'd; the toils,
The perils they had undergone, amid
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves.
Stirr'd by such mem'ries, bitter tears he shed;
Now turning on his side, and now again
Upon his back; then prone upon his face;
Then starting to his feet along the shore
All objectless, despairing, would he roam;
Nor did the morn, o'er sea and shore appearing,
Unmark'd of him arise; his flying steeds
He then would harness, and, behind the car
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust,
Thrice made the circuit of Patroclus' tomb;
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd;
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd
The hero, though in death; and round him threw
His golden ægis; nor, though dragg'd along,
Allow'd his body to receive a wound.
  Thus foully did Achilles in his rage
Misuse the mighty dead; the blessed Gods
With pitying grief beheld the sight.

Zeus. Wherefore, I shall go. And if I die, what care I? Let Achilles slay me, so that I embrace once more the body of my son."

Then he bade put into a wagon shawls and mantles that had never been washed, and rugs and cloaks and tunics, twelve of each, and ten talents of gold, and two bright three-footed caldrons, and four basins, and a cup of passing beauty which the Thracians had given him. The old man spared nothing that he had, if only he might buy back his son. None of the Trojans would he suffer to come near him. "Begone," he cried, "ye cowards! Have ye nothing to wail for at home, that ye come to wail with me? Surely, an easy prey will ye be to the Greeks, now that Hector is dead."

Then he cried with like angry words to his sons, Paris, and Agathon, and Deïphobus, and the others—there were nine of them in all:

"Make haste, ye evil brood. Would that ye all had died in the room of Hector. Surely an ill-fated father am I. Many a brave son I had, as Mestor, and Troilus, and Hector, who was fairer than any of the sons of men. But all these are gone, and only the cowards are left, masters of lying words, and skilful in the dance, and mighty to drink wine. But go, yoke the mules to the wagon."

So they yoked the mules to the wagon. But the horses for his chariot Priam, with the herald, yoked himself.

Then Hecuba came near, and bade a woman-servant come and pour water on his hands. And when she had poured, King Priam took a great sup from the hands of his wife, and made a libation to Zeus, and prayed:

"Hear me, Father Zeus, and grant that Achilles may pity me. And do thou send me now a lucky sign, that I may go with a good heart to the ships of the Greeks."

[Thetis Sent to Warn Achilles of Jove's Anger.]—(DERBY.)

"Haste thee to the camp, and to thy son
My message bear; tell him that all the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath; and I above the rest
Am angry, that beside the beakèd ships,
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps:
So may he fear me, and restore the dead.
Iris meantime to Priam I will send,
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release: and with him bring
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."
He said; the silver-footed Queen obey'd;
Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped,
And sought her son; him found she in his tent,
Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round,
Plying their tasks, prepar'd the morning meal.
Close by his side his Goddess-mother stood,
And gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,
"How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely to abstain
From woman's love; for short thy time on earth:
Death and imperious fate are close at hand.
Hear then my words; a messenger from Jove
To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest
Is angry, that beside the beakèd ships
Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st.
Then ransom take, and liberate the dead."
To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"So be it; ransom let him bring, and bear
His dead away, if such the will of Jove."

And Zeus heard him, and sent an eagle, a mighty bird, whose wings spread out on either side as wide as is the door of some spacious chamber in a rich man's house. On his right hand it flew high above the city, and all rejoiced when they saw the sign.

Then the old man mounted his chariot in haste, and drove forth from the palace. Before him the mules drew the four-wheeled wagon, and these the herald Idæus guided. But his chariot the old king drove himself. And all his kinsfolk went with him, weeping as for one who was going to his death. But when they came down from the city to the plain, Priam and the herald went towards the ships of the Greeks, but all the others returned to Troy.

But Zeus saw him depart, and said to Hermes, "Hermes, go, guide King Priam to the ships of the Greeks, so that no man see him before he comes to the tents of Achilles."

Then Hermes fastened on his feet the fair sandals of gold with which he flies, fast as the wind, over sea and land, and in his hand he took the rod with which he opens and closes, as he wills, the eyes of men. And he flew down and lighted on the plain of Troy, taking on him the likeness of a fair youth.

But when they had driven past the great tomb of Ilus, they stopped the horses and the mules, to let them drink of the river. And darkness came over the land; and then the herald spied Hermes, and said:

"Consider, my lord, what we shall do. I see a man, and I am sore afraid lest he slay us. Shall we flee on the chariot, or shall we go near and entreat him, that he may have pity upon us?"

Then the old man was sore troubled, and his hair stood up with fear. But Hermes came near and took him by the hand and said:

"Whither goest thou, old man, with thy horses and

[Jove Sends Iris to Encourage Priam.]—
(DERBY.)

He said; and on his errand sped in haste
The storm-swift Iris; when to Priam's house
She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear.
Within the court, around their father, sat
His sons, their raiment bedew'd with tears;
And in their midst, close covered with his robe,
Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,
Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,
With his own hands, upon his hoary head.
Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd
In mem'ry of the many and the brave
Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain.
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,
And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook:
"Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,
Nor let thy mind be troubled; not for ill,
But here on kindly errand am I sent:
To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,
Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes
Of pitying love; he bids thee ransom home
The godlike Hector's corpse; and with thee take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart. * * *
Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind:
Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go,
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
Will slay thee, but from others will protect;
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest,
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."
Swift-footed Iris said, and vanished straight.

mules through the darkness? Hast thou no fear of these fierce Greeks, who are close at hand? If any one should see thee with all this wealth, what then? And thou art not young, nor is thy attendant young, that ye should defend yourselves against an enemy. But I will not harm thee, nor suffer any other, for thou art like my own dear father."

"It is well, my son," said the old man. "Surely one of the blessed gods is with me, in causing me to meet such an one as thou, so fair and so wise. Happy the parents of such a son!"

And Hermes said, "Come, tell me true, old man. Are you sending away all these treasures that they may be kept safe for you far away? or are all the men of Troy leaving the city, seeing now that Hector, who was their bravest warrior, is dead?"

Then Priam answered, "Who art thou, my son, and what thy race, that thou speakest so truly about my hapless son?"

"Often," said Hermes, "have I seen Hector in the battle, both at other times, and when he drove the Greeks before him at the ships. We, indeed, stood and watched and marvelled at him, for Achilles would not suffer us to fight, being wroth with King Agamemnon. Now, I am a follower of Achilles, coming from Greece in the same ship with him. One of the Myrmidons I am, son of Polyctor, an old man such as thou art. Six other sons he has, and when we drew lots who should come to the war, it fell to me. But know that with the morning the Greeks will set their battle in array against the city, for they are weary of their sojourn, and the kings cannot keep them back."

Then said Priam, "If thou art an attendant of Achilles, tell me true, is my son yet by the ships, or have the dogs devoured him?"

And Hermes answered, "Nor dogs nor vultures have

[Priam Goes to Ransom Hector's Corpse.]—
(DERBY.)

* * * "If indeed
This message had been brought by mortal man,
Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest,
I should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn
The idle tale; but now (for I myself
Both saw and heard the Goddess) I must go;
Nor unfulfill'd shall be the words I speak:
And if indeed it be my fate to die
Beside the vessels of the brass-clad Greeks,
I am content! by fierce Achilles' hand
Let me be slain, so once more in my arms
I hold my boy, and give my sorrow vent."
Then raising up the coffer's polish'd lid,
He chose twelve gorgeous shawls, twelve single cloaks,
As many rugs, as many splendid robes,
As many tunics; then of gold he took
Ten talents full; two tripods, burnish'd bright,
Four caldrons; then a cup of beauty rare,
A rich possession, which the men of Thrace
Had giv'n, when there he went ambassador;
E'en this he spar'd not, such his keen desire
His son to ransom. * * *
* * * Hecuba with troubled mind drew near;
In her right hand a golden cup she bore
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way
They to the Gods might due libations pour; * * *
The due ablutions made, he took the cup;
Then in the center of the court he stood,
And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,
And thus with voice uplift'd pray'd aloud:
"O father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height,
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find
Some pity in Achilles' heart; and send,

devoured him. Still he lies by the ships of Achilles; and though this is the twelfth day since he was slain, no decay has touched him. Nay, though Achilles drags him round the tomb of his dear Patroclus, yet even so does no unseemliness come to him. All fresh he lies, and the blood is washed from him, and all his wounds are closed—and many spear-points pierced him. The blessed gods love him well, dead man though he be."

This King Priam was well pleased to hear. "It is well," he said, "for a man to honor the gods; for, indeed, as my son never forgot the dwellers on Olympus, so have they not forgotten him, even in death. But do thou take this fair cup and do kindness to him, and lead me to the tent of Achilles."

"Nay," answered Hermes; "thou speakest this in vain. No gift would I take from thy hand unknown to Achilles; for I honor him much, and fear to rob him, lest some evil happen to me afterwards. But thee I will guide to Argos itself, if thou wilt, whether by land or sea, and no one shall blame my guiding."

Then he leapt into the chariot of the king and caught the reins in his hand, and gave the horses and the mules a strength that was not their own. And when they came to the ditch and the trench that guarded the ships, lo! the guards were busy with their meal; but Hermes made sleep descend upon them, and opened the gates and brought in Priam with his treasures. And when they came to the tent of Achilles, Hermes lighted down from the chariot and said:

"Lo! I am Hermes, whom my father, Zeus, hath sent to be thy guide. And now I shall depart, for I would not that Achilles should see me. But go thou in, and clasp his knees, and beseech him by his father and his mother and his child. So shalt thou move his heart with pity."

So Hermes departed to Olympus, and King Priam

On my right hand, a wingèd messenger,
The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight,
That I myself may see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece."
Thus as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard;
And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd king, * * *
On the right hand appear'd he, far above
The city soaring; they the fav'ring sign
With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd.
Mounting his car in haste, the aged King
Drove thro' the court, and thro' the echoing porch,
The mules in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,
That drew the four-wheel'd wain; behind them came
The horses, down the city's steep descent
Urg'd by th' old man to speed; the crowd of friends
That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death.

[Priam Entreats Achilles.]—(DERBY.)

* * * The chief he found
Within, his followers seated all apart. * * *
Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all;
And standing by Achilles, with his arms
Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,
Blood-stain'd, which many of his sons had slain.
* * * Then Priam thus
To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd;
"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,
Upon thy father, e'en as I myself
Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:
And haply he, from them that dwell around
May suffer wrong, with no protector near
To give him aid; yet he, rejoicing, knows
That thou still liv'st; and day by day may hope
To see his son returning safe from Troy;
While I, all hapless, that have many sons,

leapt down from the chariot, leaving the herald to care for the horses and the mules, and went to the tent. There he found Achilles sitting; his comrades sat apart, but two waited on him, for he had but newly ended his meal, and the table was yet at his hand. But no man saw King Priam till he was close to Achilles, and caught his knees and kissed his hands, the dreadful, murderous hands that had slain so many of his sons. As a man who slays another by mishap flies to some stranger land, to some rich man's home, and all wonder to see him, so Achilles wondered to see King Priam, and his comrades wondered, looking one to another. Then King Priam spake:

"Think of thy father, godlike Achilles, and pity me. He is old, as I am, and, it may be, his neighbors trouble him, seeing that he has no defender; yet so long as he knows that thou art alive, it is well with him, for every day he hopes to see his dear son returned from Troy. But as for me, I am altogether wretched. Many a valiant son I had—nineteen born to me of one mother—and most of them are dead, and he that was the best of all, who kept our city safe, he has been slain by thee. He it is whom I have come to ransom. Have pity on him and on me, thinking of thy father. Never, surely, was lot so sad as this, to kiss the hands that slew a son."

But the words so stirred the heart of Achilles that he wept, thinking now of Patroclus, and now of his old father at home; and Priam wept, thinking of his dead Hector. But at last Achilles stood up from his seat and raised King Priam, having pity on his white hair and his white beard, and spake:

"How didst thou dare to come to the ships of the Greeks, to the man who slew thy sons? Surely thou must have a heart of iron. But sit thou down: let our sorrows rest in our hearts, for there is no profit in la-

The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,
Begotten, deem that none are left me now * * *
Of these have many by relentless Mars
Been laid in dust; but he, my only one,
The city's and his brethren's sole defence,
He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,
Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n:
On his behalf I venture to approach
The Grecian ships; for his release to thee
To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay.
Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down
On me, more needing pity; since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."
Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
Fond mem'ry of his father rose; he touch'd
The old man's hand, and gently put him by; * * *
Uprising, with his hand the aged sire,
Pitying his hoary head and hoary beard,
He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd:
"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine!
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ships
Alone, and to the presence of the man
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!
But sit thou on this seat; and in our hearts,
Though fill'd with grief, let us that grief suppress;
For woeful lamentation naught avails. * * *
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn;
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son;
Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,
While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent;
But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes

mentation. It is the will of the gods that men should suffer woe, but they are themselves free from care. Two chests are set by the side of Father Zeus, one of good and one of evil gifts, and he mixes the lot of men, taking out of both. Many noble gifts did the gods give to King Peleus: wealth and bliss beyond that of other men, and kingship over the Myrmidons. Ay! and they gave him a goddess to be his wife. But they gave also this evil, that he had no stock of stalwart children in his house, but one son only, and I cannot help him at all in his old age, for I tarry here far away in Troy. Thou, too, old man, hadst wealth and power of old, and lordship over all that lies between Lesbos and Phrygia and the stream of Hellespont. And to thee the gods have given this ill, that there is ever battle and slaughter about thy city walls. But as for thy son, wail not for him, for thou canst not raise him up."

But Priam answered, "Make me not to sit, great Achilles, while Hector lies unhonored. Let me ransom him, and look upon him with my eyes, and do thou take the gifts. And the gods grant thee to return safe to thy fatherland."

But Achilles frowned and said, "Vex me not; I am minded myself to give thee back thy Hector. For my mother came from the sea, bearing the bidding of Zeus, and thou, methinks, hast not come hither without some guidance from the gods. But trouble me no more, lest I do thee some hurt."

And King Priam feared and held his peace. Then Achilles hastened from his tent, and two comrades with him. First they loosed the horses from the chariot and the mules from the wagon; then they brought in the herald Idæus, and took the gifts. Only they left of them two cloaks and a tunic, wherein they might wrap the dead. And Achilles bade the women wash

I may behold my son; and thou accept
The ample treasures which we tender thee:
Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach
Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my life,
And bid'st me still behold the light of Heav'n."
  To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:
"Old man, incense me not; I mean myself
To give thee back thy son; for here of late
Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess-mother came,
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God: * * *
But stir not up my anger in my grief;
Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent
I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress."
  He said; the old man trembl'd, and obey'd.

[Achilles Restores Hector's Corpse.]—(DERBY.)

Then to the female slaves he gave command
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart that Priam might not see his son; * * *
When they had wash'd the body, and with oil
Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe
And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead
With his own hands, and laid him on the couch;
Which to the polish'd wain his followers rais'd.
Then groaning, on his friend by name he call'd:
"Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me,
If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear
That godlike Hector to his father's arms,
For no mean ransom, I restore; whereof
A fitting share for thee I set aside."
  This said, Achilles to the tent return'd;
On the carv'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat
Beside the wall; and thus to Priam spoke:
  "Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,

and anoint the body, but apart from the tent, lest, perchance, Priam should see his son and cry aloud, and so awaken the fury in his heart. But when it was washed and anointed, Achilles himself lifted it in his arms and put it on the litter, and his comrades lifted the litter on the wagon.

And when all was finished, Achilles groaned and cried to his dead friend, saying:

"Be not wroth, Patroclus, if thou shouldst hear in the unknown land that I have ransomed Hector to his father: a noble ransom hath he paid me, and of this, too, thou shalt have thy share, as is meet."

Then he went back to his tent, and set himself down over against Priam, and spake: "Thy son is ransomed, old man, and to-morrow shalt thou see him and take him back to Troy. But now let us eat. Did not Niobe eat when she lost her twelve children, six daughters and six blooming sons, whom Apollo and Artemis slew—Apollo these and Artemis those—because she likened herself to the fair Latona? So let us eat, old man. To-morrow shalt thou weep for Hector; many tears, I trow, shall be shed for him."

So they ate and drank. And when the meal was ended, Achilles sat and marvelled at King Priam's noble look, and King Priam marvelled at Achilles, so strong he was and fair.

Then Priam said, "Let me sleep, great Achilles. I have not slept since my son fell by thy hand. Now I have eaten and drunk, and my eyes are heavy."

So the comrades of Achilles made him a bed outside, where no one might see him, should it chance that any of the chiefs should come to the tent of Achilles to take counsel, and should espy him, and tell it to King Agamemnon.

But before he slept King Priam said, "If thou art minded to let me bury Hector, let there be a truce be-

Portrait of William Cullen Bryant

Is giv'n thee back; upon the couch he lies;
Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day. * * *
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,
To Troy restor'd—well worthy he thy tears."

[Priam With Hector's Corpse Returns to Troy.]—(DERBY.)

As morn, in saffron robe, o'er all the earth
Was light diffusing; they with fun'ral wail
Drove cityward the horses; following came
The mules that drew the litter of the dead.
The plain they travers'd o'er, observ'd of none,
Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair
As golden Venus, from the topmost height
Of Pergamus, her father in his car
Upstanding saw, the herald at his side.
Him too she saw, who on the litter lay;
Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud
To all the city, "Hither, Trojans, come,
Both men and women, Hector see restor'd." * * *
She said; nor man nor woman then was left
Within the city; o'er the minds of all
Grief pass'd, resistless; to the gates in throngs
They press'd, to crowd round him who brought the dead.
The first to clasp the body were his wife
And honor'd mother; eagerly they sprang
On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head
Of Hector; round them, weeping, stood the crowd.

[The Lamentation of the Women.]—(BRYANT.)

On a fair couch they laid the corse, and placed
Singers beside it, leaders of the dirge

tween my people and the Greeks. For nine days let us mourn for Hector, and on the tenth will we bury him and feast the people, and on the eleventh raise a great tomb above him, and on the twelfth we will fight again, if fight we must."

And Achilles answered, "Be it so: I will stay the war for so long."

But while Priam slept there came to him Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, and said: "Sleepest thou, Priam, among thy foes? Achilles has taken ransom for thy Hector; but thy sons that are left would pay thrice as much for thee should Agamemnon hear that thou wert among the ships."

The old man heard and trembled, and roused the herald, and the two yoked the horses and the mules. So they passed through the army, and no man knew. And when they came to the river, Hermes departed to Olympus, and the morning shone over all the earth. Wailing and weeping, they carried the body to the city.

It was Cassandra who first espied them as they came. Her father she saw, and the herald, and then the dead body on the litter, and she cried, "Sons and daughters of Troy, go to meet Hector, if ever ye have met him with joy as he came back from the battle."

And straightway there was not man or woman left in the city. They met the wagon when it was close to the gates: his wife led the way, and his mother and all the multitude followed. And in truth they would have kept it thus till evening, weeping and wailing, but King Priam spake—

"Let us pass; ye shall have enough of wailing when we have taken him to his home."

So they took him to his home and laid him on his bed. And the minstrels lamented, and the women wailed.

Who sang a sorrowful, lamenting strain,
And all the women answered it with sobs.
White-armed Andromache in both her hands
Took warlike Hector's head, and over it
Began the lamentation midst them all:—

"Thou hast died young, my husband, leaving me
In this thy home a widow, and one son,
An infant yet. To an unhappy pair
He owes his birth, and never will, I fear,
Bloom into youth; for ere that day will Troy
Be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence,
Art dead, the guardian of its walls and all
Its noble matrons and its speechless babes,
Yet to be carried captive far away,
And I among them, in the hollow barks;
And thou, my son, wilt either go with me,
Where thou shalt toil at menial tasks for some
Pitiless master; or perhaps some Greek
Will seize thy little arm, and in his rage
Will hurl thee from a tower and dash thee dead,
Remembering how thy father, Hector, slew
His brother, son, or father; for the hand
Of Hector forced full many a Greek to bite
The dust of earth. Not slow to smite was he
In the fierce conflict; therefore all who dwell
Within the city sorrow for his fall.
Thou bringest an unutterable grief,
O Hector, on thy parents, and on me
The sharpest sorrows. Thou didst not stretch forth
Thy hands to me, in dying, from thy couch
Nor speak a word to comfort me, which I
Might ever think of night and day with tears."
So spake the weeping wife: the women all
Mingled their wail with hers, and Hecuba
Took up the passionate lamentation next:—

Then first of all came Andromaché, his wife, and cried—

"O my husband, thou hast perished in thy youth, and I am left in widowhood, and our child, thy child and mine, is but an infant! I fear me he will not grow to manhood. Ere that day this city will fall, for thou art gone who wast its defender. Soon will they carry us away, mothers and children, in the ships, and thou, my son, perchance wilt be with us, and serve the stranger in unseemly bondage; or, it may be, some Greek will slay thee, seizing thee and dashing thee from the wall: some Greek whose brother, or father, or son, Hector has slain in the battle. Many a Greek did Hector slay; no gentle hand was his in the fray. Therefore do the people wail for him to-day. Sore is thy parents' grief, O Hector, but sorest mine. Thou didst stretch no hands of farewell to me from thy bed, nor speak any word of comfort for me to muse on while I weep night and day."

Next spake Hecuba, his mother. "Dear wast thou, my son, in life to the immortal gods, and dear in death. Achilles dragged thee about the tomb of his dear Patroclus, but could not bring him back, I ween, and now thou liest fresh and fair as one whom the god of the silver bow has slain with sudden stroke."

And last of all came Helen, and cried, "Many a year has passed since I came to Troy—would that I had died before! And never have I heard from thy lips one bitter word, and if ever husband's sister, or sister-in-law, or mother-in-law—for Priam was ever gentle as a father—spake harshly to me, thou wouldst check them with thy grace and gracious words. Therefore I weep for thee; no one is left to be my friend in all the broad streets of Troy. All shun and hate me now."

And all the people wailed reply.

Then Priam spake. "Go, my people, gather wood for

"Cedarmere," Home of Bryant, Roslyn, L. I.

"O Hector, thou who wert most fondly loved
Of all my sons! While yet thou wert alive,
Dear wert thou to the Gods, who even now,
When death has overtaken thee, bestow
Such care upon thee. All my other sons
Whom swift Achilles took in war he sold
At Samos, Imbrus, by the barren sea,
And Lemnos harborless. But as for thee,
When he had taken with his cruel spear
Thy life, he dragged thee round and round the tomb
Of his young friend, Patroclus, whom thy hand
Had slain, yet raised he not by this the dead;
And now thou liest in the palace here,
Fresh and besprinkled as with early dew,
Like one just slain with silent arrows aimed
By Phœbus, bearer of the silver bow."
Weeping she spake, and woke in all who heard
Grief without measure. Helen, last of all,
Took up the lamentation, and began:—

"O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart
Of all my husband's brothers,—for the wife
Am I of godlike Paris, him whose fleet
Brought me to Troy,—would I had sooner died!
And now the twentieth year is past since first
I came a stranger from my native shore,
Yet have I never heard from thee a word
Of anger or reproach. And when the sons
Of Priam, and his daughters, and the wives
Of Priam's sons, in all their fair array,
Taunted me grievously, or Hecuba
Herself,—for Priam ever was to me
A gracious father,—thou didst take my part
With kindly admonitions, and restrain
Their tongues with soft address and gentle words.
Therefore my heart is grieved, and I bewail

the burial, and fear not any ambush of the Greeks, for Achilles promised that he would stay the war until the twelfth day should come."

So for nine days the people gathered much wood, and on the tenth they laid Hector upon the pile, and lit fire beneath it. And when it was burnt they quenched the embers with wine. Then his brethren and comrades gathered together the white bones, and laid them in a chest of gold; and this they covered with purple robes and put in a great coffin, and laid upon it stones many and great. And over all they raised a mighty mound; and all the while the watchers watched, lest the Greeks should arise and slay them. Last of all was a great feast held in the palace of King Priam.

So they buried Hector, the tamer of horses.

Thee and myself at once,—unhappy me!
For now I have no friend in all wide Troy,—
None to be kind to me: they hate me all."
Weeping she spake: the mighty throng again
Answered with wailing.

[Hector's Funeral Rites.]—(DERBY.)

At length the aged Priam gave command:
"Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring
Good store of fuel; fear no treach'rous wile;
For when he sent me from the dark-ribb'd ships,
Achilles promis'd that from hostile arms
Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."
He said; and they the oxen and the mules
Yok'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd:
Nine days they labor'd, and brought back to Troy
Good store of wood; but when the tenth day's light
Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore
Brave Hector out; and on the fun'ral pile
Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch.
While yet the rosy-finger'd morn was young
Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd:
When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,
First on the burning mass, as far as spread
The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,
And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friends
Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,
Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones;
These in a golden casket they enclos'd,
And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye;
Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste
With stone in pond'rous masses cover'd o'er;
And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,
Form subben inroad of the Greeks to guard.